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WILLIAM McKINLEY.

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY.

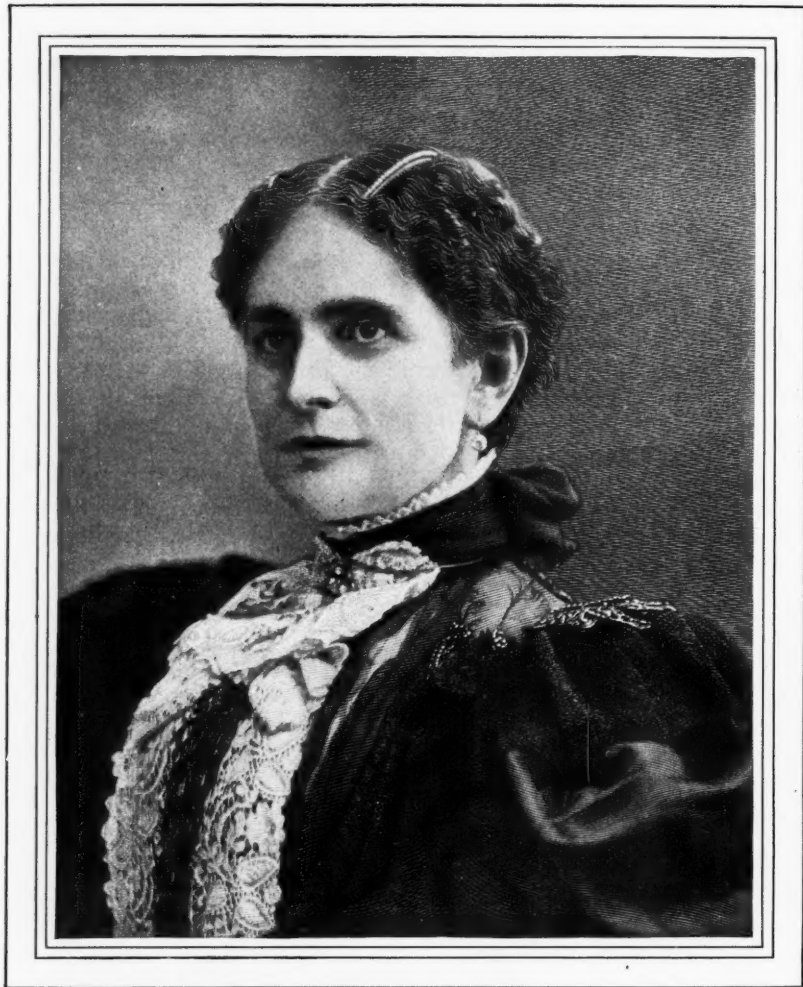
IN William McKinley there was the most perfect blending of pure democracy and splendid dignity possible to man. His democracy was as simple and true as the best example this country has ever produced, whether on the farm, in the professions, or in the affairs of business; and his dignity was of the finer kind that sprang from his own soul, rather than that reflected from exalted station. It was in the man, not in the power of office or the great honors conferred upon him. He was always William McKinley, alike in the army as a common soldier, in Congress, and in the White House as the chief magistrate of a great nation—always the man, never the official.

No man was ever more adroit in handling men than McKinley. His ability in this direction was genius of the highest order. His tact was so perfect, his manner so gracious, and his touch so delicate, that he brought them to his own viewpoint almost without their realizing it. In this



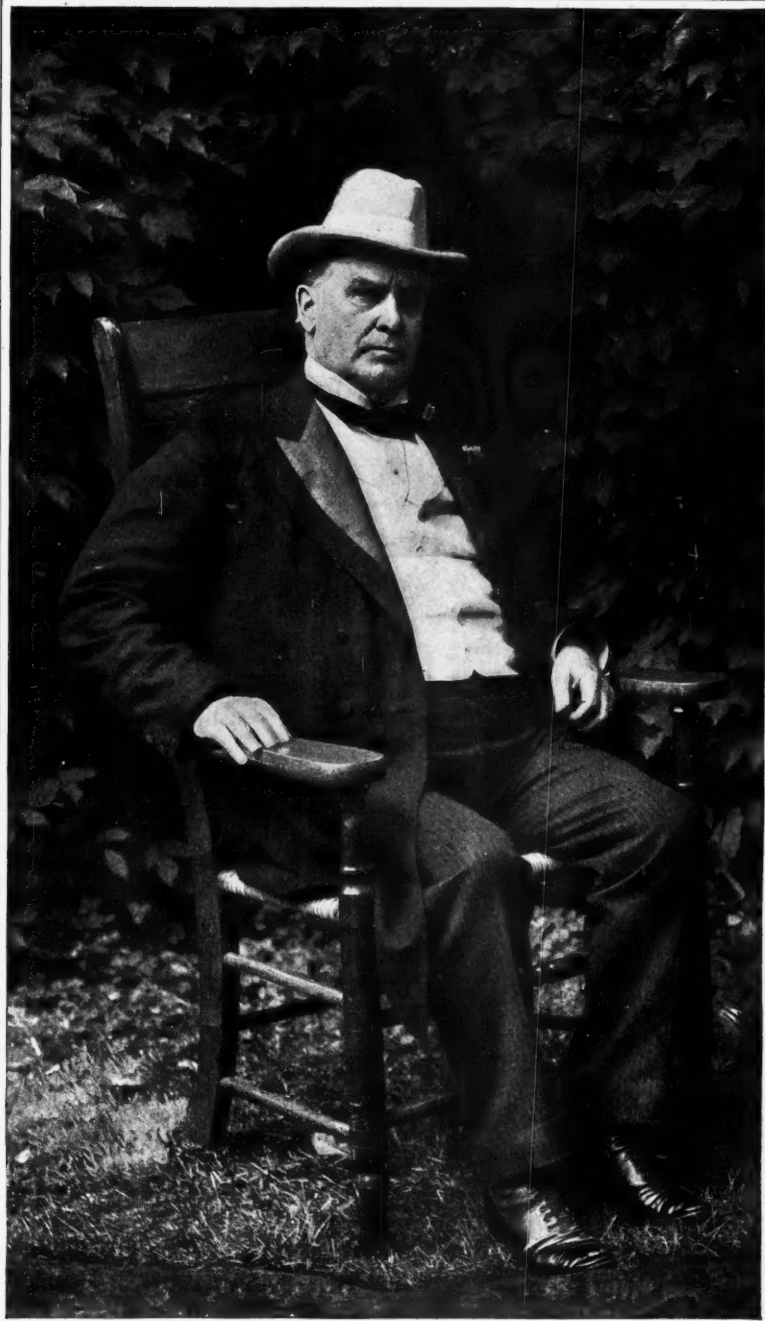
THE LATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY SITTING ON THE VERANDA OF HIS HOME IN CANTON, OHIO, A FEW DAYS BEFORE HIS DEATH.

way he worked out his own conclusions, and with little or none of the antagonism that most other men awaken. This was true of McKinley in dealing not only with the individual, but with the people of the whole country on all great questions. Americans like to be in the discussion, to be taken into the confidence of the executive, to feel that



MRS. WILLIAM MCKINLEY (MISS IDA SAXTON), MARRIED JANUARY 25, 1871.

they are a part of the administration—as they should, in fact, feel in a democratic form of government, which is merely a mutual organization. McKinley listened to what the people had to say. He gathered the evidence and weighed it well. But to what extent he was guided by popular feeling perhaps no one but himself ever knew. It was the characteristic of the man to give the public a chance to be heard, even though, in his own mind, his course was fully determined on. It was here that he was most misunderstood by those who viewed him merely from the outside. Brusqueness of manner is often mistaken for strength. But McKinley was



WILLIAM MCKINLEY DURING HIS FIRST TERM AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

From a copyrighted photograph by Pach, New York, taken in 1899.

none the less strong because he could bend. The world likes best the strong man in whom there is some human elasticity. It shocks a people to be brought suddenly face to face with a stone wall. A few days' thought and general discussion readjust the mind to an acceptance of the inevitable.

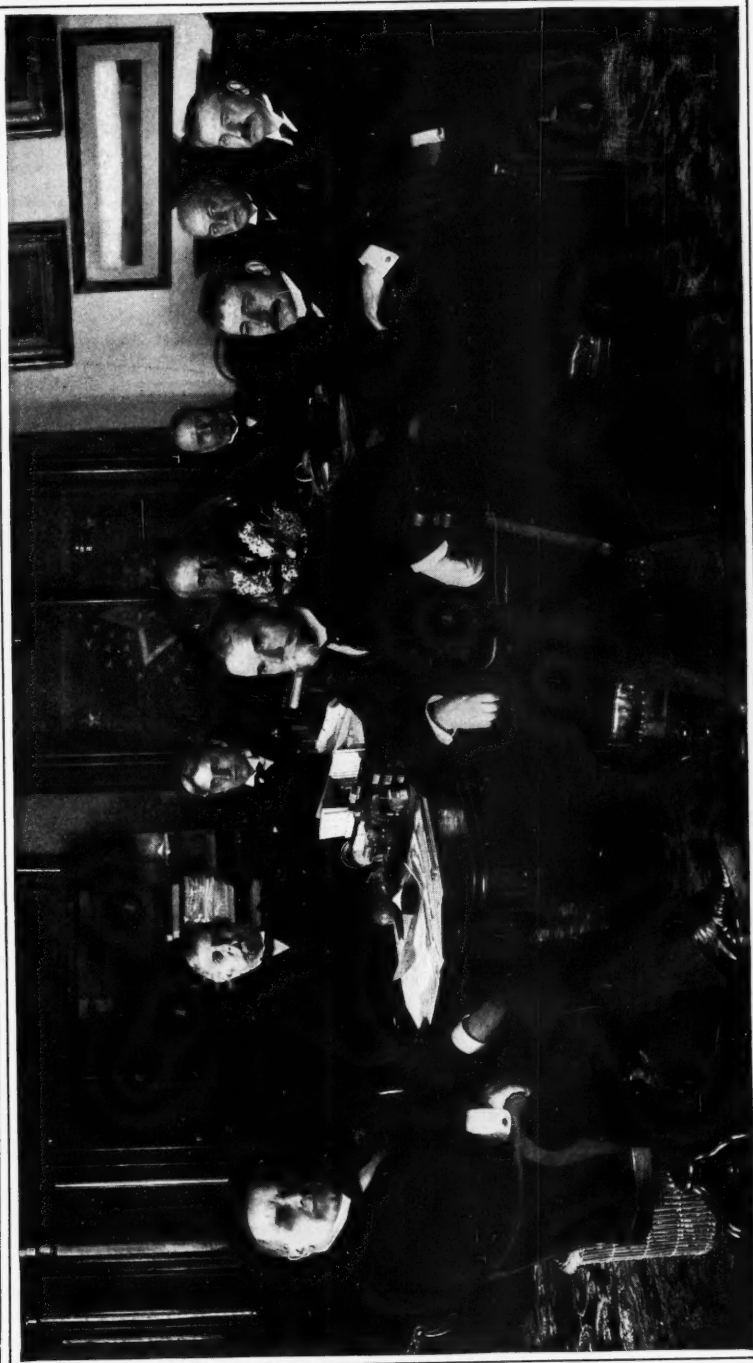
It was said of McKinley, by men of large acquaintance with official life in Washington, that he could deny a man a request, as he had to deny



A CHARACTERISTIC PHOTOGRAPH OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND HIS WIFE, WITH DR. RIXEY, THEIR FAMILY PHYSICIAN, DURING THEIR JOURNEY TO THE PACIFIC COAST IN MAY LAST.

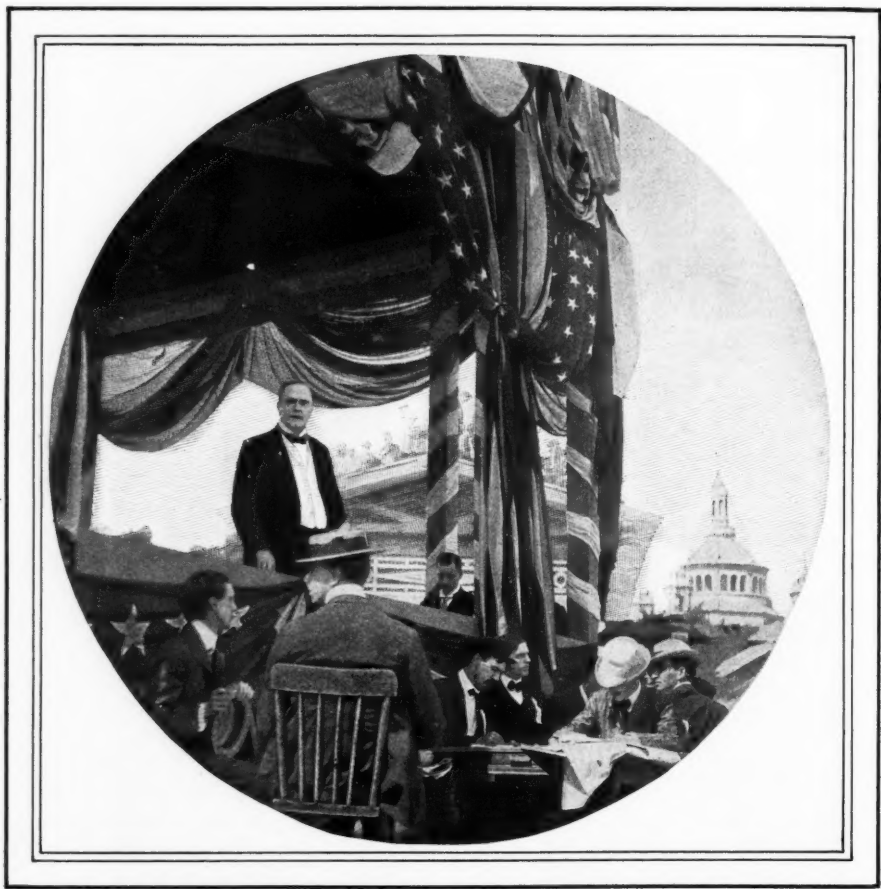
thousands, and send him away "feeling better" and with less of the sting of defeat in his heart than if he had received a favor from a less gracious executive. In dealing with the difficult problems that beset a President, especially on the political side, where both firmness and diplomacy are required, he made few mistakes and no enemies. In this respect his administration was freer from friction and the bitterness that grows out of disappointment on the part of those seeking political preferment than any administration that preceded it. He made friends always—enemies never. The secret of this lay in the man himself, in his great, rich nature that radiated sunshine to all.

As President of the United States, there was none of the frigid atmosphere of exalted station about McKinley. His home life in the White



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND HIS CABINET, AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS SECOND TERM IN THE WHITE HOUSE—FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, THE ENGRAVING SHOWS THE PRESIDENT ; LYMAN J. GAGE, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY ; JOHN W. GRIGGS, ATTORNEY GENERAL ; JOHN HAY, SECRETARY OF STATE ; JOHN D. LONG, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY ; JAMES WILSON, SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE ; ELIHU ROOT, SECRETARY OF WAR ; ETHAN ALLEN HITCHCOCK, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR ; AND CHARLES EMORY SMITH, POSTMASTER GENERAL.

From a copyrighted photograph by Pach, New York.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY DELIVERING HIS LAST SPEECH ON SEPTEMBER 5, THE DAY BEFORE HE WAS SHOT.

House was as simple and sweet and free from form and ceremony as that of a village squire. His cordiality was so sincere and so charming that any one in his presence at once forgot he was with the President, and, to his surprise, found himself as much at home as if with an old friend. McKinley made men feel that he was their friend, and he was in very fact their friend. His friendship was as wide as the human race. His thoughts and acts were those of a man who loved the people and was one of them. He gave his career to them and his life for them. His matchless tenderness and love for his wife were but symbols of this same tenderness and love for the people.

The humanity of McKinley—his great, generous soul that breathed kindness and sweetness and courage to all mankind—was preëminently his dominating characteristic. It was this that was the foundation of his splendid career. All his acts and all his life grew out of and rested on this rare quality. In intellect and rugged physique and tireless energy he was generously endowed. Other men have been equally endowed, or even more generously, in mind and in body; but coupled with all this, in McKinley was his great human heart that counseled him in everything, dominated him in everything, and that won to him the hearts of other men, their love

and loyalty and devotion. Genius in art, in science, in statesmanship, fascinates us. We admire it and bow down before it, but we love where there is love—a heart that responds to our own hearts, warm and tender and true.

A Brief Outline of McKinley's Career.

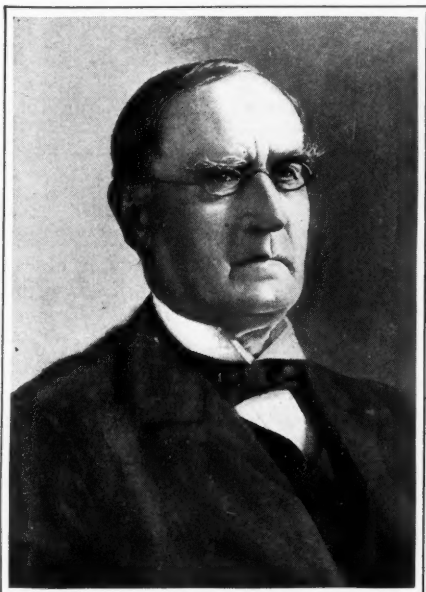
BY R. H. TITHERINGTON.

THAT the Scottish-Irish stock in America possesses an extraordinary aptitude for success in public life is sufficiently proven by the fact that it has given the United States five of our twenty five Presidents—more than any other of the many races that make up our composite population, with the one exception of the old English strain which laid the foundations of our political system and molded our national life and thought. These five were Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Arthur, and McKinley.

THE ANCESTRY OF WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

President McKinley's ancestors were sturdy Scottish Puritans who migrated

to the north of Ireland in the reign of Charles II. An old farmhouse at Conagher, in Antrim, is pointed out as the family homestead, though it has long been in other hands; and in a near by graveyard there are several tombstones bearing the name. In the middle of the eighteenth century two brothers, James and William McKinley, crossed the Atlantic to the American colonies. William went to the South; James settled at York, the old Pennsylvania town that was once the capital of the United States. David McKinley, son of James, fought under Washington as a young man. Later in life he joined one of the bands of pioneers who were making



WILLIAM MCKINLEY, SON OF JAMES MCKINLEY,
AND FATHER OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY—
BORN IN 1807, DIED IN 1892.

*Drawn from a photograph taken a few years before
his death.*



MRS. WILLIAM MCKINLEY (NANCY ALLISON),
MOTHER OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY—BORN IN
1809, DIED IN 1897.

*From a copyrighted photograph by Courtney, Canton,
Ohio.*

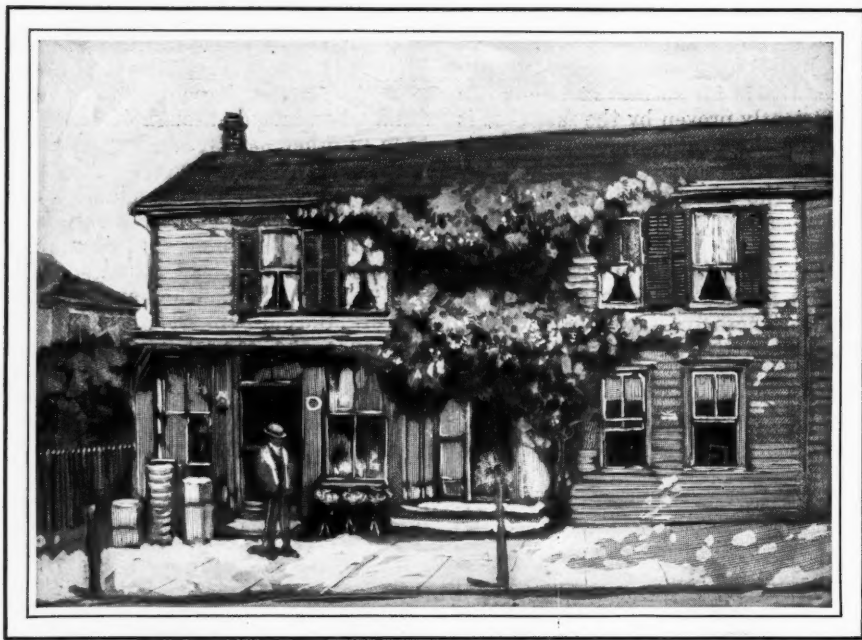
their way into the rich and virgin lands beyond the Alleghanies; and establishing himself in the region that is now Columbiana County, he founded the Ohio branch of the McKinleys.

David McKinley's son James married Mary Rose, granddaughter of Andrew Rose, an English Puritan who had settled in Pennsylvania and become a man

mothers of the republic, a woman of strong character and deep religious faith. Most great men have owed much to their mothers, and President McKinley's case was no exception to the rule.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY'S BOYHOOD.

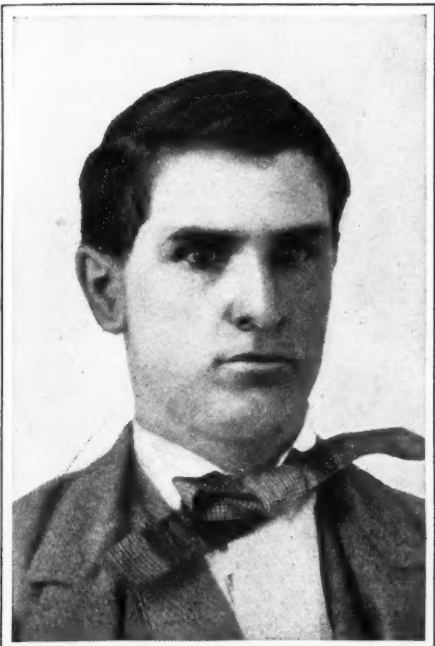
Of her nine children, three are now alive—Abner, the youngest son, and two



THE HOUSE AT NILES, TRUMBULL COUNTY, OHIO, IN WHICH WILLIAM MCKINLEY WAS BORN ON JANUARY 29, 1843.

of substance there; and their first born son was William McKinley, father of the late President. The elder William McKinley, born in 1807, was a pioneer of the iron industry in the West, and built several furnaces in the eastern counties of Ohio. He married Nancy Allison, who, like his mother, was of English Puritan stock. They were a remarkable couple, both physically and mentally. Though no great wealth came to them, Mr. McKinley was a man of energy and strength of purpose, who enjoyed universal respect, and who lived to his eighty sixth year. His wife, who bore him nine children, survived to see her son in the White House, and was nearly eighty nine when she died, four years ago. She was one of the old fashioned

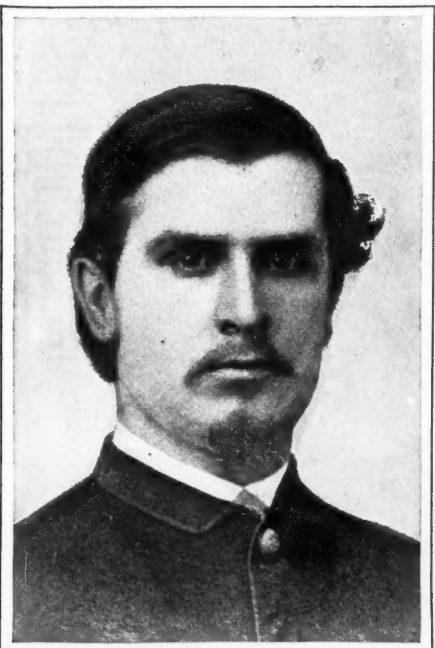
daughters, Helen McKinley and Mrs. Duncan. William, the seventh child and third son, was born at Niles, in Trumbull County, Ohio, in a frame house which is still standing, though what was then the parlor is now used as a grocery store. His education began in the public school at Niles; but it had only just begun when his parents moved to Poland, in Mahoning County, the chief reason for the migration being the fact that there was a good high school there. This, the Poland Seminary, young McKinley attended for four years. He was fond of books, but not a bookworm, nor yet a precocious genius; he was a healthy American country boy, who liked fun, liked horses, and liked hunting, but who had no idleness or



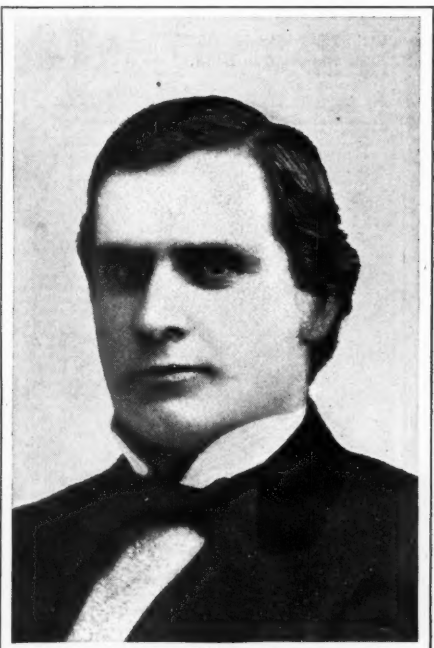
MCKINLEY AT SIXTEEN, WHEN HE WAS TEACHING A DISTRICT SCHOOL NEAR POLAND.



MCKINLEY AT EIGHTEEN, WHEN HE ENLISTED IN THE TWENTY THIRD OHIO VOLUNTEERS.



MCKINLEY AT TWENTY TWO, AS CAPTAIN AND BREVET MAJOR OF THE TWENTY THIRD OHIO.



MCKINLEY AT THIRTY THREE, WHEN HE WAS FIRST ELECTED A MEMBER OF CONGRESS

FOUR PORTRAITS OF WILLIAM MCKINLEY IN EARLY LIFE.

From photographs by Courtney, Canton, Ohio.

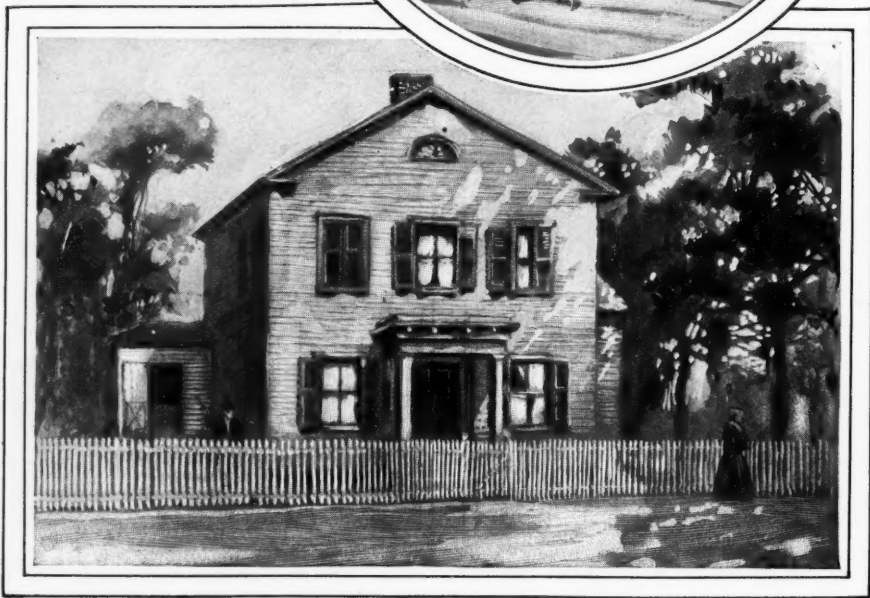


THE UPPER ENGRAVING SHOWS
POLAND SEMINARY (NOW
DEMOLISHED), AT WHICH
MCKINLEY ATTENDED SCHOOL
—IN THE CIRCLE IS THE
LITTLE DISTRICT SCHOOL
NEAR POLAND, OF WHICH
HE WAS THE TEACHER—
BELOW IS THE HOUSE IN
POLAND THAT WAS HIS HOME
DURING HIS SCHOOL DAYS.



frivolity in him. He was described as "a black haired, grave faced, but robust and manly little fellow." There was a literary society and debating club in the town, and of this he was an active member, and later president.

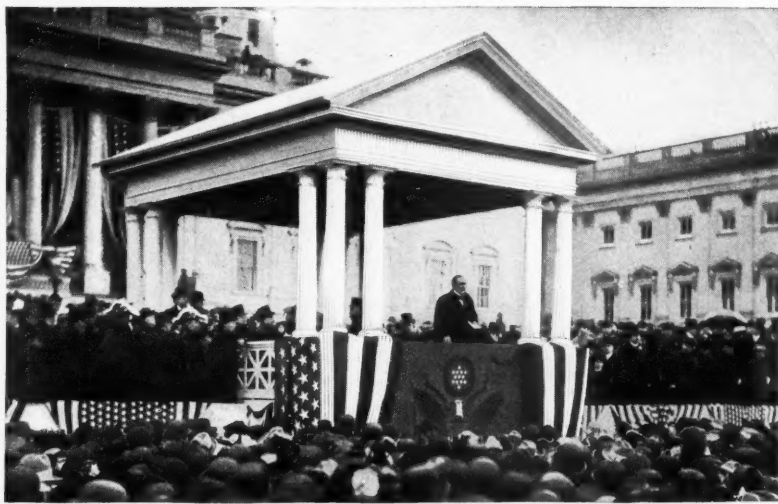
Just before his six-





WILLIAM MCKINLEY AND THE SOLDIERS—THE LATE PRESIDENT VISITING THE HOSPITAL AT CAMP WIKOFF, ON MONTAUK POINT, IN SEPTEMBER, 1898.

teenth birthday he joined the Methodist Church, of which he remained a communicant throughout his life. "He was studying, studying all the



WILLIAM MCKINLEY DELIVERING HIS ADDRESS AT HIS SECOND INAUGURATION AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, MARCH 4, 1901.



THE MCKINLEY RESIDENCE ON MARKET STREET, CANTON, OHIO.

time," one of his old friends says of him at this period. "He was genial, happy, buoyant, a hard fighter, but always showing a whole hearted self sur-



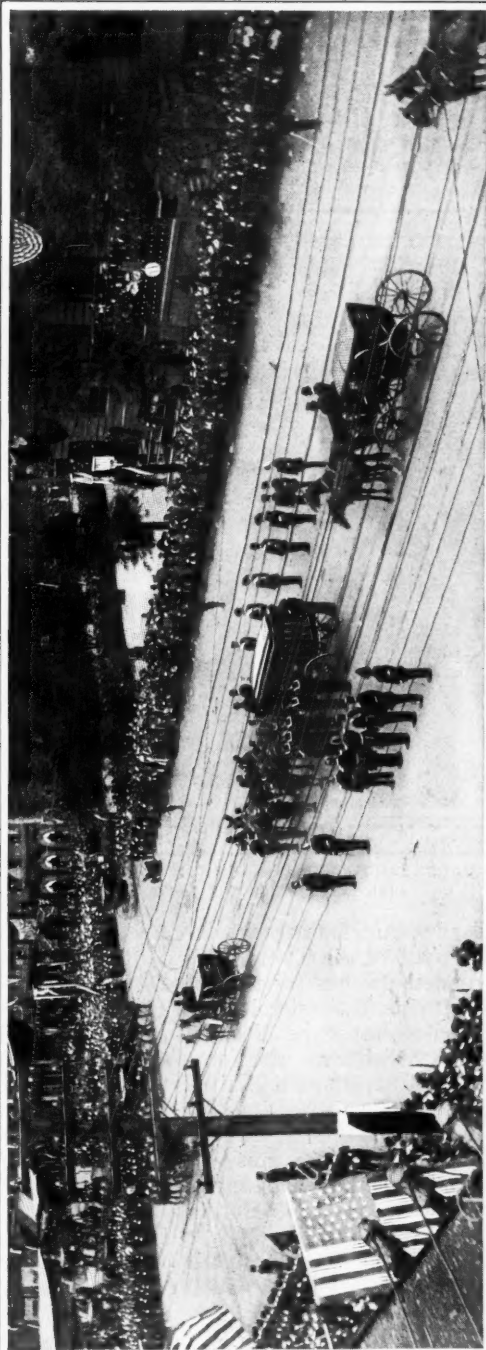
THE MILBURN RESIDENCE, ON DELAWARE AVENUE, BUFFALO, IN WHICH PRESIDENT MCKINLEY DIED ON SEPTEMBER 14, 1901.

render for the happiness and best interests of others." His brother, Abner McKinley, adds that "William was just as much a President in his bearing when he was a lad as he was when he took the oath of office."

He had hoped for and expected a college education, and at sixteen he entered Allegheny College, at Meadville, Pennsylvania; but he had scarcely begun his course there when his health broke down and he was obliged to return home. It was not a time of prosperity for his father; and being anxious to relieve the family of the burden of his support, he found a place as teacher in a district school near Poland. His salary was twenty five dollars a month, and of this he hoped to save enough to go back to college in a year or two. But, as happened to many thousands of young Americans of that day, a great national convulsion gave a wholly new trend to his life.

MCKINLEY IN THE CIVIL WAR.

The stirring events of the spring of 1861 nowhere aroused a warmer burst of patriotism than in the old Western Reserve of Ohio. Every town and village was ready to send its quota of



THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY IN CANTON, SEPTEMBER 19, 1901—THE PROCESSION PASSING ALONG MARKET STREET.

From a photograph by Sellmann, Canton, Ohio.

men to the front. William McKinley was only just of age to enlist, but in June, when a meeting was held in Poland to raise a company of volunteers, he offered himself as a recruit. General Fremont, the famous Pathfinder, inspected the would be soldiers. He struck young McKinley's chest, looked into his face, and said: "You'll do."

Promotion came comparatively slowly to Private McKinley, because he was one of the youngest men in his regiment, and because he neither had nor sought any influence that would secure his advancement in rank. His captain offered him the post of clerk—a coveted detail, because of the comparative immunity from hardship that went with it; but



THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY IN CANTON—BEARING THE CASKET FROM THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH, IN WHICH THE SERVICE WAS HELD, TO THE HEARSE.

The Poland volunteers were mustered in as Company E of the Twenty Third Ohio, a regiment famous for the noted men on its roster. Its first colonel was William S. Rosecrans; its lieutenant colonel, Stanley Matthews, afterwards a United States Senator and a Justice of the Supreme Court; one of its majors was Rutherford B. Hayes. In its ranks young McKinley carried a musket for fourteen months. "I always look back with pleasure upon those fourteen months," he said many years later. "I was but a schoolboy when I went into the army, and that first year was a formative period of my life. I have always been glad that I entered the service as a private and served those months in the ranks."

he refused, saying that he had enlisted to be a soldier, and would prefer to remain one. When off duty, however, he devoted a good many hours of his leisure to doing clerical work for his company commander and for the quartermaster, and this resulted in his promotion to commissary sergeant, in April, 1862.

He won his commission at Antietam. In that bloody battle—"the bloodiest day of the war"—the Twenty Third Ohio was in action from dawn to dark. In the afternoon, when the soldiers were exhausted with hunger, Sergeant McKinley came up to the firing line with hot coffee and warm food, which he served to the men while the bullets flew about him. Another youth of nineteen might have grasped a musket and fought

valiantly till he was exhausted; McKinley gave a thousand men the strength to fight, incidentally showing both courage and fidelity to his comrades and his duty.

A week later he received his commission as a second lieutenant. Before the war ended, he became a captain—still in the Twenty Third Ohio—and when he was mustered out after Appomattox he was brevetted a major, on the recommendation of Generals Crook and Sheridan. In all, he was in more than thirty battles and skirmishes. As to the quality of his service, let his colonel, President Hayes, bear witness: "When battles were to be fought or service was to be performed in warlike things, he always took his place. The night was never too dark, the weather too cold; there was no sleet, nor storm, nor hail, nor snow, nor rain, that was in the way of his prompt and efficient performance of every duty." And good fortune went with good service, for Major McKinley was never wounded and never missed a day's duty during his four years as a soldier.

MCKINLEY BECOMES A LAWYER.

He returned to civil life a young man of twenty two, with no store of earthly goods and but a scanty classical education, but with sound health, boundless energy and ambition, and a valuable experience of men and things. He would have liked to go back to college, but considerations of ways and means rendered it impossible or inadvisable; and he decided to take up the law as a profession that was congenial and within his reach. His decision, it is said, was influenced by his eldest sister, the late Miss Anna McKinley, who is described by those who knew her as a truly remarkable woman. Her counsel and assistance were of great value to her brother at this point in his career. She was then a teacher in the Ohio town of Canton, the county seat of Stark County.

Young McKinley began his study for the bar in the office of Judge Charles E. Glidden, at Poland. Judge Glidden was an excellent mentor in the law, and, more than that, he was a very effective speaker, from whom McKinley learned many of the things

that made him successful on the platform. Fresh from the battle fields, the young man studied with the intense and concentrated application that was always characteristic of him; and after a term in a law school at Albany, New York, where he graduated in 1867, he was admitted to the bar, and hung out his shingle in Canton, which at that time was a growing city of about five thousand people.

Major McKinley was a good pleader, and was personally liked, respected, and trusted. As a natural consequence, clients came to him; but his professional success was soon to be entirely overshadowed by the political success that these same qualities brought him. He was deeply interested in public affairs, to which he came not as a "practical politician," in the sense in which the term is commonly understood, but as a student. It is said that once, in his early days at Canton, he fell into debate with a clever lawyer on the subject of the tariff. His antagonist, who was a pronounced free trader, got the better of the argument, whereupon McKinley turned to a companion and said:

"Hereafter no man shall overcome me so. I know that I am right, and I know that by and by I can show that I am right."

Thenceforward he studied books, and men, and facts, until he became an expert upon that difficult and intricate subject. For many years he was undoubtedly the best informed champion of the protective system which he so largely helped to build up. That he remained a student to the last is proved by his memorable speech delivered at Buffalo just before his death, in which he showed that, like Mr. Gladstone, he could modify his tenets as national conditions changed.

HIS MARRIAGE AND POLITICAL DÉBUT.

The first office for which he was nominated was that of prosecuting attorney of Stark County. It was not a coveted nomination, or it might have gone to some older politician; for Stark was reckoned a stronghold of the opposite party, and the chance of an election seemed small. But McKinley accepted it, threw all his energies into the cam-

paign, and surprised his most sanguine friends by winning. This was in 1869. He served for two years, was renominated, and made another plucky fight against odds; but he just missed a second success, losing by forty five votes, where the usual majority against his party was several hundred.

The year of this not discreditable defeat (1871) was also the year of Major McKinley's marriage to Miss Ida Saxton, of Canton. The major met his wife as a schoolgirl, when he first visited Canton at the close of the war. While he studied law she was at a seminary in Media, Pennsylvania; then, after a tour in Europe, she returned to Canton and took a regular clerical position in the bank owned by her father, the late James A. Saxton, Mr. Saxton believing that a practical business experience was a desirable part of a woman's education.

"You are the only man I have ever known to whom I would intrust my daughter," Mrs. McKinley's father said to the young lawyer.

Two children were born to the McKinleys, but both died in infancy, and their mother never recovered from the blow. For twenty five years she has been an invalid, receiving from her husband an affectionate and devoted care that was a charming and touching phase of his life.

The first four years after Major McKinley's marriage were years of quiet industry, devoted to his profession; but his political ambitions had by no means been laid aside. He was in growing demand as a public speaker, and in 1875, when Rutherford B. Hayes was seeking the Governorship of Ohio, he stumped the State for his old colonel. Next year General Hayes was the Republican candidate for the Presidency, and Major McKinley was nominated for Congress in his own district. Both were successful in the memorable election that followed.

MCKINLEY IN CONGRESS.

From the time when he took his seat in the House of Representatives, in 1877, Major McKinley's career was written in the history of his country. Not that he was quick to achieve a

brilliant reputation at Washington. On the contrary, he made no set speech during his first year; but he was actively at work laying the foundations for his remarkable Congressional career. He was always at his desk, listening, observing, studying men, and mastering the problems of statecraft. He was modest, but not shrinking. He had confidence in himself—the confidence born of strength, not of vanity. When he was ready to make his maiden speech, well on in his second year, he at once commanded the attention of the House, and won recognition as one of the strong men of his party.

Congressman McKinley became extremely popular in Washington. His dignity, his courtliness, his unfailing courtesy, his consideration for others, made him countless friends, while his abilities compelled respect from colleagues and opponents. He was quick of wit, but carefully avoided being known as witty, though no man enjoyed fun more thoroughly. In debate he was a hard hitter, but always a generous fighter. His vehement onslaughts were directed against the principles and not the personalities of his adversaries. He aimed to be forceful and convincing rather than brilliant; but the ablest debaters in the House, and there were many of them—Mr. Hewitt of New York, for instance, perhaps the most dreaded man of all—found the young Ohio lawyer a formidable antagonist. He would almost undoubtedly have become Speaker of the House, had not Mr. Reed of Maine possessed so manifest and so unique a claim upon that coveted post.

But it was in 1884, as a delegate to the Republican national convention, that McKinley first played a leading part before the eye of the country at large. He was a delegate at large from Ohio, pledged to support Blaine for the Presidential nomination. Foraker was there to fight for John Sherman; Arthur, with the prestige of office, was a powerful candidate for another term; and though Blaine was undoubtedly the man whom the mass of the party wanted, there was great disorder, and the situation looked extremely doubtful. It was McKinley who, with a short, strong

speech, rallied the Blaine forces, and won the nomination for the statesman from Maine.

A FINE INCIDENT IN MCKINLEY'S CAREER.

Four years later, the Republican convention at Chicago was the scene of one of the finest acts of McKinley's fine career. Five ballots had been taken, and no candidate could command a majority. McKinley headed the Ohio delegation, which voted solidly, according to its instructions, for the favorite son of the State, John Sherman. He was one of the popular figures of the convention; constant applause followed his movements, and though he had not been placed in nomination, a couple of delegates persisted in voting for him. The Ohio men saw that Sherman's chances were quite hopeless, and on the sixth ballot they began throwing their votes to McKinley. It looked like the starting of a landslide. He had only to sit still, and the prize would drop into his hands. He had only to utter an equivocal protest, and the result would probably be the same. But there was nothing equivocal about William McKinley. On the one side was his loyalty to Sherman, his personal honor; on the other, the Presidency of the United States. His choice was made without an instant of hesitation. He interrupted the roll call, and, standing on a chair at the end of the aisle, he made one of the best speeches of his life. It could not have been premeditated, for he could not have foreseen the emergency.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention: I am here as one of the chosen representatives of my State. I am here by resolution of the Republican State Convention, commanding me to cast my vote for John Sherman for President, and to use every worthy endeavor to secure his nomination. I accepted the trust because my heart and judgment were in accord with the letter and spirit and purpose of that resolution. It has pleased certain delegates to cast their votes for me for President. I am not insensible to the honor they would do me, but in the presence of the duty resting upon me I cannot remain silent with honor. I cannot consistently with the wish of the State whose credentials I bear, and which has trusted me; I cannot consistently with my own views of personal integrity, consent, or seem to con-

sent, to permit my name to be used as a candidate before this convention. I would not respect myself if I could find it in my heart to do or to permit to be done that which could ever be ground for any one to suspect that I wavered in my loyalty to Ohio, or my devotion to the chief of her choice and the chief of mine. I do not request—I demand that no delegate who would not cast reflection upon me shall cast a ballot for me.

Major McKinley prevailed, and there was no stampede. He voted for John Sherman to the end, the nomination going to Benjamin Harrison of Indiana on the seventh ballot. But no man ever walked out of a national convention with higher honors than those he bore that day.

THE MCKINLEY TARIFF LAW.

With Harrison elected, and the Republicans again in full control of the government, a new tariff bill was a cardinal feature of the party program. As chairman of the ways and means committee of the House, it fell to McKinley to father the measure which became famous under his name. The arduous work of framing it, and the still weightier task of passing it through the House, were the crowning achievements of his Congressional career.

Politics in Ohio has never been a particularly gentle game, and while Major McKinley was at Washington his foes at home dealt him some shrewd blows. Twice, getting control of the State, they so altered the boundaries of his district as to make it Democratic; each time he succeeded in overcoming the adverse majority with his personal popularity and prestige. But after seven successive victories, in 1890 he had to face a gerrymander that made his fight a hopeless one. He had to contest a district with a normal Democratic plurality of nearly three thousand; and he was beaten at the polls, though only by three hundred votes.

TWICE GOVERNOR OF OHIO.

The defeat was no setback to his career. In the following year he was nominated for the Governorship, and was elected by ten thousand plurality after a keenly fought campaign that was watched with intense interest by the

whole country. It was a campaign of education, into which McKinley threw himself with all his whole souled energy. For three months he traveled almost day and night, making from one or two to a dozen speeches daily, and visiting every county in the State. The fight was on national issues, and his success, at a time when the political current was turning against the Republicans, marked him as a certain inheritor of his party's nomination for the Presidency.

He could have taken this, had he sought it, in 1892. He went to the Minneapolis convention as chairman of the Ohio delegation, which was understood to be pledged to Harrison. Again there were signs of a stampede to McKinley. When his own State was reached in the balloting, it cast forty four of its forty six votes for him; but the Governor, who had been selected to preside over the convention, instantly called another man to the chair, went down upon the floor, and moved that Harrison's renomination be made unanimous, which was done. "Your turn will come in 1896!" one of his supporters prophetically shouted, amid the cheers for the Indiana man's victory.

After the convention, when McKinley was told that he had done as honorable a thing as could be found in the history of American politics, he looked up in surprise and said:

"Is it such an honorable thing not to do a dishonorable thing?"

Renominated in 1893, Governor McKinley had practically a walk over for reelection, carrying the State by a plurality of more than eighty thousand. In the following year, during the Congressional campaign, he devoted eight weeks to a speech making tour which did much to influence the public mind. He had promised to deliver forty six addresses, but he delivered three hundred and seventy one, traversing almost every State east of the Missouri, speaking, on an average, seven times a day, and being heard by about two million voters. It was a fine exhibition—one of several that McKinley gave during his career—of mental and physical vigor and endurance.

When the Republican convention of 1896 met in St. Louis, the nomination

of William McKinley for the Presidency was a foregone conclusion. It was demanded by the overwhelming majority of his party. When the balloting began, four men who may be classed as favorite sons received a small vote—Allison, from Iowa; Morton, from New York; Quay, from Pennsylvania; and Reed, from the New England States. The great mass of the delegates—six hundred and sixty one out of nine hundred and one—voted for McKinley, whose nomination was promptly made unanimous.

When Mr. Hanna, a close and tried friend of McKinley's, undertook the management of the contest that followed, the candidate said:

"I leave everything in your hands; only bring me back my honor."

The two national campaigns that McKinley fought and won did much for the dignity of American politics. Deeply stirred as was the public feeling, sharp as was the antagonism of interests involved, personalities were rigidly excluded. McKinley, as he always did, treated his opponents with considerate justice, and it is only fair to his twice defeated antagonist to say that his courtesy was returned.

MCKINLEY IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

It is hardly necessary to recite the events of McKinley's four and a half years at the head of the government. In the inevitable coming of war with Spain, in the consequent expansion of our overseas dominion, and in the wholly new trend that our national history has manifestly taken, there was involved such a burden of care and responsibility as no President since Lincoln has had to bear. Without touching upon controverted matters, it is safe to say that McKinley guided his administration with a conservatism that some called caution, but which was the wisdom of a man who weighs well before he acts, and at the same time with no lack of courage; and, above all, with a steadfast conviction of the honesty, honor, and right mindedness of the American people, in whom he believed with a belief second only to his faith in God.

Of the late President's personality this brief but graphic sketch was given

by a United States Senator who was one of his intimate friends:

The President is, without exception, the kindest hearted man that I have ever met. His only trouble is that when night comes he thinks of the activities of the busy day, and wonders if he has not failed to see some one who wanted to see him, or failed to do something which some one wanted him to do. He is the happiest man in the country, because the fates have placed in his hands the power to do so much good, and to show so much kindness and generosity. You can see it in his face, and feel it in the touch of his hands. There is no man in this country for whom the sun shines brighter than for William McKinley. The work and the worry that killed other Presidents only warm his heart and gladden his life.

As a statesman, McKinley grew greatly in stature during his Presidency. The possession of great power and the bearing of vast responsibilities were sure to broaden a mind like his. He was an intense worker and a close student to the end. The most statesmanlike speech he ever made was his last. The whole of civilization listened to what proved to be his dying message to his countrymen and to the world:

The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly

trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not.

Let us ever remember that our interest is in concord and not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come, not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but, more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence, and friendship which will deepen and endure. Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness, and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all people and powers of the earth.

Never was there a more pitiful tragedy, a more shocking and useless crime, than the murder of this noble and high minded man. It was a crushing sorrow to those about him, a cruel blow to the nation, a loss to the world. Never was a death more widely and sincerely lamented. On that solemn Thursday of mourning, flags were half masted and minute guns sounded all over the globe, and probably the most thronged of all the services held in his honor was that in London's ancient cathedral of St. Paul, nearly four thousand miles from the spot where his body was being laid to rest among his own people.

A VOICE.

THE land of all forgetting calls to me,

"Shake off the yoke of cruelties that be,

The thoughts that tear the heart and taunt the brain

With the slow striving of incessant pain,

The stabs that make the wound's entirety.

"One step from life—my quiet urgeth thee—

Enter and peace shall fall on thee again

As on the long parched field the cool of rain"—

The land of all forgetting calls to me.

"My poppy plains stretch silent to the sea

Unswayed by wandering winds of memory.

Oh, weary soul, oh, thing of rent and stain,

Ye shall not ask me of my balm in vain!"

The land of all forgetting calls to me.

Theodosia Garrison

The Devil's Muskeg.

THE STORY OF THE RED BEAR AND THE LITTLE SHE FOX OF WHITE MAN'S LAKE.

BY HERMAN WHITAKER.

SHOULD it ever be your fortune to shoot over the country that lies between White Man's Lake and the Riding Mountains, keep a loon's eye open for the Devil's Keg. It will pay you. There is little to distinguish it from the common hay slough, but you may know it by this—no water gathers in the center. Around its edges, giant reeds, like regiments of busbied grenadiers, raise their brown polls on high, and spiky sedges turn a cutting edge to grasping hands. Its surface is of fat black muck, snowed with alkali, apparently dry; but if you would not follow Hamiota, the Cree, down to bottomless depths of slime, keep your feet from its treacherous levels.

Two days after I had this story of Pete, I asked him to swerve from his beaten trail to take a look at the Devil's Keg. As it lay only a mile to the east of his string of traps, Pete readily agreed. Besides, we had just killed a red fox; its hot entrails dragged from the toboggan head, and it would pay well to trail the scent.

Ten minutes afterwards the ponies plunged through the encircling wall of tangled reed and drift, and swept on to the dead level of the muskeg. The sun shone brightly down. A foot of snow, all glittering and spangled with frost diamonds, hid the black muck; and the ten feet of frozen slime which crusted the quaking deeps would have given firm footing to a running mammoth.

"See, m'sieu!" said Pete, pointing to a poplar stump that projected over the sedges. "There it was the Cree went down, an' Jean Le Gros so nearly followed. He is a good boy, this Jean. *Ma foi*, yes! But too fond of the ladies an' they of him. Never was there a man could please them so! An' because of this he nearly die. It is not good to love too much, but worse to love too many."

The year before the Red River flood—the point in time from which all Pete's stories date—Towobat, headman of a small tribe of Crees, pitched his tepee on the north bank of White Man's Lake. After he had decorated the adjacent willows with strips of white rag—med'cine for devils—erected the tribal totem, and gone through all the other minutiae of shaking down, he loaded his big wheeled Red River cart with his latest catch of skins, and creaked off to Pelly Fort.

There he got gloriously drunk; and, in his ecstasy, maundered of a marriageable daughter of surpassing beauty. Her eyes, he confidentially whispered to Pete Brousseau, would shame the full moon, her waist was slender as that of the factor's daughter. She was round, full bosomed, could bake bannocks that were not as blankets and pack a hundred pounds through the heavy snow. So beautiful was she that common report had it that he, Towobat, was not her father, but that she was sprung from a god who came on her mother sleeping in the grass. All of which perfections, virtues, and accomplishments were exchangeable for one rifle, two horns of powder, and three bottles of strong water.

Unfortunately, Pete was already contracted to a woman of the Pellies, who kept a sharp hatchet against the coming of possible rivals; so, finding he would not trade, Towobat loaded himself, some bacon, and a couple of hundred of flour into his cart and creaked off to White Man's Lake. But his talk brought results. Within a week Jean Le Gros stalked into the Indian camp and took a look at the girl.

She was certainly pretty; tall, well built, graceful—for an Indian—with large black eyes. In her hair nestled the white feather, the maiden's mark. Her skin was almost white. Whatever

doubts might be cast on her divine ancestry, Towobat was certainly right in disclaiming parental honors; and a musket and two horns of powder was a small enough price.

"Waugh!" grunted the Cree, when Jean proffered it. "Him drunk, heap drunk, at Pelly! Squaw strong, big, fat, plenty work! At Norway House him fetch two rifle, four horn powder, an' sack flour."

Now, the difference between Indian drunk and Indian sober hardly justified a fluctuation in values of two hundred and fifty per cent, but Towobat held to his price. For nearly an hour they haggled. Then a hint of a possible journey to Devil's Drum, where squaws were short, brought Jean to time. The bargain was closed. Towobat pouched a birch *chit* to the factor, and pounded his ragged pony every inch of the trail to Pelly, while Jean stole off to seek his bride.

He found her on the outskirts of the camp. She was sitting on a ridge that runs out into White Man's Lake. Behind her the brown prairies scorched in the sun; across the lake loomed the green mountains. A gentle breeze checkered the water with vivid patches of crimson, brown, and yellow leaves. She rose at his step, and stood, looking sulkily upon him.

"Lau is now my woman," he said in Cree. "Let her come to my tepee." She made no answer, but stood, pouting her full lips that were red as the wild cherry. "Yes," he added, by way of compliment and to tempt her; "it is said that Lau's bannock is fit for the commissioner, and that the venison tenders in her hands. In my tepee is much flour, also bacon; great stores of sharp knives, and red blankets that are very warm."

She made no answer. Generally, the Indian girls were over ready to take a white husband, and, though puzzled, he put out his hand to take the white feather from her hair. His fingers had almost closed on it when, with a laugh, she sprang from beneath his hand. Her robe dropped from her shoulders. He got one flashing glimpse of a rounded body outlined against the silvery birch; then, like a brown arrow, she shot

through the air and clove the sunlit waters.

Now, the summers of Jean's youth had been mostly spent on the mighty bosom of the St. Lawrence, and though a man may forget relatives, friends, enemies, even the wife of his bosom, skill in swimming he may not forget. So when the girl rose fifty yards from the shore, she found Jean speeding along in her wake. He swam heavily, to be sure, and puffed like a grampus, but his great body shore through the water. And the girl, too, swam well, with a long overhand stroke. At every reach her body flashed its length in the sunlight, lay for an instant cradled in foam, then sank in the limpid water.

By the time they had half crossed the lake Jean's strength began to tell. Gradually the distance lessened until he could have placed a hand upon her shoulder, but when he reached, she dived, coming up twenty yards to the right. Again he caught up, to have the dive repeated; and again, and again, and still again, she slipped from his hand. Yet despite her every trick and turn he kept so close that when she left the water he was close behind.

Once in the woods, the waving branches marked her passing, and in five minutes he had run her down. Hot, gasping, panting like a chased hare, but still defiant, she faced him in a woodland dell. Jean the Big looked down on her with smiling eyes. He was wet, his clothing clung to his body; he looked and felt like some huge amphibian, yet he was still Jean the Good Natured.

"The Cree maidens swim like the jack fish and run like the red deer," he laughed. "Could they but fly like the mallard, they might escape the marrying yoke." He reached towards the feather, but she drew quickly away and smote his hand smartly. "So!" he exclaimed softly. "She must needs fight!"

Seizing her by the shoulder, he pulled her towards him, and the next moment was lying on his back. The moment he pulled, she had pitched forward, tripping at the same time, and Jean had thrown himself. It was a wrestling trick of his own, but who would have

expected it from a girl? Angry and ashamed, he sprang up and seized her. She struggled fiercely, but her obstinate resistance simply made him more determined. Grasping her by the waist, he tore her loose and swung her up to the stretch of his arms. And there he held her, watching the fear gather in her eyes.

"Pouf!" he exclaimed, suddenly setting her down. "There is nothing to fear, little one. Jean Le Gros wants love that is freely given. Let Lau return to her father's tepee."

As he turned to go, a low laugh sounded in the dell, and a gentle hand touched his shoulder. Slipping to her knees, Lau slid the feather from her hair, and laid it shyly in his palm.

Being thus well married after the fashion of the Crees, who stole the rite from the Bones, who took it from the Mound Builders, who inherited it from Father Adam, Jean Le Gros built a cabin hard by White Man's Lake and settled down to family life. Lau was now a person of importance in her tribe and bore herself accordingly. She walked, *nez retroussé*, by the bucks, who in the days of her virginity had laid fat puppies at her feet, while her tribeswomen turned a greedy ear to her tale of bead and skin, blanket and provision, and other wondrous matters of her housekeeping. To these, her own people, she was cold and haughty, as became the wife of a *mooniah*, but Jean she loved with the furious passion that is sometimes disconcerting to its less emotional object.

Yet this excess of love had its advantages. She sought to do the things that pleased him best. His cabin was always neat and clean, his bannock sweet, his meat well cooked and tender. And she was greedy to learn. One day Father Francis found her squatting in his kitchen at Ellice while she gravely noted the movements of Pierre Recard, the Mission cook. And ten minutes thereafter a tremendous smash brought him flying to the rescue of the same Pierre, who lay amid the ruins of his largest platter, with Lau brandishing a cleaver above his head. Then there was great inquisition. For three days Pierre did penance for the sin of his

eyes, but Lau had to go elsewhere for lessons in cookery.

But soon winter closed in. Ten feet of solid ice mailed the lake, and the Devil's Keg gurgled helplessly beneath its winter coat. Sometimes a blizzard tore over the lake, threatening to twist Jean's cabin up by the roots, and then the frost would come out of the north; the mercury would drop to seventy and odd below, and a great hush, broken only by the pistol crack of freezing trees, brooded over the forest. But it was warm within the cabin. A half cord of dry poplar crackled in the wide chimney, and sent a stream of spark and flame high above the roof-tree. On milder days Jean cut wood and visited his traps.

And so the winter passed. The sun returned from the southland to the music of running waters. Day by day his arc increased across the sky; but it was in this, the eighth month of her married life, that Lau's sun went out. With the first spring days came orders for Jean Le Gros to trail north and run the season's pack from Norway House.

The evening before his departure they were at the cabin door, looking down the lake. A thunder shower had just blown by. The air was cool and sweet, the wind moaned in the poplar, and shadows of gray clouds leadened the white capped water. Jean leaned against the wall, smoking; Lau crouched at his feet.

"We have been happy." She spoke in dull, hopeless tones.

"I shall return."

"But the daughter of the factor of Norway House?" she went on, with darkening eyes. "She is beautiful, it is said. I hate her!"

"Am I not married to thee, Lau?"

She nodded. "Yes, after the fashion of my people, which binds not the men of the company. Was not the factor of Devil's Drum married to Saas, daughter of Clear Sky, the Sioux? She bore him three children, yet did he afterwards marry a soft woman of his own breed."

"Bah!" Big Jean stooped and lifted her to his knee. "I am not Black Jack, but Jean Le Gros. There is none like my Lau. See you, little

one, this is an order of the company. I go to Norway House? Yes! But surely will I return to thee."

"Some day! I know it," she returned thoughtfully. "And after that will marry with one of thy own race. But it is meet," she continued resignedly, "that wolf mate with wolf. But the little she fox that ran with the wolf—what of her? For her folly shall she be torn and eaten. Yet I have loved."

Creeping close, she ceased, and allowed present joy to smother the presence of coming sorrow. For hours they sat thus; but when at last the copper moon slipped from behind a storm cloud, they rose and closed the cabin door.

A month or so after Jean Le Gros crossed the fifty fourth parallel on his journey northward, the wander lust entered into Towobat and his band, and laid them by the heels. They made great preparation for a moose hunt, northerly to the Pasquia Hills. Towobat would have liked well to take Lau along. Unmarried trappers were plentiful at Fort A La Corne, and Towobat's experience did not lead him to expect the return of Jean Le Gros. There was really no reason why she should not take another man. But when he entered her cabin and gave orders to pack, she turned on him, hatchet in hand. Towobat fled. It was nip and tuck. For twenty yards he ran a smart race with death, and won—by a nose. But he lost an ear. As he shot through the doorway, her hatchet whistled by, shaving the ear as clean as a surgeon's knife. And while the hatchet stuck quivering in a tree, Towobat increased his lead, thanking his gods the while for the excess of rage that offset his daughter's lack of filial piety.

So the tribe marched without her. For a week the smoke of burning bush by day, and the red sky glow at night, kept her posted on its movements; then, as the deer scared to the north, the sign failed. Jean had left her well supplied. Of flour and bacon she had enough to last the summer. Jack fish she speared in the shallows, where the lake overflow seeps into the Devil's Keg,

saskatoons were to be had for the picking on the prairie, and cranberries were plentiful in the bush.

She was happy after a fashion, living, woman-like, in her dream of love, though the practical savage way of looking naked truth in the face assured her of its ultimate ending. But he might come back—for a little longer. Often she walked over to the hog's back where Jean found her, and, slipping eel-like from her blanket, gazed on the reflection in the water. A dark face flushed with red, white teeth, misty black eyes, these she saw dancing, elf-like. With the rounded body she had no quarrel; nor with the masses of knee long hair, save perhaps they were a trifle straight. But that dark skin! Frowning, she would dash her foot across the image, dissolving it in a thousand ripples, then, quickly diving, she would swim over the old course, plunge into the woods, and lie in the little dell.

But in the third month of her loneliness she received news of Jean, and it came in this wise. Returning from her fishing, she saw at a hundred yards her cabin door standing wide. Surely Jean must have returned, she thought. Eagerly she flew over the intervening space, but halted dead on the threshold. On the mud floor a blanket was spread, and on it was piled her store of beads and moccasins, knives, cooking utensils, the skins from her bed, and all her provisions. Behind the heap, calm, impassive, but threatening, stood Hamiota, the *Lame Wolf*, the one of all her former suitors whom she feared.

"Waugh!" he growled. "Lau has been long at the fishing. Tie up, that we may be going." He pointed to the bundle.

Laying-down her fish and spear, she stepped forward, sullen but obedient, her lashes cast down to hide her eyes.

"I have paid," he continued, pinching his fingers into the flesh of her arm, "a great price in skins to the old fox, Towobat. Come!"

She sank beside the pile, drew together the ends of the blanket and knotted them, then, rising, waited for further orders.

"*Marche!*"

She hoisted the bundle and stepped

to the door, then stopped and set it down. "Stay," she said, "there is the money of the Red Bear—the big dollars of silver buried in the earth beneath the bed."

Tearing the bunk to one side, she drove the fish spear into the ground close to the wall. The Cree stood over, watching with greedy eyes. Presently, when the ground was well loosened, she began to throw out the dirt. A little more digging, and the spear stuck in something solid. It looked like a square box. She stooped down and tried to raise it, but failed.

"It is heavy!" she panted.

"Lau has become soft," sneered the Cree. "She has lain too close and warm. Stand aside!"

As he bent to the hole, she raised the sharp fish spear and struck down betwixt his shoulders. Through and through it pierced, standing out beyond his breast. Shuddering, he fell forward, driving the barb back within his breast, and writhed on the ground, worm-like, the black blood pouring from his mouth.

"So Lau is soft?" she cried. "Yet would it have tried the strength of even Hamiota to lift the sill of the cabin. Now listen," she went on, stooping to the level of his eyes, "Hamiota would have forced me to mate with him. Like a fish he wriggles. And when the Red Bear comes to his den, then shall I, lying in his arms, tell of the folly of Hamiota, and how he died at the hand of a squaw."

Through the man's dulling ear the name penetrated to the darkening chambers of his brain. He looked up. His eyes were glazing, his tongue strove desperately with the black blood for one last utterance.

"The—Red—Bear!" he gasped. "The—Red—Bear—mates with—one of—his breed!"

Lau caught her breath, and for a brief space looked down on the dying man. Then she seized him by the shoulders and shook him violently. "Liar!" she muttered hoarsely. "Liar! Tell me more of this."

But the Lame Wolf had already limped over the great divide, and answered not her challenge. She rose

with fear and trouble in her eyes, and sat down on the bed to think. For a long half hour she brooded. Her gaze rested on the stricken Cree, but she saw him not; her thoughts were traveling to Jean Le Gros. Was it possible that Hamiota had news of him?

"Bah!" she exclaimed, rising and passing her hand across her brow. "He was ever a liar!" She spoke confidently, but a deadly fear gripped her heart. And though she kept on assuring herself that he had lied, she felt there would be no peace till she knew for certain.

Hastily she dragged the body forth and loaded it on her wood sled. Ten minutes therefrom the Devil's Keg opened its greedy maw, and with a sucking splash the Lame Wolf started on his long journey in its bottomless depths. Then, after ridding up her house—for Jean Le Gros might come back while she was gone—Lau broke trail for Pelly.

There she got news: Jean was to be married shortly to Virginie, daughter of the factor of Norway House. When the last word was spoken she drew the blanket over her head, and, unmindful of pitying words, departed for her place. They watched her down the trail; a lonely figure, limping its solitary way over the illimitable prairies back to the savage woods. On the third day following her departure, worn, weary, hopeless, she crawled into her cabin and lay like a stricken deer.

"You will have notice, m'sieu," said Pete Brousseau, when telling this story, "what a great hunter is the devil? See you, a man makes his cake, but the devil bakes it. An' so it is with this Jean Le Gros. He is by order of the company named factor of Big Grass Post. He will marry presently the prettiest girl of the north. Yes! Then, by Gar, he must needs kiss good by to his ol' sweetheart! Was there ever so much of a fool?"

But when Jean Le Gros rode south to get his appointment of the commissioner, he had no intention of seeing his Indian wife. His mind was perfectly at ease in the matter. Had he not made full confession to Father La

Rivière, and received absolution, along with the intimation that it was his duty to marry with his own kind and raise stout children to Holy Church? Then, he had but done as others did. Lau would probably follow his example and take another husband. Here came the first twinge of conscience. For, though man loves to browse in pastures new, it shocks him not a little to think that similar inclinations may trouble his womankind.

While under the smile of the factor's daughter, the feeling was bearable, but its strength increased in proportion to the distance he traveled south; and at last it was sufficiently strong to swerve him from the path of duty—as laid down by the holy father—and the Pelly Trail.

"What think you?" he said to France Dubois, his fellow traveler. "Would it not be one shame to pass so near the old cabin an' no' bid the girl adieu?"

Being unmarried and of a warm fancy, France agreed that it would. Now that he was thus committed, Jean's feelings underwent a further revolution. The figure of Lau danced before him clothed with all the fascination of the forbidden. After all, he reasoned, she knew nothing! Why disturb her happiness? Let her love a little longer! Then, there could be no harm in it. As for Virginie—well, she was a sad flirt. Even now she would be making eyes at the English clerk.

Thus it came about that at Ten Mile Forks France held on to Pelly, while Jean spurred hotly to White Man's Lake. As his horse splashed through the shallows where Lau took her fish, the dusky sun sank over the edge of the world, but the great flat moon sailed high and lit him up the bank. Bathed in its brilliant light, lake, wood, and bluff stood clearly out, lacking but the colors of the day. Over him a black cloud swept with rush of beating wings, the ducks quacked and quarreled on the waters, the frogs chattered, and the owls hooted in the forest.

At the top of the bank he reined in, clapped hands to mouth, and gave forth a piercing bush yell. Shrill and clear, it reverberated from shore to shore and

raised a thousand echoes in the sleeping woods. Before the last answer died, he was riding along the bank above the Devil's Keg. Beneath him it fell sheer to the black morass; a false step, a stumble, spelled death.

Suddenly he reined his horse back on his haunches, almost throwing him over the bank. A somber figure, like a black pillar in the white light, stood squarely in his path. For the space of a dozen breaths he sat his horse, staring; then the blanket rolled from the figure's head.

"Lau?"

"Yes," said I," she answered, talking to herself. "He will come again—once. Then will the little she fox be torn in many pieces."

The tone was low, but he heard. "See you, little one," he laughed, "said I not that I would return? Here am I! There is none like my Lau!" The words rang cheerily, but the consciousness of their falseness kept him at his distance.

"Hast thou truly returned, Red Bear—to me?"

He hesitated. Her face looked strange. The moonlight softened and toned down the harsh lines of sorrow, but her eyes glowed with a black fire. Once, of a dark night, he had gazed into the eyes of a mountain lion just before he made his leap. They looked like these.

"Truly I have come back to thee!" Perhaps he meant it—just then. His words sounded sincere.

"Liar!"

She ran forward, arms stretched above her head. The horse snorted, reared, wheeled, poised for a second in mid air, then launched out over the Devil's Keg. As he left the bank Jean slipped the stirrups—too late! The brute shot from beneath him, and they dropped, a few feet apart, into the sucking clutch of the hungry muskeg. Over them, clearly outlined against the dark blue sky, stood the figure of the mad woman.

"Truly," she cried, laughing shrilly, "thou hast returned to me!"

She stretched over the gulf. Jean had already sunk to the knees, and the keg sucked and pulled on his feet. He

stood still and quiet. This was death, slow death, for cowards; for him simply burial. Already his knife was in his hand. Two yards to his right the horse weltered in a flurry of black mud, sinking deeper at every struggle. Leaning over, Jean cut the brute's throat. There was yet plenty of time for himself. The Devil's Muskeg does not haste in devouring its victims. It needs not to, for there is no escape for them.

"Thou hast returned!" she called again. "Come, then!" She spread wide her arms. "No? Then open for me!"

With the last word, she sprang wildly out and fell beside him. Jean sheathed his knife, slipped his arm about her, and tried to lift her clear. Then he bent over, scooped the mud from her ankles, and tried again. With a squelch, her feet pulled from the clutch of the keg, and he swung her up to the full stretch of his arms; and, looking down, Lau remembered the day in the forest. The cloud swept from her hot brain; she saw, and realized where she was.

"Set me down," she said quietly, all trace of madness gone. "Set me beneath thy knees and let me die the first; for I brought this trouble on thee, my love."

"No!" he answered, looking into her eyes. "In this thou art innocent, and I am well served. And there is work for thee. Go to the factor of Pelly, and tell him to send word of this to Norway House. There is one there that should know. Though," he muttered, "she will soon be comforted. And bid him also," he continued aloud, "tell Father Francis to say a mass for the soul of Jean Le Gros."

There was no time for more. The Devil's Keg lingers over its victims like some huge gourmand, but beneath the double weight Jean was sinking fast. Just opposite, a cave in of the bank had swung a leafy poplar down and out over the muskeg. The branches trailed in the mud a few feet beyond his reach. On this he fixed his eyes. Swinging quickly back, he threw smartly forward and hurled Lau's light body up into the tree.

She landed fairly in the center, stri-

king her head against the trunk, and lay stunned. Up and down tossed the tree. It seemed as if its living freight must drop back. Jean watched with anxious eyes; if she fell, it would be beyond his reach. But soon the heaving subsided, the tree rested, and she still lay among the branches.

With a sigh of relief, Jean turned to his own affairs. He was already down to the waist. The keg gurgled beneath him, and sounds like the smacking of great lips were all about him. The clutch at his heels throbbed with the rhythm of a pulse. Slipping his knife, he got ready against the time when the mud should touch his armpits.

Ten minutes passed—fifteen—and the girl had not moved. Five minutes more, and the chill slime touched his breast bone. Now it was time. Raising the knife, he turned a last glance on the still figure. Surely she stirred! He hesitated. She moved, sat up, and caught the glint of the steel in his hand.

"No!" she cried. "No, Jean! Not yet! The horse! The horse! The lariat, at the saddle bow!"

The beast's last struggle had brought him within easy reach. A ray of hope shot into Jean's mind. Leaning over, he paddled in the mud. She watched him breathlessly. Presently he raised his hand, and a black, dripping string followed it above the surface. A slash of the knife freed the saddle end, and Lau caught the noose as it flew from his hand.

She fastened it in the tree, and Jean Le Gros began his battle with the Devil's Keg. The gluey, viscid muck seemed to suck with a thousand mouths, but slowly he drew towards the tree. When his strength failed, he passed a turn of the rope about his waist, and the woman held what he had gained. Inch by inch, foot by foot, yard by yard, he fought his way, and at last, pale, trembling, damp with sweat, he fell against the bank.

Lau slipped from the tree and helped him up the steep; then she took his head on her lap and wiped his brow. He was drained of strength and lay weak as a child.

"I have not deserved——" he began, but she covered his mouth with her

hand. He kissed it and lay still. Half an hour slipped by. A great hush brooded over the forest. The frogs had ceased their chatter, the owl his solemn questioning, and the lonely bittern forgot his solitary cry.

"Come," he said, rising. "Let us go home."

She paused, questioning him with her eyes.

"What is it?" he asked.

"The—other—woman?"

"There is but one woman," he answered gently. "Come! For tomorrow we go to Father Francis to be made man and wife by the church."

SORCERY.

"Dieu soit loné, je suis donc revenu"—DE MUSSET.

DAWN! As the loosened curtain swings away,
The wide familiar wilderness of slate
Spread eastward lies monotonously gray,
Save where, reared thin and straight,
A spire of smoke climbs up against the light.
Slowly the prying fingers of the morn
Bring bit by bit to view a world new born—
The old world died last night!

How long, crouched low above a slender tongue
Of fitful fire, I watched my dream grow cold
I know not. At the twilight I was young;
The morning found me old!
My hopes new risen, my visions turned to tears,
In smoke I saw them, one by one, depart,
And, as the clock marked hours, upon my heart
Life scored as many years!

The perfume of the roses that she wore
Upon the heavy air is brooding yet:
Ere their dropped petals withered on the floor
The Fates bade me forget!
Ah, pleasant courts of Mammon, thronged and wide,
Ah, fair, false world, so kind, so cruel, so gay!
I loved you yesterday too well. Today,
Crushed, I am cast aside.

And she—more gay, more false, more fair than all—
Whose doll I was, a puppet in whose plan—
Last night I saw her, laughing, at the ball
Throw down this broken fan.
I hold it now against the gaining light,
A paltry wreck of ivory and gauze,
Useless as I! Brother, good cheer!—because
The old world died last night.

The gray light steals across my study wall.
Shoulder to shoulder, banked in stalwart tiers,
They stand, my honest volumes, great and small,
My friends of other years.
The glass is empty, gone the little gain,
The flowers are faded, and the music played,
My place is here, not there, and, unafraid,
I face the future—sane!

I will fling wide the window, greet the sun,
Plan out my tasks, take up the broken strand,
And at the task this lesson, grimly won,
Shall work as prentice hand
And what is lost retrieve as best it may.
Dawn!—with the day I will amend, forget!
The old world died last night—and yet—and yet—
Ah, God, hold back the day!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

BY LOUIS SEIBOLD.

THE TWENTY SIXTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, HIS REMARKABLE CAREER AND HIS INTERESTING PERSONALITY—A SCHOLAR AND A GENTLEMAN, A BRAVE SOLDIER, AN ABLE AND HONEST OFFICIAL, THE AUTHOR OF FIFTEEN BOOKS, AND THE FATHER OF SIX CHILDREN.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, the twenty sixth President of the United States, is unlike, in type and characteristics, any other of the twenty five national rulers that preceded him. He would have fitted into no other epoch of the nation's history. He is essentially the type of the progressive American, the middle span of whose life is punctuated by two centuries. He could not exist or thrive in any other country; yet he is the natural evolution of conditions that tend to make the American in all walks of life the superior of his European cousin.

President Roosevelt, while descended from a long line of men and women whose lives were closely interwoven with the aristocratic and blue blooded portion of our population, is a self made man. By his own efforts he rose to a place that rendered him eligible for the highest gift that the people can confer. That it came to him by accident is in itself an accident. Reviewing his whole life from his college days at Harvard, the whole force of his nature has been directed towards the accomplishment of self elevation.

He was naturally of a combative character. Since he left school he has been fighting his way upward with relentless vigor, a sincere belief in himself, and a determination to vindicate that belief. The story of his boyhood and early manhood is one that should be read by every schoolboy in the country. It has been filled with healthy adventures, perilous enough at times to furnish suitable reading for the most imaginative of boys.

From the start of his life of action, which began early, until he became the

President of the United States and consequently the most important ruler in the world, he has toiled with restless and ambitious determination to succeed. He started right, as do all boys who realize their ambitions. His aim was at the highest, and his life ran along the lines that tend towards successful achievement. His boyhood was healthy and natural. He was mischievous, restless, venturesome, and affectionate.

ROOSEVELT'S SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DAYS.

He felt that he was bound to win; that he was to be a leader. He adopted unusual methods to prove his capacity for leadership, as some of his boyhood friends have assured me. The district of New York between Broadway and Fourth Avenue, and between Seventeenth and Twenty Third Streets, which furnished the theater for his juvenile activity, contained no citizen quite as unique as "Ted" Roosevelt between the ages of ten and fifteen. I have it from some of the men who as boys shared with or disputed his childish triumphs, the assurance that he was ingenious in discovering original means of entertainment and instruction—and, incidentally, of destruction.

He was a healthy student at the preparatory schools to which he was sent for future college experience. He leaned towards the military; he liked soldier buttons, tin swords, guns; he "played horse" with the other boys, and his juvenile heart was made happy in his fifteenth year when a pony was given to him. He learned to ride and shoot better than his schoolboy companions, in spite of the fact that he was compelled to wear glasses. He could

throw a wooden tomahawk, too, with unerring accuracy, if the chronicles that come to me be correct.

He showed that he had courage during his first hazing experience, and, to quote one of his schoolboy friends, "he took his medicine like a little man and refused to squeal." At Harvard, where he was a student from 1876 to 1880, he split his day between healthy sport and healthy study. He was not so strong and robust then as he is now, but he cultivated athletics assiduously—rowing, cross country running, horseback riding, boxing, and foot racing. He was considered a fair amateur in all these branches of athletic sport, without being a champion in any one.

He came out of college, in 1880, with a healthy mind stored full of valuable facts, and a healthy constitution, ready for physical endurance and activity. Being a city boy, and descended from a long line of Roosevelts who had been city boys in their generation, he took an interest in city affairs. He gravitated into politics, associating himself with other young men who, while independent in individual views, attached themselves to party organizations in order "to learn the ropes."

Young Roosevelt was an apt student. He studied hard and learned quickly. He attracted the attention of party leaders. He was of the type that they considered useful if properly trained. He had youth, vigor, determination, force of character, ambition, and a comfortable income. They flattered and encouraged him. He observed, studied, and planned.

ROOSEVELT'S POLITICAL DEBUT.

Within two years after he left college, with no definite profession in view, he was nominated for the Assembly at Albany. He had not been there three weeks before the Republican party leaders who had sent him discovered that he was not the sort of political camp follower they desired. He entertained views of his own on public questions, and did not hesitate to express them, and insist on their adoption. In defiance of the established rules of machine politics, he gathered around him a following of his own, and proceeded to

work for the enactment of laws that he regarded as beneficial to the people of the State. He secured, or helped to secure, the passage of three or four measures that are even yet cited to prove how unconventional and independent he was in those early days of his career.

One of these measures provided for an investigation of the city government of New York. Another bill that brought to the surface the fighting qualities of Mr. Roosevelt aroused the antagonism of the leaders of both parties in the Legislature. It provided for the establishment of a civil service law to regulate the appointment of persons to State and municipal offices. No such measure had ever been seriously proposed before, and the leaders of both parties made known their opposition to it in a most vigorous manner; but young Mr. Roosevelt, by the sheer force of his determination, compelled the passage of the law.

During his second term in the Legislature he was virtually the leader of the Republican members, though they did not officially recognize him as such. He did not return to Albany the following year. The "bosses" had had enough of him. He had apparently had enough of them, too, because with very little ceremony he packed up all his guns and equipped himself for ranch life in the West. He penetrated the Bad Lands of the Dakotas, and entered actively into the work and the play of the cattle ranges. The cowboys and border desperadoes with whom he came in contact soon learned to respect him. They called him a "four eyed tenderfoot" at first, but when they came to know him they adopted him as one of themselves, and within a year were following his leadership.

RANCH LIFE IN THE NORTHWEST.

One of his undertakings was the ridance of the district in which he lived of undesirable characters. It is related of him that he once reproved the sheriff of the county thus: "You are not attending to the duties for which you are paid. If you do not do so in the future, we will put some one else in your place."

As the sheriff was a man with a record

for quick shooting, some of the bystanders who overheard this admonition expected to see the future President "shot full of holes." They were greatly surprised when the sheriff, instead of pulling a gun, said meekly: "All right, Mr. Roosevelt. If you have any suggestions to make, I will carry them out."

From that time on, during his four years' stay in the ranch country, Mr. Roosevelt commanded wholesome respect. A man who used to meet him frequently is authority for the statement that when he discovered one of his cowboys about to affix the brand of his ranch on a stray calf, or "maverick," he said: "Go to the foreman and get your pay; I don't want a man like you in my employ. You know that calf doesn't belong to me; if you will steal for me, you will steal from me."

Much of Mr. Roosevelt's time in the West was spent in hunting. He became an expert shot and an intrepid hunter of the type that all healthy boys like to read about. He hunted through the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana, and explored the Indian country in the Snake River district of Idaho. He gathered material for several books on ranch life and hunting in the West, and wrote them with the keen appreciation of a man who appreciates healthy outdoor life. Thousands of boys of all ages, from ten to eighty, have read them and found them interesting.

Roosevelt's Return to Politics.

In 1886 Mr. Roosevelt emerged from his Western retreat to accept the Republican nomination for mayor of New York. He made a plucky campaign, but the fight was a hopeless one, and he was badly beaten, coming in third at the polls to Abram S. Hewitt, the Democratic nominee, and Henry George, an independent candidate.

Three years later he was back in New York again, with unquenched ambition and a renewed fund of physical vigor, prepared to plunge into politics with his old determination to improve conditions as he saw them. When President Harrison reorganized the national civil service commission, Mr. Roosevelt became a member of it, and afterwards

its president. He had what the old time Washington people style "a first class trouble job." As the head of the commission, he was compelled to antagonize all the political bosses of both machines, and naturally fell into disfavor with them; but he persisted in his determination to apply the civil service law in both letter and spirit. It is a tribute to his work that the system was brought much nearer perfection under his administration than it had ever been before.

When he resigned, in 1893, he returned to New York, and in the following year he took an active part in the campaign against Tammany. Mayor Strong appointed him a member of the police commission. He was at the head of the police board for two years—years that he made memorable ones in the history of the department. He made honesty the watchword of his administration. He infused new blood into the department, compelled the members to attend to their duties, and saw to it that the laws were properly enforced. Within a month of his assumption of office he was the storm center of one of the liveliest public controversies in which the good citizens of New York have ever participated.

The laws, offensive and otherwise, were on the statute books. Police Commissioner Roosevelt declared they were there to be enforced. One day, while the storm was raging fiercest, he told me that he didn't like the laws himself, and admitted that one of his reasons for compelling their enforcement was to insure a ready opportunity to secure their revocation. He found his self-appointed task full of action, but never monotonous; and when he retired from the department he admitted that he had had a "very interesting time."

Roosevelt in the War with Spain.

President McKinley had offered him the office of assistant secretary of the navy, and he accepted it. Naval officers have since told me that he was the most active assistant secretary in the history of the department. He interested himself in all the routine of our naval system. At the end of the year he thoroughly understood the relative strength and weakness of the naval forces of his



THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS COLONEL OF THE FIRST UNITED STATES VOLUNTEER CAVALRY (THE
ROUGH RIDERS).

From a copyrighted photograph by Rockwood, New York.

country as compared with those of other nations.

When the Maine was blown up in Havana harbor, no man in the service of the government worked harder than Mr. Roosevelt to make ready for the hostilities which he knew were coming. But he was not content to sit at a desk, even at a very important desk, when guns were going off. When war became

a certainty he and Leonard Wood, then a surgeon in the army, with the rank of captain, organized the first volunteer regiment of cavalry. Assistant Secretary Roosevelt and Dr. Wood had met in Washington, and had found in each other congenial companions. Dr. Wood was a man of remarkable executive ability, with extensive army experience, a good judge of men, and a fine soldier.

Mr. Roosevelt's energy and enthusiasm allied with Dr. Wood's judgment rendered theirs a strong partnership. Their regiment, famous as the Rough Riders, was the most picturesque and efficient unit in the volunteer army. It was one of the two volunteer regiments which sailed for Santiago with the invading army under Major General Shafter. Landing on Cuban soil on June 22, 1898, it was the first regiment to engage the Spaniards. This was at the skirmish of Las Guasimas, on June 24. Colonel Wood and Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt led their troopers in the fight. They lost several men, but they drove the enemy from a fortified position.

ROOSEVELT AND THE ROUGH RIDERS.

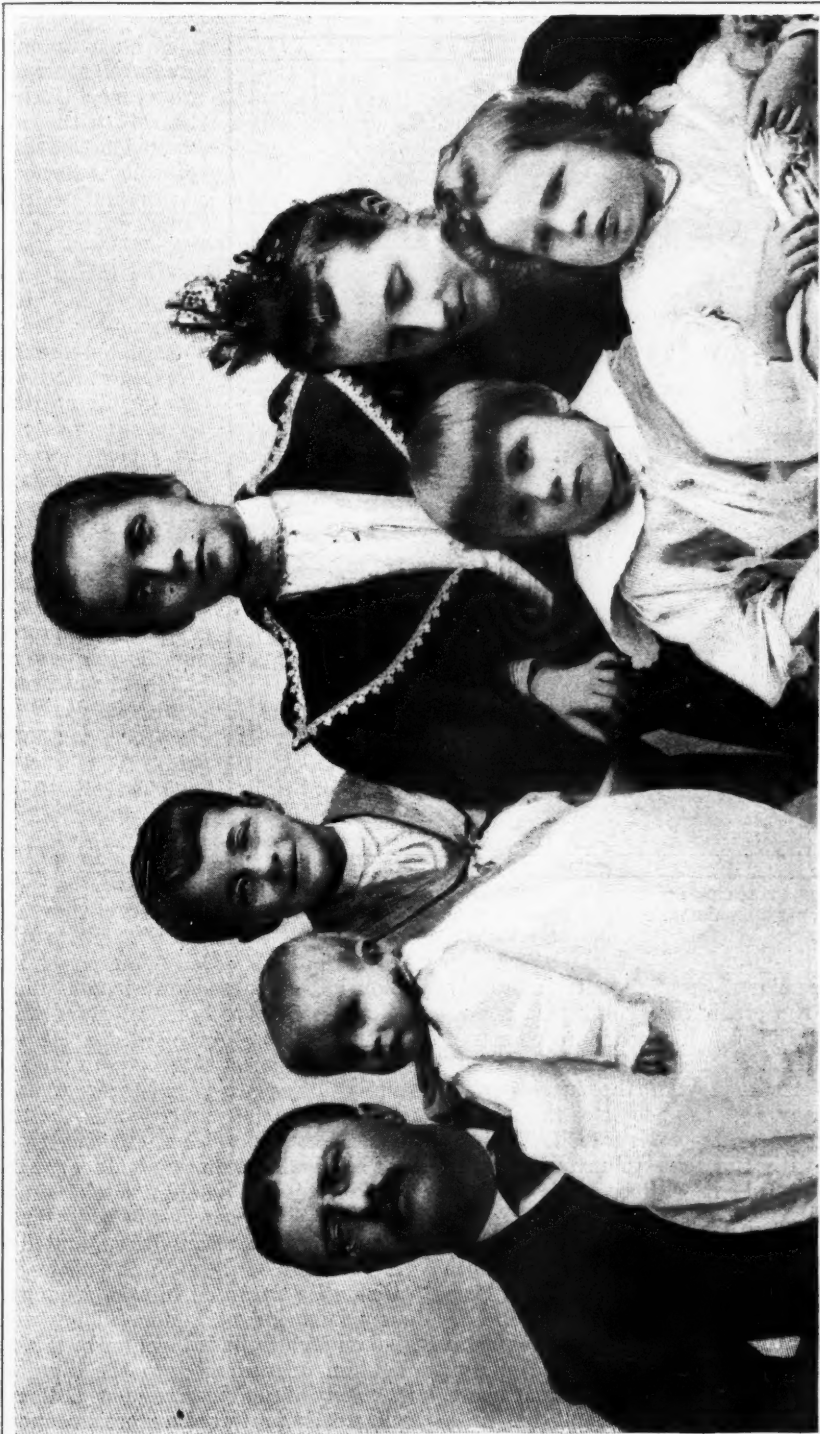
Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt was conspicuous throughout the entire Santiago campaign. He fought at the head of his regiment in the storming of San Juan Hill, Colonel Wood having been advanced to command the brigade; and he stood with the other commanding officers in front of the palace in Santiago as the American flag floated over it for the first time. He particularly concerned himself with the welfare and comfort of his men. I saw him a dozen times a day going about the ancient city, riding through the streets or directing the operations of detachments of his regiment.

Colonel Wood, the original



THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN THE HUNTING OUTFIT THAT HE WORE ON HIS RANCH, CHIMNEY BUTTE, NEAR MEDORA, NORTH DAKOTA.

From a photograph taken in 1885.



PRESIDENT AND MRS. ROOSEVELT AND FIVE OF THEIR CHILDREN—THE CHILDREN, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, ARE ETHEL, THEODORE, ALICE, KERMIT, AND ARCHIBALD. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO, BEFORE THE BIRTH OF THE YOUNGEST SON, QUENTIN ROOSEVELT.



LEAVING PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S DEATHBED—COLONEL ROOSEVELT AND SENATOR HANNA WALKING AWAY FROM THE MILBURN HOUSE IN BUFFALO.

commander of the regiment, generously gave the credit for the success of the Rough Riders to his second in command. I told the colonel, while sitting in his tent on the day of the surrender of Santiago, that the people of the United States had come to ignore his connection with the first volunteer cavalry, and styled it "Roosevelt's Rough Riders."

"The designation is perfectly justified," said Colonel Wood, "because Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt has been much more active in organizing and directing the operations of the regiment than I have. He is a splendid officer; he has the interest of his men at heart, and works like a Trojan all the time. No other title could properly describe our men so well."

When Colonel Roosevelt returned to the United States with his name on the lips of every American citizen and healthy minded boy, he found himself one of the real heroes of the war. His party in New York nominated him for Governor. His contribution to the campaign was one of the most unique tours of the State ever undertaken by a candidate for public office. He carried with him the bugler of his regiment and some of his soldiers, in khaki uniforms, and he made speeches that were intense and eloquent in their patriotism.

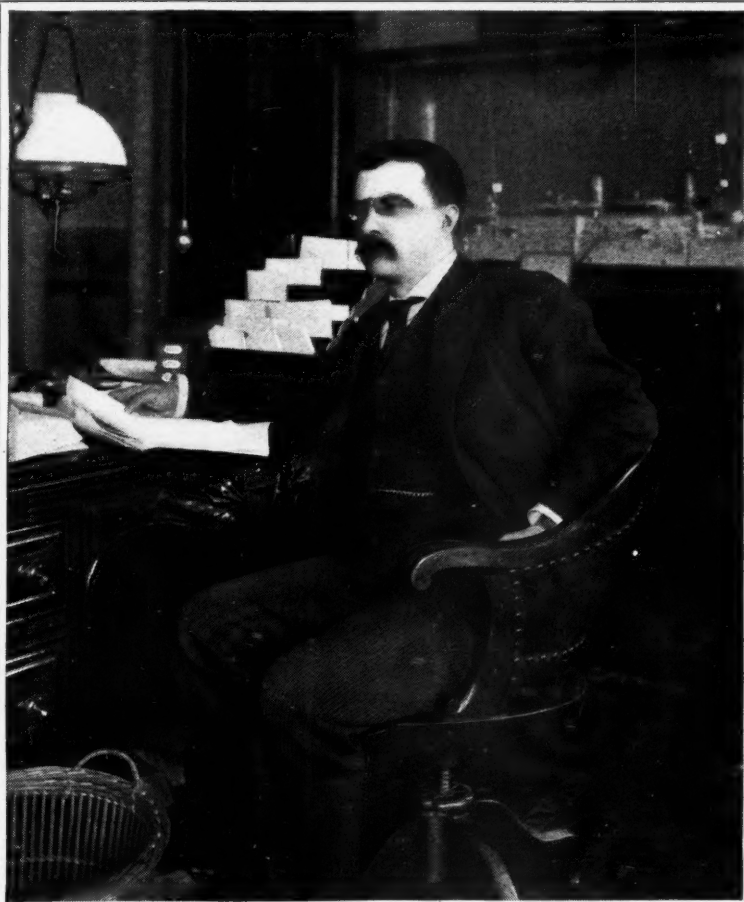
GOVERNOR, VICE
PRESIDENT, AND
PRESIDENT.

Elected to the
Governorship,

Colonel Roosevelt manifested his independence in ways that did not always please the leaders of his party. It was pretty well known that he desired a re-nomination as Governor in order to have time for working out reforms that he thought desirable. When it was suggested that he should become a nominee for the Vice Presidency, he did not take kindly to the idea. Some of the party managers favored it because they wanted to get him out of New York politics, in which they regarded him as a dangerously independent factor. They were glad enough to be rid of him by "kicking him up stairs" into the dignified inactivity of the Vice Presidency. Roosevelt greatly preferred a more strenuous, if less ornamental, place in the political world, and he made the fight of his life

to avoid the nomination; but the demand for his name upon the ticket with McKinley was too strong. It was so urgent that he either had to yield to it or abandon politics altogether, and he accepted the situation with the best

Theodore Roosevelt is the youngest President that ever occupied the Executive Mansion at Washington. He was forty three years old on October 27. Few men have crowded so great a variety of experience into forty



THEODORE ROOSEVELT AT HIS DESK IN THE NAVY DEPARTMENT, DURING HIS SERVICE AS ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY (1897 AND 1898).

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

grace he could. The convention would hear of no other candidate, and nominated him by acclamation.

His elevation to the Presidency, following the assassination of President McKinley, reads like a chapter out of the Arabian Nights.

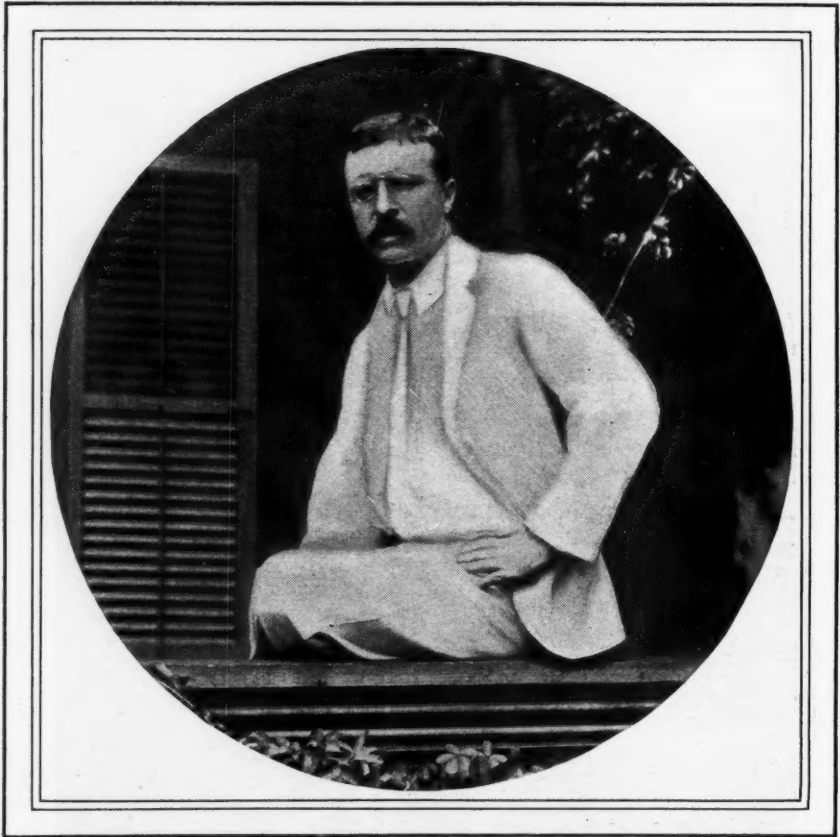
three years as has Mr. Roosevelt. The six children who have graced his life are already growing up about him towards manhood and womanhood. His eldest daughter, Alice, is nearly eighteen. His eldest son is Theodore, Jr., aged fifteen. There are three other

boys, Kermit, Archibald, and Quentin, and a girl, Ethel. All these children are growing up as their father grew up; trained by their father as he was trained, and prepared for the struggle of life as he was prepared.

AN EVENTFUL TWENTY FOUR HOURS.

If proof were wanting of the unusual

dacks. He had been at President McKinley's bedside in Buffalo, but the physicians, in their mistaken confidence, had told him that their patient was recovering, and he had resumed his interrupted holiday. It has been said that Mr. Roosevelt was hunting. That statement is not strictly true. He had gone with his two sons to coach them in deer

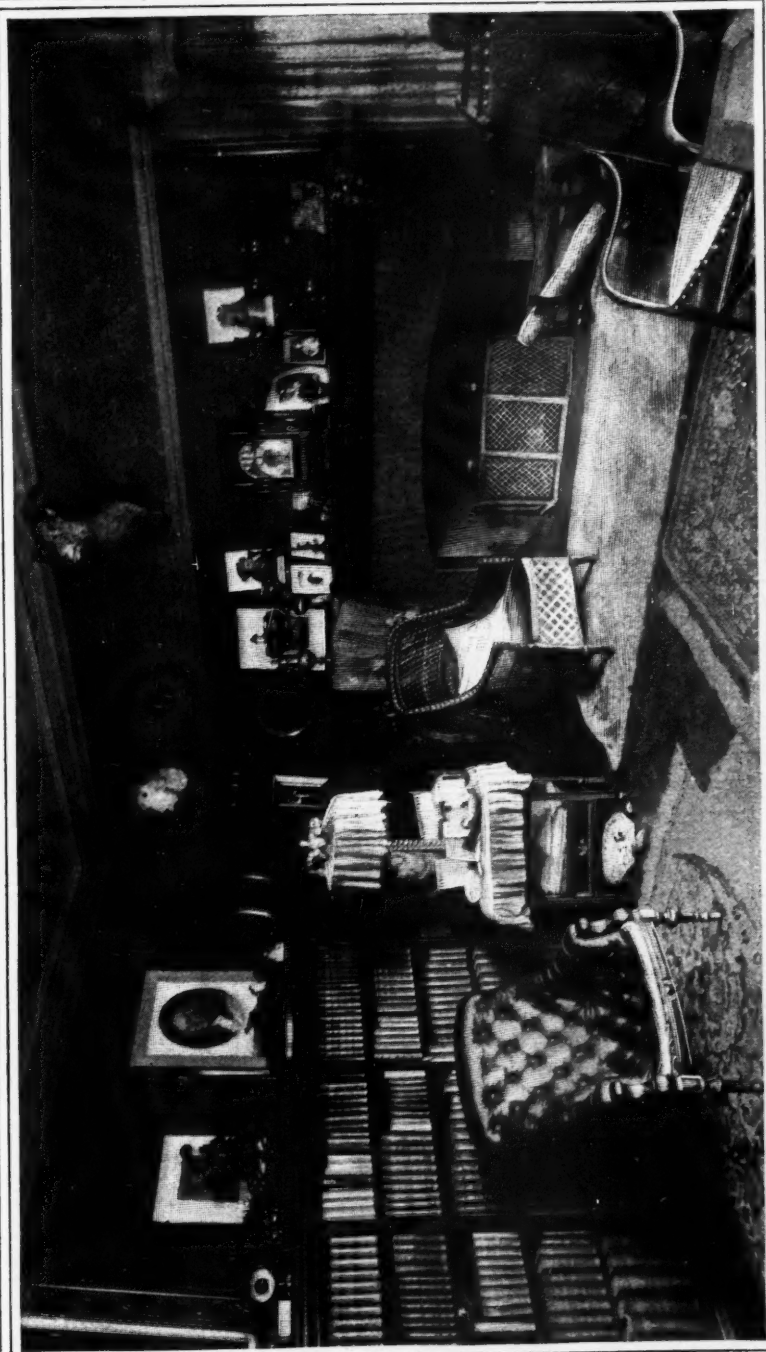


THE PRESIDENT AT HIS COUNTRY HOME—THEODORE ROOSEVELT SITTING ON THE VERANDA OF HIS HOUSE AT SAGAMORE HILL, OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND.

From a photograph by Lazarnick, New York.

nature of the experiences through which Theodore Roosevelt has passed, it might be found in his diary for the twenty four hours that intervened between 3:36 o'clock p. m. on Friday, September 13, and the same hour on Saturday, September 14, of the present year. On Friday afternoon, with his two eldest boys, he was in the great wilderness around Mount Marcy, in the Adiron-

stalking, and one of them, Theodore, Jr., killed his first deer that day. Mr. Roosevelt, who had been at Buffalo two days before, was not aware of the unfavorable change in the condition of President McKinley; but while he was in the mountains, forty miles from a railway, his secretary, William Loeb, was speeding to North Creek, the nearest station. From North Creek Mr.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S STUDY IN HIS HOME IN OYSTER BAY—IN THIS ROOM MUCH OF HIS LITERARY WORK HAS BEEN DONE.
From a photograph by Lazarnick, New York



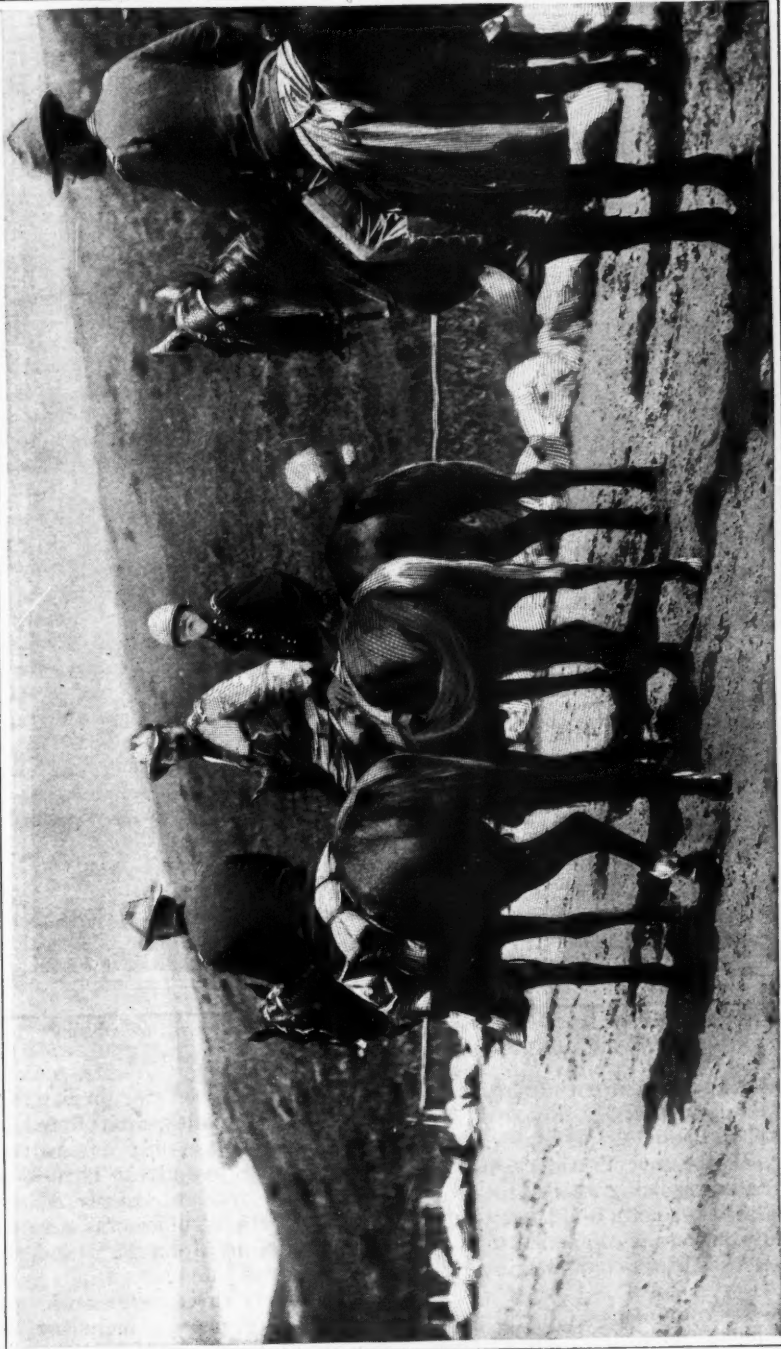
THE WILCOX RESIDENCE IN BUFFALO, IN WHICH THEODORE ROOSEVELT TOOK THE OATH OF PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, SEPTEMBER 14, 1901.

Five men were sent out into the mountains. They scattered, fired their guns and called aloud as night came down. They finally located Mr. Roosevelt and his boys in a cabin which the members of the club use when detained in the woods overnight. It was then nine o'clock. Garbed as he was in hunting costume, he rode to the main club house in a buckboard, reaching it at one o'clock in the morning. Without waiting to change his clothes, he secured another team, and with one guide for a companion drove thirty five miles over rough country roads to North Creek, using three relays of horses on

the way. He reached North Creek at 5:20 in the morning. Mr. Loeb, who urged instant search for Mr. Roosevelt.



COLONEL ROOSEVELT IN HIS CAMPAIGN UNIFORM DURING THE WAR WITH SPAIN.



COLONEL ROOSEVELT AT CAMP WIKOFF, IN AUGUST, 1898—THE OFFICER ON THE COLONEL'S RIGHT IS MAJOR GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT, TWENTY SIXTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

From his latest photograph—Copyright, 1901, by Pack Brothers, New York.

was pacing up and down the platform, waiting for him, told Mr. Roosevelt of the death of President McKinley. At 5:22 o'clock the new President of the United States was being whirled towards Buffalo as fast as a train could carry him. On his arrival he was compelled to borrow the clothes in which he was inaugurated.

Before he would consent to take the oath of office, he insisted on driving through the crowded streets to the house of John G. Milburn, where the body of President McKinley was even

then being prepared for burial. He sought Mrs. McKinley, and offered her such sympathy as only an earnest, thoughtful man can give. Then he returned to the residence of Mr. Wilcox, where the oath of office was administered to him by John R. Hazel, the Federal district judge.

To the forty three persons who witnessed the ceremony, including the members of President McKinley's cabinet, and several newspaper correspondents, of whom I was one, the spectacle was a most dramatic and impressive one.

Man Killers at Close Range.

BY CHARLES MICHELSON.

THE "BAD MAN," A WESTERN FRONTIER TYPE NOW PRACTICALLY EXTINCT—HIS UNRIGHTEOUS LIFE AND INGLORIOUS DEATH, AND STORIES THAT ILLUSTRATE HIS PECULIAR MORAL CODE.

MANY professions have been destroyed by the onward march of civilization, but few of them have been done away so thoroughly as that of Bad Man. Here and there a few of the guild survive, as do astrologers in dingy rooms in back streets, but the honor and the glamour of the trade are gone. Rarely is there a call for the services of these men who have played such a part in the annals of the frontier. I can recall only two occasions in recent years where the demand was imperative. Both demonstrated that, however unfashionable the employment of pistol experts has become, the men of the craft are still as effective as ever.

The most conspicuous of those instances had to do with the safeguarding of a justice of the Federal Supreme Court. Mr. Justice Field had sent to jail for contempt of court former Justice Terry, of the Supreme Court of California. Personal hatreds were involved, and the situation was further complicated by the character of Terry. He was a hold over from the time when men carried their

law codes in holster or sheath. He had not gone to jail without displaying his somewhat celebrated two edged knife, and everybody realized that no one, judge or junkman, could put such an affront on him without a return.

Therefore nobody was surprised when Terry slapped the face of the great jurist when they next met, which happened in a railway eating station. The surprise came when, on the other side of the table, up rose one Dave Nagle, of whose existence only a remote and still wild section of Arizona was cognizant, and whose connection with the United States court had not been disclosed.

Whipping out his revolver, Mr. Nagle sent a bullet through the heart of ex Judge Terry, and, to make sure, a second one before he fell. At the subsequent proceedings it was revealed that Mr. Nagle had been taken from his former haunts and made a deputy United States marshal in view of just such a contingency in the Terry case as came to pass.

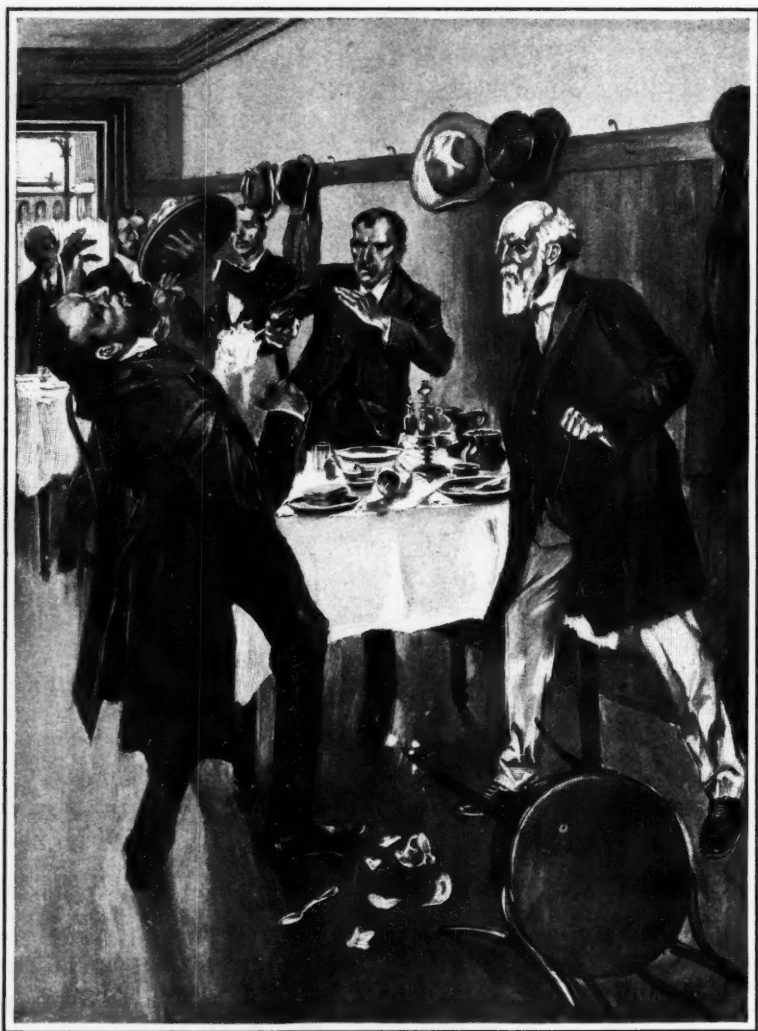
The other example of this revival of a passing profession was in connection with a prize fight. Fitzsimmons and Sharkey fought in San Francisco, and, in the course of the contest, it became



KING FISHER'S WARNING TO TRAVELERS AT THE FORKS OF THE COUNTY ROAD NEAR HIS RANCH.

necessary to make a decision that was bound to be unpopular with most of the men who were watching. Under ordinary circumstances such a decision, in the face of two or three thousand men

There is a very general misapprehension about bad men. Most people suppose they did their killing out of mere gaiety or wantonness; whereas the truth is that it was nearly all a matter



"WHIPPING OUT HIS REVOLVER, DAVE NAGLE SENT A BULLET THROUGH THE HEART OF EX JUDGE TERRY, AND, TO MAKE SURE, A SECOND ONE BEFORE HE FELL."

of the sort that make up the spectators of a prize fight, would be fraught with disaster, if not destruction, to the referee. In this case, however, the ring judge was Wyatt Earp, sole survivor of the Earp-Clanton war that thinned the population of Tombstone twenty years ago—and nothing happened to him.

of business. A reputation as a killer was an asset of no small value. The great bad men were nearly all either criminals or "peace" officials. Sometimes they were both at the same time, and sometimes they alternated between crime and office holding. A few, of course, were the same thing all the time.

When a man on the frontier found that somebody had jumped his claim, particularly if his own title would not stand a law test, it was his game to hire a fighter to uphold his cause; and the bigger the reputation of the shotgun lawyer he retained the higher the retainer. Though there was no formal body like the Bar Association to punish betrayal of a client's interests, public opinion on the border visited such breaches of confidence with severe condemnation, and the code was very generally adhered to.

WILD BILL, GREATEST OF BAD MEN.

To the frontier sheriff or marshal, a reputation as a slayer is invaluable. It enables him to take without a struggle desperadoes who would otherwise fight to the death. The worst men on the border surrender only to an officer who has demonstrated his championship. This is a bad lands commonplace, recognized even in the poetry of the wilderness. A couplet of the old Rustler's chorus expresses it:

When we turned our sixes loose, we let the
sheriffs know

It took a joe dandy to bring us from Mexico!

The fact that Wild Bill Hickok had killed eight out of ten outlaws who had attacked him at the stage station of which he had charge procured him government employ, and ultimately a job at a hundred and seventy five dollars a month as marshal of Abilene, Texas; and Wild Bill Hickok was the greatest bad man the West has ever known.

The advantage of a terrorizing reputation to a criminal is obvious. Jesse James could make a train load of passengers more obedient with the power of his name than could any anonymous robber with a loaded repeating rifle. To a cattle rustler, a reputation as a killer meant that he could pursue his depredations almost without fear of pursuit by his victim, and without hindrance from any but the first rank of frontier peace officers—a consideration of incalculable value to an outlaw with a reward upon his head, when a whole country was anxious to earn it, and was deterred only by fear of the price tagged man. In this way the tough West graded itself. The eminent desperado

was unmolested except by the eminent man hunter. Billy the Kid, with a record of a man slain for every year of his life, defied half the sheriffs of Arizona and New Mexico, until one of them caught him right and killed him quick.

However, a wide reputation as a man killer had a very decided disadvantage. Under the old tribal laws, an Indian was entitled to sling from his belt or his tepee pole all the scalps he found in the possession of the warrior he slew. This custom has descended, with some modifications, to the bad man of the border. He gets full credit for all the notches on the gun of the fellow he overcomes; so whenever a man rises to eminence of this sort, the country becomes filled with ambitious men thirsting for the glory of having "done up" the terror. To this spirit, which kind nature introduced to mitigate the troubles of peaceable men in turbulent places, Wild Bill fell a victim. The man who stole behind him and murdered him at a gambling table had no enmity towards him, and no reason for his murder, except the desire to be known as the man who killed Wild Bill. He was hanged for it, and never even attempted to excuse or extenuate his crime.

Wild Bill was always on the side of law, if not of order. If he sometimes confused his personal wars with his duty, it must be remembered that his fame had made his life a prize, and a killing that would not seem necessary to the tame judgment of this later time was then a premium on the only sort of life insurance he could carry.

A BAD MAN'S IDEA OF FAIR PLAY.

Slade, of Julesburg, of whom Mark Twain wrote, was another of Wild Bill's kind. Like Hickok, he first gained fame by defending the property of the Overland Stage Company against horse thieves and hold ups, in the course of which honorable pursuit he had occasion to shoot many robbers. In all, Slade killed about thirty men. He was a far worse man than the fellow scout of Buffalo Bill and the rest of Custer's great guides; but he was not a criminal in the border sense any more than Wild Bill was. He was never accused of robbery, the border's only crime, plain killing

being considered only an indiscretion. But he was bloodthirsty and cruel. No one could offend him and live in his country. The fact that a man was an enemy was sufficient reason for Slade to kill him when and where he could. He had no hindering scruples, or quixotic notions about fair play or giving a man a chance to defend himself. Only once before the end is it of record that he was caught at a disadvantage. Then he found himself looking into the muzzle of the other man's gun, while his own still hung at his side. He acknowledged the situation with a laugh. The quarrel was over a trifling matter, and had arisen suddenly.

"Say," said Slade, "this isn't worth shooting each other about; let's fight it out with our fists, and if you do me I'll cheep."

The other man accordingly threw down his pistol, and started to take off his coat. He did not do more than start, for Slade shot him to death then and there.

Another of Slade's victims he had hated and hunted a long time. Some of his friends finally caught the man and delivered him, bound, into the hands of the killer. He shot his victim in his bonds, first torturing him with ineffective bullets. Ultimately the Montana Vigilantes squared this and other scores by hanging the pride of Julesburg.

The doctrine of possibilities is against a man surviving many duels where each combatant has an equal chance, so it is not remarkable that an inspection of the records of the men who have gained distinction by the number of their killings should reveal a series of incidents which would be described as assassinations if committed by anybody other than a border hero. The bad man cannot afford to wait. He must be as quick to shoot as a rattlesnake is to strike, and must be ready to do so on about the same provocation, or forfeit his rank—and probably his life.

"Fair play is a jewel," was one of the sayings of "King" Fisher, of Texas; "but I don't care for jewelry."

King used to kill them all ways. He would jump into a camp on a cattle range, shoot all the herders who showed fight, and run off the stock. It did not

seem to make any difference to him whether one vaquero or a dozen were in charge of a herd he wanted. He was the pleasant gentleman who nailed up at the forks of the county road that ran by his ranch this sign:

TAKE THE RIGHT HAND ROAD,
THE OTHER IS KING FISHER'S ROAD.

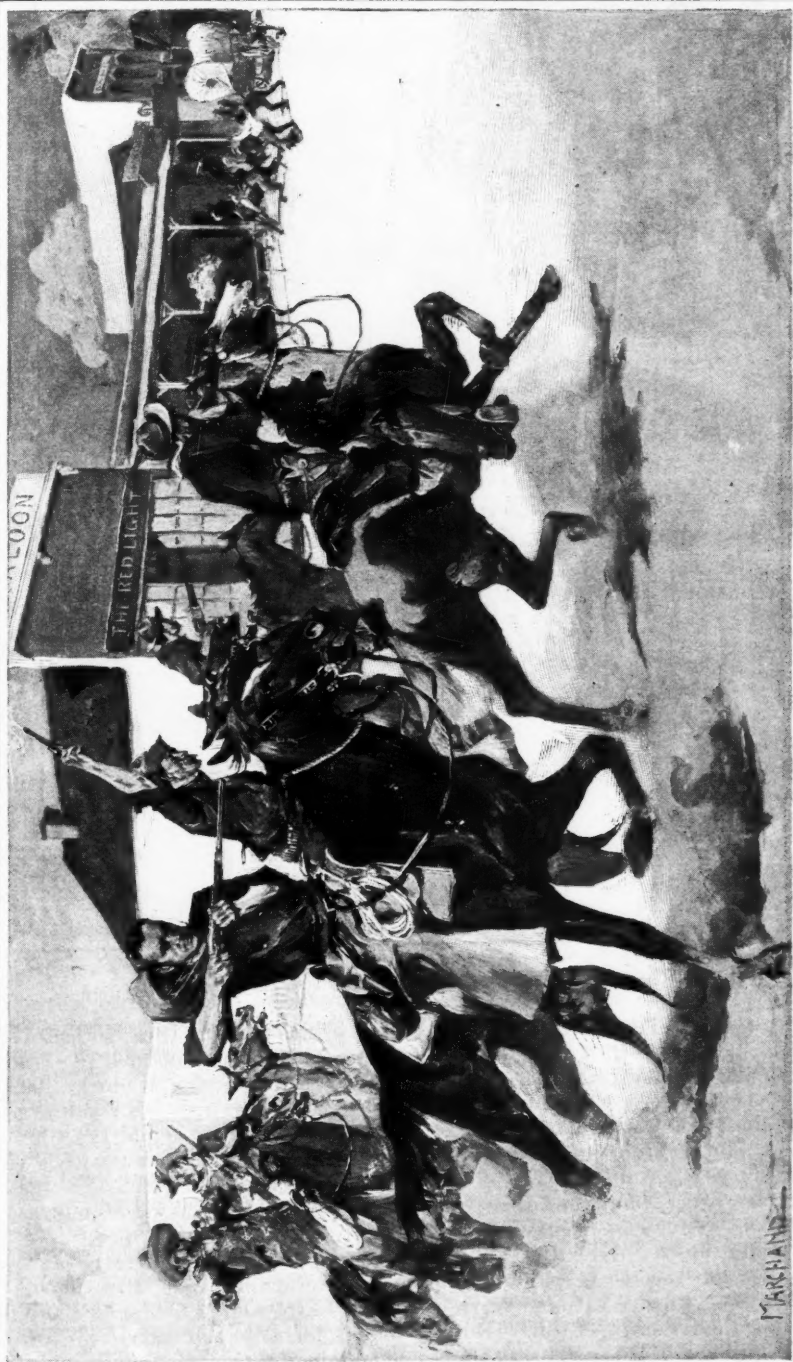
And the people who traveled there, including sheriffs and marshals, did so, though it involved a détour of miles.

THE EARP-CLANTON FEUD.

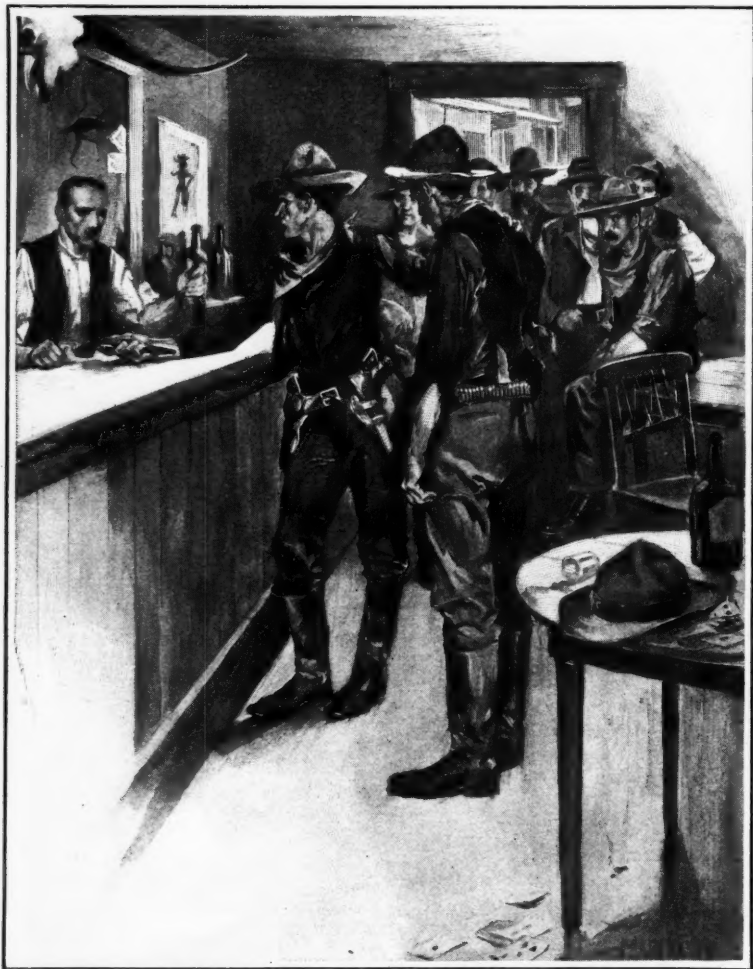
I once heard the psychology of the bad man summed up by one of them—Ike Clanton, next to the last of his family, whose ultimate killing left the Earps still one point ahead at the end of the game.

"Don't never be afraid of a man who has killed a lot of people," said Ike in his saloon in southeastern Arizona. "He is scared to death all the time. That's the reason he shoots so quick; he's afraid of the other fellow. It is the brave man who isn't afraid to take chances that gets it all the time, and the braver he is the more likely he is to be done up by some coyote who has made a record by ground sluicing men who didn't know he was around."

According to the Clantons, there never was an Earp who wasn't afraid to fight a jack rabbit; according to the Earps, the whole Clanton family could be stampeded by a schoolboy armed with a putty blower. But when the one faction were sheriffs and cattle rustlers in Tombstone and the other were marshals and stage robbers, they fought with fervor and skill. After the Wells Fargo agent at Tombstone confessed that he had been in league with the Earps, and had advised them for years whenever the stage would carry treasure, Sheriff Behan, who was of the Clantons, and a posse of his followers, besieged the Earps in an adobe house not far from town, on the strength of Williams' confession. It was not a continuous siege, and Warren Earp, the youngest of the brothers, wearied of the monotony. Full of contempt for the Clantons and all who were sib to them, he hooked on a pair of revolvers and went down town to play faro, just as if there were no other



"DELANEY AND THE RUSTLERS WENT DOWN TO BISBEE AND TOOK THE TOWN IN BROAD DAYLIGHT, HOLDING UP THE BANK AND KILLING FIVE PERSONS."



"KING FISHER TOOK AWAY HIS SIX SHOOTER, AND, THROWING IT ON THE BAR, DEMANDED A BOTTLE OF WINE ON THE GREAT BILL LONGLEY'S PISTOL."

shooting men in Tombstone. He was promptly shot, and Virgil Earp, coming to his rescue, was also killed.

Such incidents as this during the Earp-Clanton war rather tarnished the luster of Ike Clanton's generalization. Ike himself stood up to Julian Earp and fought out with him the difference growing out of his elopement with the Earps' sister, Jessie. He killed Julian. Jessie did not become a widow until two years later, when Wyatt and Warren Earp and their cousin, "Curly Bill," sent her husband over the one way trail. Ike took Curly Bill with him, and Wyatt Earp narrowly missed taking the long

journey at the same time, so badly and numerous was he wounded.

Warren Earp survived until a year or two ago, when he died as a result of neglecting the very principle Ike Clanton laid down. He had a row with a man named Boyett, an old Tombstone enemy, at Wilcox, and, displaying his gun, asked Boyett where his was. Boyett said he had none, and was told to go and get one. Returning with a revolver, he found Earp, who said that in the mean time somebody had taken his pistol; but as he kept advancing all the time Boyett took no chances and dropped him with a bullet through the heart.

This summary of the career of the Earps is a digression, but to round it out it is necessary to add that all the Clantons and most of their friends were finally eliminated, while of the Earps Wyatt still lives.

COURAGE AND COWARDICE.

The true answer to the mooted question whether the bad man is a coward or a valiant is probably the safe statement that sometimes he is one and sometimes the other.

Chris Evans once said to me—it was when he was brought in from the Fresno foothills with one eye shot out and one hand shot off, and he felt that it was due to himself to explain why he permitted himself to be captured—that it was all right to talk about fighting until you're dead. "It's all right to talk," he repeated, "but courage is a mighty peculiar thing, and nobody's got it with him all the time. Take me on a sunshiny day, full of good grub and with a couple of drinks under my belt, and I'd stand up to a regiment and take my chances; but take me before daybreak in the rain, hungry and cold, and I'd run from one Greaser if he was hunting me."

Chris was not a great bad man; he was only a train robber who had killed two or three of the officers sent to pursue him into the mountains. He is now settled down to a sedate old age as a "trusty" in a California penitentiary. His sentence is for life. Despite his lack of qualification as an expert, it would seem from an inspection of the records of the real bad men that he was right; that the bravest of them had their moments of weakness.

Even Wild Bill, whose nerve is a landmark in a country with a history full of instances of desperate gameness, was no exception. No old maid, peering under the bed for a possible intruder, was ever more nervous than was Bill when preparing to sleep. He spread the floor with crumpled newspapers, so that there could be no movement in the room without his being awakened by the rustling. He personally inspected all the doors, and would not lie where he was in line with a window. He was uneasy in his sleep, and was up a dozen times in the night.

4 M

He would never enter a place and walk up the middle of the floor, or turn his back to the door. His mode of entry was to step swiftly across the threshold of a room and move to one side, so that nobody who saw him enter could shoot him from the outside. Next, standing close to the door with his back against the wall, he would survey the room, noting every person in it. Then he would make his way along the wall to the bar, or wherever he desired to go. It may be urged that this was caution made necessary by his knowledge that many men would assassinate him at the first opportunity; but cowardice has been described as an excess of caution, and it is hard to reconcile such a habit with his behavior when danger was actually present. He did not hesitate or guard himself when he welcomed the onslaught of ten desperate men, and, in the most wonderful single handed fight in all the history of the bloody West, shot or cut to death eight of his opponents, and put the other two to flight, though probably every one of the ten had wounded Hickok with bullet or knife.

Slade had gone gaily into a hundred desperate situations, had hunted and killed his man amid a storm of bullets, not once, but many times; had defied outlaw bands and driven them alone from their camps. He even arrested the judge of the Montana Vigilantes and held him captive at the point of his pistol while he tore up the writ that had been served on him, ordering him to amend his ways and cease his turbulence. Yet the redoubtable Slade presents a very different picture under the gallows of these same Vigilantes, begging for his life, praying incoherently, promising anything if they would only let him live.

Similar incidents occur in the history of nearly all the men who have worn the crown of terror in the frontier towns. As bad a man as any country ever knew was Clint Haworth, horse thief and a dozen times a murderer. He was known from one end of Texas to the other for his violence, and gloried in the terror his name excited. Riding into towns and making the storekeepers shut up shop while he was there was his

favorite amusement. He was the sort of bad man who makes tenderfoots dance and shoots the cigars from the mouths of strangers. He was a good enough shot to do this successfully, as a rule; but if he missed, and put the bullet into the man instead, it did not worry him. Yet Haworth submitted to being knocked down and then run out of the country by Bill Longley the first time they met.

THE RISE AND FALL OF KING FISHER.

Longley was pretty bad himself. He was a stage robber, and is said to have killed seven men in a single year. His kingship was undisputed until John King—King Fisher, he insisted on being called—met him at Victoria, Texas. Longley had been bullying a barroom, as he was accustomed to do. He was of the pale, wiry desperado type, and particularly liked to harass and subdue big men. Along came King Fisher—the same who preëmpted the county highway and held it for his own exclusive use. King was one of the little dark men who look so deadly. He talked a while to Longley, and then deliberately pulled him around by his yellow mustache, slapped his face in the presence of all the crowd that Longley had been bullying a moment before, took away his six shooter, and, throwing it on the bar, demanded a bottle of wine on the great Bill Longley's pistol. All through the episode Longley made not the least resistance. When it was over he slipped away, and never tried to run another town or to kill another man. Indeed, he became so tame that the authorities ventured to arrest him for an old murder, and to hang him for it.

King Fisher had conquered Longley by pure force of nerve, and because he would admit no man to dispute his preëminence even by bearing a deadly reputation. For a while nobody rose to question the authority of King Fisher to do as he pleased in and about Eagle Pass and Fort Duncan, but even he came to the end of his rope of sand in time. A little Mexican did the business for him, a fact the more remarkable because Fisher ranked "Greasers" with jack rabbits as fighting beings. This Mexican, however, did not care for the King's

views of his kind. When the great desperado got obstreperous in a monte game at Eagle Pass, which the King had graciously allowed to reopen after having closed the town up tight to show that he could do it, this Mexican of no reputation just tilted the King's chin back, put the point of a knife to his throat, and backed him out of the place, prodding him at intervals and heaping all the terms of contemptuous objurgation of which the Spanish language, the best of all tongues for reviling an enemy, is capable. That was the last of King Fisher as a bad man; he was killed in a common barroom shooting in the end.

And Manuel Estrada, who dethroned King Fisher and graduated from the monte table to become the leader of a band of cattle thieves, ultimately allowed himself to be shot to death by Texas rangers without even attempting to draw one of the many weapons that hung about him, when his time came.

So by his life, and usually by his death, nearly every bad man demonstrates the correctness of the theory that courage—or rather "sand," a term that embraces bravery, nerve, and gameness, qualities that are not exactly the same thing—is not a fixed quantity in any man, but fluctuates with his physical and mental condition.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BAD MAN.

The evolution of a bad man varies with almost every individual. Some of the worst of them have been Eastern boys whose anxiety to escape the invidious designation of tenderfoot has started them to unexpected homicide; and their qualification for the career having thus been revealed, they have followed it to the end, for, as I said, it is harder for a man once recognized as bad to live at peace, because of the conflicting ambitions of the frontier, than for a champion prize fighter to retire from the ring and take his honors with him.

Billy the Kid, the Southwest's greatest man in his line, started when a boy of fifteen in Silver City, New Mexico, by killing a man. One of his histories has it that he committed this murder to avenge an insult to a female relative, but the accepted story is that his first victim was the husband of his inamorata,

who happened to come home while the boy was with the woman. Billy shoved his rifle through the window, and saved unpleasant disclosures by dropping the husband in his tracks. Precocity is the rule with frontier lads who develop into bad men.

It then became necessary to kill the officers who tried to arrest him, and who were careless because it was only a boy they hunted. So, fully launched upon his career, Billy the Kid became a bravo. He gained great distinction and added notches to his gun in the Lincoln County war, one of the many bloody contests that have made the history of the Southwestern country picturesque, and then killed three cowboys in a raid on a cattle ranch. His chief title to fame, however, rests on his invention of the twirling method of manslaughter, the circling of a heavy revolver on the trigger finger, and its discharge at the instant when it points right.

Up to the time of this discovery it was the etiquette of the frontier, when you found yourself looking into the muzzle of the pistol of the man who demanded your surrender, to take your own revolver slowly from its holster and deliver it, butt foremost. If the front end did not point towards you, as you handed it out, the officer waited for no further exhibition of your recalcitrant disposition. One of the best sheriffs in the Territories went after the Kid, and got the drop on him with journeyman skill. Out came the Kid's revolver, properly, with the muzzle towards himself; but as the sheriff reached his hand to receive the weapon it revolved in a fashion new to the frontier, and the official fell, shot through the heart. By this manifestation Billy the Kid gained distinction and an extension of his career, but of course he forfeited all claim to the courtesy of arrest. The next sheriff that went after him got him asleep, and, though he made a fight for it on being aroused, his history stops at this point.

THE STORY OF JIMMY HUGHES.

Very many "Kids" have written their names in red on the pages of the story of the frontier, but none has ever equaled the record of the inventor of

the twirling gun. There was a promising one on the Gila twenty years ago. He was the son of a cattleman named Hughes, and first demonstrated his quality by recovering some of his father's cattle that had been stolen. He was fourteen when he held up the cow thieves in their own camp and brought home the stock. He developed so rapidly that his father, alarmed at his bent, packed him on a train and sent him East to some of his relatives, to be placed in school. Very soon the old cattleman began to lose bunches of his most marketable stock. Presently a reply to a letter of inquiry as to his son's welfare and progress revealed to him that young Jimmy had never reached his relatives. He had simply dropped off the train a few stations from his home, and had gone into the business that most appealed to him.

When I knew Jimmy Hughes he was seventeen. He used to dash into Graham County towns with the rest of the rustlers and "shoot them up" for the fun of it. I lost track of him, but a Wells Fargo detective told me ten years ago that Jimmy was in the penitentiary at Yuma for holding up stages.

Jimmy was one of the tough band that came into Clifton, Arizona, just ahead of the railroad. Kid Lewis was another, a tall, fair young man with a little pointed chin, angling up to wide cheek bones, and a head like a pyramid above the ears. He always wore three big six shooters with consummate grace. The country was rapidly getting civilized, and a vigilance committee was suggested to rid the town of the bad men. Any talk of "stranglers" invariably makes a man of this sort restive. A drunken miner was holding forth on the main street of Clifton one Sunday morning, the burden of his discourse being the unworth of the rustlers and the advisability of hanging the lot. A shot cracked in the crowd, the miner fell dead, and Kid Lewis, putting a smoking pistol back in its holster, remarked on the unwisdom of airing unpopular opinions when he was around. They arrested Lewis and put him in the calaboose; but when they took him out next day and brought him to the tent courthouse, they found that during the night a hun-

dred and fifty rustlers had come in from the Gila and camped about the court, with a well arranged display of weapons; and Kid Lewis was acquitted.

THE COMMON FATE OF BAD MEN.

Not a great while after, however, the bodies of Lewis and "Cub," the handsomest rustler that ever changed a brand, were found near the Gila, riddled with bullets. This occurred a day or two after a little Mexican named Trujillo and some of his friends went out to look for stolen cattle. Whenever a man got unendurably bad in that section, Alvino Trujillo and his friends went out to look for stolen stock, and usually some desperado was found dead soon after.

I remember one other career that failed, of this same group. Billy Delaney, as debonair and brave a little Irishman as ever laughed at danger, was a fireman on the narrow gage railroad that ran to the mines. Whenever the Apaches broke out, which was unpleasantly often, Billy was always the first to volunteer for the perilous service of going into the hills to warn the prospectors and miners working on their isolated claims. Whenever there was any mission requiring nerve, he naturally took it for his own. He was my roommate, and a gentler man never lived—that is, when he was sober. With whisky in him he was as mean as they grow, given to "bending a six shooter" over the head of anybody that offended him, and being far from exacting as to what constituted an offense.

At last his habits lost him his job, and he did not try to get another. There were a woman and a gambler; the woman favored the gambler, and Billy cared for the woman; so one day when he was at his worst he stepped behind the man of cards and, stooping over as if to make a bet on the faro layout at which the gambler was playing, shot the top of his head off. Nobody liked the gambler, anyhow, and everybody liked Delaney, so the coroner's jury called it manslaughter, and gave Billy a chance to get away. Instead, he joined the rustlers and rode out with five of them. They went down to Bisbee and took the town in broad daylight, holding up the bank and killing five persons—one of them a

woman, but this was an accident. Then Arizona woke up, and they hanged my friend and three of his mates legally at Tombstone. A citizens' committee completed the job by lynching the fifth and having their photographs taken grouped under his body, as it swung to a telegraph pole.

I never knew of but one "she bad man." This was "Six Shooter Kit," who liked to call herself queen of the rustlers. She was not pretty, or clever, or good, but she managed to attract attention by always traveling with a huge ivory handled Colt's forty four swinging from her belt. She was little, and it hung to her knees, with an effect that certainly was picturesque. She swaggered around the dance halls and talked darkly about her sanguinary past. Once I induced her to display her skill with that big Colt. Even at this late day it shocks me to remember that she turned her head aside, shut her eyes, and flinched from the thunder of the report, just as if she was an ordinary woman instead of queen of the rustlers; and her bullet went as far from her target, a tomato can, as it well could without violating the laws of projectiles.

The real bad men were influenced by what was said about them, and more than one killing was done because some desperado felt obliged to live up to his literary reputation. There is one point that is not exaggerated about these men—their skill with a pistol. Their heavy guns were in their hands all the time, and constant practice made them wonderful marksmen.

I was present at a trial where a man with a split second watch timed a very ordinary denizen of the border, who drew his six shooter and emptied it in a second and a quarter. It takes a tyro that long to pull trigger once when he is all ready. The experts do not pull trigger at all. Long ago it was demonstrated that it was vastly quicker to file off the pawl that cocks a gun and trust to "fanning" the hammer, than it was to shoot even the easiest of double action revolvers in the ordinary way. This explains how it was possible for the famous man killers to accomplish marvels against other and equally desperate men as well armed as themselves.

THE SHADOW OF THE LAW.*

BY ERNEST W. HORNUNG.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

WHEN Alexander Minchin is found murdered in his London home, suspicion points to his young wife, Rachel, for it is no secret that the relations between them were badly strained. But when she is arrested and brought to trial, she is acquitted, although the testimony develops the fact that she had quarreled with Mr. Minchin the evening before he was murdered, owing to his refusal to permit her to go and nurse a sick neighbor, Mr. Severino, and that she had planned to leave her home and husband that very morning. When she is set free, she is at a loss what to do or where to go, for she has not a real friend in the city. There is one, however, who, unknown to her, takes a great interest in her—a man with white hair and of striking appearance, who was conspicuous among the spectators during her trial.

IV (Continued).

IN the first ten minutes of the new life which Rachel Minchin began with her acquittal, she had refused to see her own solicitor, and an unknown gentleman, named Steel, whose card was brought to her. The chief warder, one of the kindest of mortals, displayed no little irritation under her repeated refusals; but it was the agent and not the principal who was so importunate; and the message was not repeated once the former could be induced to bear Mrs. Minchin's answer.

The chief warder did indeed return, but it was not to make any further reference to the mysterious Mr. Steel who had craved an interview with Mrs. Minchin. And the man was all smiles.

"Feeling more yourself?" said he; and, when Rachel said she was, he asked her to listen now; and there was nothing to listen to. "The coast's clear," explained this pleasant official. "A closed cab did it, with an officer on the box; and I'll call you another as soon as you like."

Rachel rose at once.

"It was kind of you to let me stay so long," she said. "But I don't think I will take a cab, thank you, if there's an underground station within reach, and you will kindly tell me the way."

"There's Blackfriars Bridge within five minutes. But you will have more than you can carry——"

"I have nothing worth taking away with me," said Rachel, "except the

things I stand up in; but you may give what I have to any poor woman who cares to have them, and I hope you will accept this trifle for yourself, with my deep gratitude for all your kindness."

Indeed, the man had been kind, and his kindness would have continued to the last had the trial ended differently. Nevertheless, Rachel's trifle was a piece of gold, and one of her last. Nor was this pure generosity. There was an untold joy in being able to give again. It was the first real taste of freedom; and in another minute Rachel was free.

Oh, but it was a miracle to hear her feet on the now deserted pavement, to see her breath in the raw November night, and the lights of Ludgate Hill beyond! Rachel raised her veil to see them better. Who would look for her afoot so near the scene of her late ordeal? And what did it matter who saw her and who knew her now? She was innocent; she could look the whole world in the face once more. Oh, to rub shoulders with the world again!

A cab came tinkling up behind her, and Rachel half thought of hailing it and driving through the lighted town after all; but the hansom was occupied and the impulse passed. She put down her veil and turned into the stream without catching a suspicious eye. Why should they suspect her? And again, what did it matter if they did?

"Trial an' verdic'! Acquittal o' Mrs. Minchin! Trial an' verdic'!"

Everybody was buying the damp, pink sheets. Rachel actually bought one her-

* Copyright, 1901, by Ernest W. Hornung.—This story began in the October number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

self, and overheard the opinion of the man in the street without a pang. So she might think herself lucky! But she did—she did; in the reaction that had come upon her with the first mouthful of raw air, in the intoxication of treading the outer world again, she thought herself the luckiest woman in London, and reveled rather than otherwise in the very considerations which had appalled her in the precincts of the court. How good, after all, to be independent as well as free! How great to drift with the tide of innocent women and law abiding men, once more one of themselves, and not even a cynosure for morbid curiosity. That would come soon enough; the present was all the more to be enjoyed; and even the vagueness of the immediate future, even the lack of definite plans, had a glamour of their own in eyes that were yet to have their fill of street lamps and shop windows and omnibuses and hansom cabs.

The policeman under the bridge was a joy in himself; he refreshed Rachel's memory as to the way, without giving her an unnecessary look; and he called her "madam" into the bargain! After all, it was not every policeman who had been on duty at the Old Bailey, nor one in many thousands of the population who had gained admission to the court.

Yet if Rachel had relieved the tedium of her trial by using her eyes a little more, if, for example, she had condescended to look twice at the handful of mere spectators beyond the reporters on her right, she could scarcely have failed to recognize the good looking elderly man who was at her heels when she took her ticket at Blackfriars Bridge. His white hair was covered by his hat, but the face itself was not one to be forgotten, with its fresh color, its small, grim mouth, and the deep set glitter beneath the bushy eyebrows. Rachel, however, neither recognized nor looked again.

But in another moment she had a better chance, when, having entered an empty compartment in the first class, she was joined by this gentleman as the train began to move.

Rachel hid herself behind the newspaper which she had bought, not because she recognized her companion,

but because at such close quarters she was overcome by a sudden dread lest by some evil chance he might recognize her. But this fear passed from her in the watchful fascination of reading and re-reading five words in the stop press column: "Minchin Case—Verdict, Not Guilty!"

Not guilty! Not guilty! And to see it in print! Her eyes filled at the sight, and she dried them to gloat again. There were columns and columns about the case. These were embellished with not unskilful sketches of counsel addressing the jury, and of the judge in the act of summing up. But Rachel had listened to every word from all three; and the professional report was less full and less accurate than the one which she carried in her brain and would carry to her grave.

Not that the speeches mattered now. It was no speech that had saved her; it was her own story—from her own lips, that the lawyers would have closed! Rachel forgave them now; she was almost grateful to them for having left it to her to save herself in spite of them; so should her perfect innocence be impressed upon the whole country as on those twelve fair minded men. And once more she pored over the hurriedly added and ill printed line which gave their verdict to the world, while the train stopped and started, only to stop and start again.

"What do you think of it, madam?"

The voice came from the opposite corner of the compartment, and Rachel knew it for that of the gentleman who had jumped in at the last moment at Blackfriars Bridge. It was Charing Cross that they were leaving now, and the door had not opened at that station or the last. Rachel sat breathless behind her evening paper. Not to answer might be to fasten suspicion upon her widow's weeds; and, for all her right to look mankind in the face, she shrank instinctively from immediate recognition. Then in a clap came the temptation to discuss her own case with the owner of a voice at once confident and courtly, and subtly reminiscent of her native colony, where it is no affront for stranger to speak to stranger without introduction or excuse.

Rachel's hesitation lasted perhaps a couple of seconds, and then her paper lay across her lap.

"Of what?" she asked with some presence of mind, for she had never an instant's doubt that the question referred to the topic of the hour.

"We were reading the same paper," replied the questioner, with perfect courtesy; "it only struck me that we might both be reading the same thing, and feeling equally amazed at the verdict."

"You mean in the Minchin case," said Rachel steadily, and without the least interrogation in her tone; "yes, I was reading it, as I suppose everybody is. But I disagree with you about the verdict."

The young widow's manner was as downright as her words. There was a sudden raising of the bushy eyebrows in the opposite corner, a brief opening of the black eyes underneath.

"Pardon me," said the gentleman, breaking into a smile. "I was not aware that I had expressed an opinion on that point."

"I understood you were amazed," said Rachel drily.

"And are not you?" cried the other, pointblank. "Do you mean to tell me that you were prepared for an acquittal?"

"I was prepared for anything," replied Rachel, returning a peculiarly penetrating stare with one at least as steady, and yet holding her breath for very fear lest this stranger had found her out, until his next words allayed the suspicion.

"Madam," said he, "have you followed the case?"

"Indeed I have," sighed honest Rachel.

"And as a woman you believe this woman innocent?"

"I do."

It was hard enough to say no more than that, but Rachel was very fresh from her great lesson in self control.

"It is easy to see that you do not," she merely permitted herself to add.

"On the contrary," said he, with great precision—"on the contrary, my dear madam, I believe this poor lady to be as innocent as yourself."

Again their eyes were locked; again Rachel drew the only inference from so pointed a pronouncement, and yet again was the impression shaken by her companion's next words.

"But I really have no right to an opinion," said he, "since, unlike you, I cannot claim to have read the case. Nor is that the interesting thing now." The stations had come and gone, until now they were at Victoria. The speaker looked out of the window until they were off again, and by themselves as before. "The interesting thing, to me, is not what this poor lady has or has not done, but what on earth she is going to do now!"

He looked at her again, and now Rachel was sure. But there was a kindness in his look that did away with both resentment and regret.

"They say she has literally no friends in England," he went on, with unconcealed concern. "That is inconceivable; and yet, if there be any truth in it, what a terrible position! I fear that everybody will not share your conviction, and, I may add, my own. If one can judge thus early, by what one has heard and seen for oneself, this verdict is a personal disappointment to the always bloodthirsty man in the street. Then God help the poor lady if he recognizes her! I only hope she will not give him a chance."

And now Rachel not only knew that he knew, but that he wished to apprise her of his knowledge without confessing it in so many words. So he would spare her that embarrassment, and he would help her if he could, this utter stranger! Yet she saw it in his face, she heard it in his voice; and, becoming gradually alive to his will to help her, as she instinctively was to his power, she had herself the will to consult one whose good intention and better tact were alike obvious.

Mystery there was in her meeting with this man; something told her that it was no accident on his side; she began to wonder whether, after all, she had not seen him before; and while she wondered he came and sat opposite to her, and went on speaking in a lower voice, his dark eyes fixed on hers.

"If Mrs. Minchin wants a friend,"

said he—"and tonight I think she must—if ever she did or will—well, if she does, I for one would be her friend—if she would trust me!"

The last words were the lowest of all; and in the tone of them there was a timbre which thrilled Rachel as the dark eyes fascinated her. She began to feel a strange repugnance—a yet more strange attraction. But to the latter her independence gave instant battle—a battle the easier to fight since the next station was Rachel's destination.

"Do you think she would trust me?" he almost whispered, leaning towards her. "As a woman, don't you think she might?"

As Rachel hesitated, the carriages began to groan beneath the brake, and her hesitation was at an end. So also was her limited capacity for pretense. She sat more upright in her corner, and, beneath the veil which she had raised to read her paper, her eyes carried the war of interrogation.

"I seem to have seen you before," said Rachel, cool of tongue but hot at heart.

"I think it very possible that you have."

"Were you at the trial?"

"From first to last!"

The pause that followed was really broken by the lights of Sloane Square station.

"You know me," said Rachel hurriedly; "I have seen that for some time. May I ask if you are Mr. Steel?"

"I am."

"The Mr. Steel who sent me his card after the trial?"

Steel bowed.

"As a perfect stranger?"

"As a perfect stranger who had watched you for a whole long week in court."

Rachel ignored the relative clause.

"And because I would not see you," she said severely, "you have followed me, and forced yourself upon me!"

The train stopped, and Rachel rose.

"You will gather my motives when you recall our conversation," said Steel; and he opened the door for her. But Rachel turned to him before alighting.

"Mr. Steel," said she, "I am quite

sure that you mean kindly and well, and that I above all women should feel supremely grateful; but I cannot help thinking that you are unjust to the man in the street!"

"Better give him a trial," said Steel, coldly enough in his turn.

"I should prefer to," said Rachel, getting out; and there was no little stinging in the intonation of the verb; but Mr. Steel was left smiling and nodding very confidently to himself.

V.

RACHEL'S perturbation was only the greater from her success in concealing, or at least suppressing, it during the actual process of this singular interview. You may hold your breath without moving a muscle, but the muscles will make up for it when their turn comes, and it was so with Rachel and her nerves; they rose upon her even on the platform, and she climbed the many stairs in a tremor from head to foot. And at the top, in the open night, and at all the many corners of a square that is nothing of the kind, from hoarse throat and on fluttering placard it was "Trial and Verdict," or "Sensational Verdict at the Old Bailey," here as at the other end of the town.

But now all Rachel's thoughts were of this mysterious Mr. Steel; of his inexplicable behavior towards her, and of her own attitude towards him. Yet, when all was said, or when all that had been said could be remembered, would his behavior be found so very inexplicable? Rachel was not devoid of a proper vanity, but that night she had probably less than most women with a tithe of her personal attractions; and yet upon reflection she could conceive but one explanation of such conduct in an elderly man.

"There is no fool like an old fool," quoted Rachel to herself, and it was remarkable that until this moment she had never thought of Mr. Steel as either elderly or old. His eyes were young; his voice was young; she could hear him and see him still; so the strong impression was not all on one side. No more, it would seem, was the fascination. Rachel, indeed, owed to no such

feeling, even in her inmost heart. But she did begin to blame herself, alike for her reception of advances which might well have been dictated by mere eccentric benevolence, and for her readiness now to put another construction upon them. And all this time she was threading the streets of Chelsea at a pace suggestive of a destination and a purpose, while in her mind she did nothing but look back.

Impulsive by nature, Rachel had also the courage of each impulse while it lasted; on the other hand, if quick to act, she was only too ready to regret. Like many another whose self reliance is largely on the surface, an achievement of the will and not the gift of a temperament, she usually paid for a display of spirit with the most dispiriting reaction; and this was precisely the case in point. Rachel was ashamed alike of her madness and her vanity; the latter she traced to its source. It was inspired by vague memories of other women who had been through the same ordeal as herself. To one a bouquet had been handed in the dock; another had been overwhelmed by proposals of marriage. Rachel herself had received letters, of which the first line was enough. But there had been no letter from Mr. Steel. Ah, but he had attended her trial; she remembered him now, his continual presence had impressed itself very subtly upon her mind, without the definite memory of a single glance; and after the trial he sent her his card, he dogged her in the train!

What was she to think? There was the voice in which he had offered her his aid; there was the look in his eyes; there was the delicate indirectness of that offer.

Rachel had come to Chelsea because it was the only portion of the town in which she had the semblance of a friend; but there did live in Tite Street a young couple with whom the Minchins had at one time been on friendly terms. That was in the day of plenty and extravagance; and the acquaintance, formed at a hotel in the Trosachs, had not ripened in town as the two ladies could have wished. It was Mrs. Carrington, however, who had

found the Minchins their furnished house, while her husband certainly interested himself in Rachel's defense. Carrington was a barrister who never himself touched criminal work, but he had spoken to a friend who did, to wit, the brilliant terror of female witnesses, and caustic critic of the police, to whom Rachel owed so little. But to Carrington himself she owed much—more indeed than she cared to calculate, for he was not a man whom she liked. She wished to thank him for his kindness, to give certain undertakings, and to ask his advice; but it was Mrs. Carrington whom she really hoped to see. There was a good heart, or Rachel was much mistaken. They would have seen more of each other if Mrs. Carrington had had her way. Rachel remembered her on the occasion of the solitary visit that she received at Holloway—for Mrs. Carrington had been the visitor.

"Don't tell Jim," she said; "when you get off and come to see us!"

And she had kissed her captive sister in a way that made poor Rachel sometimes think that she had a friend in England after all; but that was before her committal; and thereafter, from that quarter, not a word. But, friend or no friend, Mr. Carrington she would have to see. And even he would be different now that he knew she was innocent; and if it were easy to see what he had believed of her before—well, so much the more credit to him for what he had done.

So Rachel had decided before quitting the precincts of the Old Bailey; but her subsequent experiences in street and train so absorbed her that she was full of the interview that was over when she ought to have been preparing for the one still before her. And, in her absence of mind, the force of habit had taken advantage of her; instead of going on to Tite Street, she turned too soon, and turned again, and was now appalled to find herself in the very street in which her husband had met his death.

The little street was as quiet as ever; Rachel stood quite still, and for the moment she was the only person in it. She stole up to the house. The blinds were down, and it was in darkness, otherwise

all was as she remembered it only too well. Her breath came quickly. It was a strange trick her legs had played her, bringing her here against her will! Yet she had thought of coming as a last resort. The furnished house should be hers for some months yet; it had been taken for six months from July, and this was only the end of November. At the worst—if no one would take her in—

She shuddered at the unfinished thought; and yet there was something in it that appealed to Rachel. To go back there, if only for the shortest time; to show her face openly where it was known—not to slink and hide as though she were really guilty! That might give her back her self respect; that might make others respect her, too. But could she do it, even if she would? Could she bring herself to set her foot inside that house again?

Rachel felt tremulously in her pocket; there had been more keys than one, and that which had been in her possession when she was arrested was in it still. Nobody had asked her for it; she had kept it for this; dare she use it after all? She would see. The street was still empty; it is the quietest little street in Chelsea. There would never be a better chance.

Rachel crept up the steps. If she should be seen!

She was not; but a step rang somewhere in the night, and on that the key was fitted and the door opened without another moment's hesitation. Rachel entered, the door shut noisily behind her, and then her own step rang in turn upon the floor. It was bare boards; and as Rachel felt her way to the electric switches, beyond the dining-room door, her fingers missed the pictures on the wall. This prepared her for what she found when the white light sprang out above her head. The house had been dismantled; not a stick in the rooms; not so much as a stair rod on the stairs, nor a blind to the window at their head.

The furniture removed while the use of it belonged legally to her! Had they made so sure of her conviction as all that? Rachel's blood came straight from zero to the boil; this was mon-

strous—this was illegal and wicked. The house was hers for the other two months; and there were things of hers in it; she had left everything behind her. If they had been removed, then this outrage was nothing short of felony, and she would invoke the law from whose clutches she had herself escaped. Rachel had expected to be terrified in that house; she was filled instead with anger and indignation.

It was as she expected; not a trunk had been left; and the removal had taken place that very week. This would account for the electric light being still intact. Rachel discovered it by picking up a crumpled newspaper, which had evidently contained bread and cheese; it did contain a report of the first day of her trial. They might have waited till her trial was over; they should suffer for their impatience—it was their turn. So angry was Rachel that her own room wounded her with no memories of the past. It was an empty room and nothing more; and only on her return to the lower floor did that last dread night come back to her in all its horror and all its pitifulness.

The double doors of the late professor! Rachel forgot her grudge against his widow; she pulled the outer door, and pushed the inner one, just as she had done in the small hours of that fatal morning, but this time all was darkness within. She had to turn on the electric light for herself. The necessity she could not have explained, but it existed in her mind; she must see the room again. And the first thing she saw was that the window was broken still.

Rachel looked at it more closely than she had done on the morning when she had given her incriminating opinion to the police, and the longer she looked the less reason did she see to alter that opinion. The broken glass might have been put purposely on the sill to promote the very theory which had been so glibly adopted by the police, and the watch and chain hidden in the chimney for the same purpose. They might have hanged the man who kept them, and surely this was not the first thief who had slunk

away empty handed after the commitment of a crime infinitely greater than the one contemplated!

Rachel had never wavered in these ideas, but neither had she dwelt on them to any extent, and now they came one moment only to go the next. Her husband was dead; that was the main thing; and she, his widow, had been acquitted on a charge of murdering. But for once she was thinking only of him; and her eyes hung over the spot where she had seen him sitting dead—once without dreaming it—and soon they filled. Perhaps she was remembering all that had been good in him; perhaps all that had been evil in herself; her lips quivered and her eyes filled. But it was hard to pity one who was at rest; hard for her, with the world to face afresh that night and without one friend. The Carringtons? Well, she would see; and now she had a very definite point upon which to consult Mr. Carrington. That helped her, and she went, quietly and unseen as she had come.

There was a light still in the ground floor window of the Tite Street house, strong lights and voices; it was the diningroom—for the Minchins had dined there once; and the voices did not include a feminine one that Rachel could perceive. If there were people dining with them, the ladies must have gone up stairs, and Mrs. Carrington was the woman to see Rachel for five minutes, and the one woman in England to whom she could turn. It was an opportunity not to miss—she had not the courage to let it pass, and yet it required almost as much to ring the bell. And even as she rang—but not until that moment—did Rachel recognize and admit to herself the motive which had brought her to that door; it was not to obtain the advice of a clever man, it was the sympathy of another woman that she needed that night, more than anything else in all the world.

She was shown at once into the study behind the diningroom, and immediately the voices in the latter ceased. This was ominous. It was for Mrs. Carrington that Rachel had asked, and the omen was fulfilled. It was Mr.

Carrington who came into the room, flushed with his own hospitality, but without the genial pout which Rachel had liked best in him. His voice also, when he had carefully shut the door behind him, was unnatural.

"I congratulate you," he said, with a bow, but nothing more; and Rachel saw there and then how it was to be; for with her, at least, this man had never been stiff before, having, indeed, offended her with his familiarity at the time when her husband and he were best friends.

"I owe it very largely to you," faltered Rachel. "How can I thank you?"

Carrington said it was not necessary.

"Then I only hope," said Rachel, on one of her impulses, "that you don't disagree with the verdict."

"I didn't read the case," replied Carrington glibly, and with neither more nor less of the contemptuous superiority with which he would have referred to any other Old Bailey trial; but the man himself was quick to see the brutality of such a statement, and quicker yet to tone it down. "It wasn't necessary," he added, with a touch of the early manner which she had never liked; "you see, I knew you."

The insincerity was so obvious that Rachel could scarcely bring herself to confess that she had come to ask his advice. "What was the point?" he said to that, so crisply that the only point which Rachel could think of was the fresh, raw grievance of the empty house.

"Didn't your solicitor tell you?" asked Carrington. "He came to me about it, but I supposed——"

Rachel knew well what he supposed.

"He should have told you tonight," added Carrington, "at any rate. The rent was only paid for half the term—quite right—the usual way. The permanent tenant wanted to be done with the house altogether, and that entitled her to take her things out. No, I'm afraid you have no grievance there, Mrs. Minchin."

"And pray," demanded Rachel, "where are my things?"

"Ah, your solicitor will tell you that—when you give him the chance! He

very properly would not care to bother you about trifles until the case against you was satisfactorily disposed of. By the way, I hope you don't mind my cigar? We were smoking in the next room."

"I have taken you from your guests," said Rachel miserably. "I know I ought not to have come at such an hour."

Carrington did not contradict her.

"But there seemed so much to speak about," she went desperately on. "There are the money matters and—and——"

"If you will come to my chambers," said Carrington, "I shall be delighted to go into everything with you, and to advise you to the best of my ability. If you could manage to come at half past nine tomorrow morning, I would be there early and could give you twenty minutes."

He wrote down the address, and, handing it to Rachel, rang the bell. This drove her to despair; evidently it never occurred to him that she was faint with weariness and hunger, that she had nowhere to go for the night, and not the price of a decent meal, much less a bed, in her purse. And even now her pride prevented her from telling the truth; but it would not silence her supreme desire.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh, may I not speak to your wife?"

"Not tonight, if you don't mind," replied Carrington, with his bow and smile. "We can't both desert our guests."

"Only for a minute!" pleaded Rachel. "I wouldn't keep her more!"

"Not tonight," he repeated, with a broader smile, a clearer enunciation, and a decision so obviously irrevocable that Rachel said no more. And she would not see the hand that he could afford to hold out to her now; and as for going near his chambers, never, never, though she starved!

"No, I wouldn't have kept her," she sobbed in the street; "but she would have kept me! I know her! I know her! She would have had pity on me, in spite of him; but now I can never go near either of them again!"

Then where was she to go God knew!

God knew! No respectable hotel would take her in without luggage or a deposit. What was she to do?

But while she wondered her feet were carrying her once more in the old direction, and as she walked an idea came. She was very near the fatal little street at the time. She turned about and then to the left. In a few moments she was timorously knocking at the door of a house with a card in the window.

"It's you!" cried the woman who came, almost shutting the door in Rachel's face, leaving just space enough for her own.

"You have a room to let," said Rachel steadily.

"But not to you," said the woman quickly; and Rachel was not surprised, the other was so pale, so strangely agitated.

"But why?" she asked. "I have been acquitted, thanks partly to your own evidence—and yet you of all women will not take me in! Do you mean to tell me that you actually think I did it still?"

Rachel fully expected an affirmative. She was prepared for that opinion now from all the world; but for once a surprise was in store for her. The pale woman shifted her eyes, then raised them doggedly, and the look in them brought a sudden glow to Rachel's heart.

"No, I don't think that, and never did," said the one independent witness for the defense. "But others do, and I am too near where it happened; it might empty my house and keep it empty."

Rachel seized her hand.

"Never mind, never mind," she cried hoarsely. "It is better, ten thousand times, that you should believe in me—that any woman should. Thank you, and God bless you, for that."

She was turning away, when she faced about upon the steps, gazing past the woman who believed in her along the passage beyond, an unspoken question beneath the tears in her eyes.

"He is not here," said the landlady quickly.

"But he did get over it?"

"So we hope; but he was at death's door that morning, and for days and

weeks. Now he's abroad again—I'm sure I don't know where."

Rachel said "Good night," and this time the door not only shut before she had time to change her mind again, but she heard the bolts shot as she reached the pavement. The fact did not strike her. She was thinking of the innocent young foreigner who had brought matters to a crisis between her husband and herself. On the whole, she was glad that he was not in England—yet there would have been one friend.

And now her own case was really desperate. It was late at night, she was famished and worn out in body and mind, nor could she see the slightest prospect of a lodging for the night. And that she would have had in the condemned cell, with food and warmth and rest, and the dead certainty of a speedy issue out of all her afflictions. It was a bitter irony, after all, this acquittal!

There was but one place for her to go to now. She would perish there of cold and horror, but she might buy something to eat, and take it with her; and at least she would rest, and would be alone, in the empty house, the house of misery and murder, that was yet the one shelter that she knew of in all London.

She crept to the King's Road, and returned with rolls and ham, walking better in her eagerness to break a fast which she had only felt since excitement had given place to despair. But now it was making her faint and ill. And she hurried, weary though she was.

But in the little street itself she stood aghast. A crowd filled it; the crowd stood before the empty house of sorrow and of crime; and in a moment Rachel saw the cause.

It was her own fault. She had left the light burning in the upper room—the bedroom on the second floor.

Rachel joined the skirts of the crowd—drawn by an irresistible fascination—and listened to what was being said. All eyes were upon the lighted window of the bedroom—watching for herself, as she soon discovered—and this made her doubly safe where she stood behind the press.

"She's up there, I tell yer," said one.

"Not her! It's a ghost."

"Her 'usband's ghost, then."

"But there's a chap 'ere what sore 'er fice to fice in the next street; an' followed 'er and 'eard the door go; an' w'en 'e come back with 'is pals, there was that light."

"Then let's 'ave 'er aht of it."

"Yuss, she ain't no right to be there."

"No; condemned cell's the plice for 'er!"

"Give us a stone afore the copper comes!"

And Rachel saw the first stone flung, and heard the first glass break; and within a very few minutes there was not a whole pane left in the front of the house; but that was all the damage which Rachel herself saw done.

A hand touched her lightly on the shoulder.

"Do you still pin your faith to the man in the street?" said a voice.

And, though she had heard it for the first time that very evening, it was a voice that Rachel seemed to have known all her life.

VI.

"Do you still pin your faith to the man in the street?"

It was Mr. Steel who stood at Rachel's elbow, repeating his question word for word; but he did not repeat it in the same tone. There was an earnest note in the lowered voice, an unspoken appeal to her to admit the truth and be done with proud pretense. And indeed the pride had gone out of Rachel at sight of him; a delicious sense of safety filled her heart instead. She was as one drowning, and here was a strong swimmer come to her rescue in the nick of time. What did it matter who or what he was? She felt that he was strong to save.

Yet, as the nearly drowned struggle with their saviors, so Rachel must fence instinctively with hers.

"I never did pin my faith to him," said she.

"Yet see the risk that you are running! If he turns round—if any one of them turns round and recognizes you—listen to that!"

It was only the second window, but a third and a fourth followed like shots from the same revolver. Rachel winced.

"For God's sake, come away!" he whispered sternly.

And Rachel did come a few yards before a flicker of her spirit called a halt.

"Why should I run away?" she demanded, in sudden tears of mortification and of weakness combined. "I am innocent—so why should I?"

"Because they don't like innocent people; and there appear to be no police in these parts; and if you fall into their hands—well, it would be better for you if you had been found guilty and were safe and sound in Newgate now!"

That was exactly what Rachel had felt herself; she took a few steps more, but still with reluctance and irresolution; and, once round the nearest corner, and out of that hateful street forever, she turned to her companion in unconcealed despair.

"But what am I to do?" she cried. "Where am I to turn?"

"Mrs. Minchin," said Steel, "can you not really trust me yet?"

He stood before her under a street lamp, handsome still, upright for all his years, strong as fate itself, and surely kinder than any fate that Rachel Minchin had yet met with in the course of her short but checkered life. And yet—and yet—she trusted and distrusted him, too!

"I can and I cannot," she sighed, and even with the words the reason occurred to her. "You have followed me, you see, after all!"

"I admit it," he replied, "and without a particle of shame. My dear lady, I was not going to lose sight of you tonight!"

"And why not?"

"Because I foresaw what might happen—and may happen still! Nay, madam, it will, if you continue to let your pride sit upon your common sense. Do you hear them now? That means the police, and when they're dispersed they'll come this way to King's Road; at any moment they may be upon us; and there's a hansom dropped from heaven!"

He raised his umbrella, the bell tinkled, the two red eyes dilated and widened in the night; then with a clatter the horse was pulled up beside them, and Steel held his open hand before the muddy wheel.

"Be sensible," he whispered, "and jump in! In a hansom you can see where you are going; in a hansom you can speak to the driver or attract the attention of any decent person on the sidewalk. Ah, you will trust me so far at last? I thank you from my heart!"

"Where to, sir?" asked the cabman through the roof.

And Rachel listened with languid curiosity; but that was all. She had put herself in this man's hands; her resistance was at an end; and a reckless indifference to her fate was the new attitude of a soul as utterly overtaxed and exhausted as its tired tenement of clay.

"Upper Brook Street," said Steel, after a moment's pause; "and double quick for a double fare. We shall be there in a quarter of an hour," he added reassuringly as the trap door slammed; "and you will find everything ready for you, beginning with something to eat. I anticipated the verdict; if you don't believe me, you will when we get there, for they have been ready for you all day. Do you know Claridge's Hotel, by the way?"

"Only by name," said Rachel wearily.

"I'm glad to hear it," pursued Mr. Steel, "for I think you will be pleased. It is not like the ordinary run of hotels. Your rooms are your castle—a regular self contained flat—and you needn't see another soul if you don't like. I am staying in the hotel myself, but you shall not set eyes on me for a week, unless you wish to."

"But I don't understand——" began Rachel, roused a little from her apathy. She was not suffered to proceed.

"Nor are you to attempt to do so," said her companion, "until tomorrow morning. If you feel equal to it then, I shall crave an audience, and you shall hear what I have to say. But first, let me beg of you, an adequate supper and a good night's rest!"

(To be continued.)

NAPOLÉON AT ST. HELENA.

BY R. H. TITHERINGTON.

THE LAST CHAPTER IN THE GREAT CONQUEROR'S CAREER, ITS PATHETIC INTEREST, AND THE CONTROVERSIES TO WHICH IT HAS GIVEN RISE.

THE figure of Napoleon is the only one that the modern world can set beside the great military adventurers of old—Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Jenghiz, and Timur; and it seems scarcely possible that there will ever be another career like that of the Corsican lawyer's son who conquered Europe. It is not strange that the Napoleonic literature should be tremendous in volume. Every phase of that marvelous man has been dealt with from almost every possible viewpoint. Even on the six last and, except those of his childhood, the least eventful years of his life, when he had ceased to be a power in the world, there is a considerable library of books.

Uneventful as was Napoleon's sojourn at St. Helena, it was an intensely interesting chapter of his life. There we see him bereft of the glamour of glory—"nakedly, as I am," he said himself—and with the sympathy that the pathos of his fallen estate compels. It is fortunate that, as Lord Rosebery points out in his clever monograph on the subject, nearly every one of the actors in this closing scene has recorded his part in it.

THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ OF ST. HELENA.

On Napoleon's staff in his island prison were three general officers who, after Waterloo, had clung to him to the last—Bertrand, his marshal of the palace, who was with him in Elba; Gourgaud, who had been aide to the Duc de Berri, but went back to the emperor during the Hundred Days; and Montholon. A fourth companion of his surrender was the Count de Las Cases, a former councillor of state. The count was an older man than any of the three soldiers, and stood nearest in intimacy

with Napoleon until he was removed from the island, in November, 1816, for attempting, in violation of the conditions on which he was permitted there, to send a secret communication to the emperor's brother Lucien.

Next in the household stood Barry O'Meara, whom Napoleon had met as surgeon of the *Bellerophon*. Taking a fancy to him, the emperor—Bathurst and Lowe are dead, and the title may be used without their permission—had asked to have O'Meara attached to his suite. The favor was granted, and the young Irish doctor served at St. Helena for nearly three years, Lowe finally dismissing him for another attempt at opening uncensored communication with Europe. He was succeeded by Francesco Antommarchi, a Corsican by birth, and a physician of reputation in Florence. Near the end, too, there were two Italian priests—Father Bonavita and the Abbé Vignale—who were sent out by the Pope at Napoleon's special request. The emperor had once professed Mohammedanism, had scoffed at religion—though he always believed in a Supreme Being—and had violated the sanctity of the head of the Catholic Church; but he died in the faith of his fathers.

Of all these, the priests wrote nothing, or at least nothing for the world. Bertrand used his pen, but only to set down, from Napoleon's dictation, notes on the campaigns of Egypt and Syria, which were published many years later. All the rest wrote more or less voluminously. The emperor encouraged them to do so, and told Gourgaud that he could earn from five hundred to a thousand dollars a day by recording the conversation at Longwood—a statement less absurd than it may sound,

for the world was eager for news, or even gossip, from the tiny island where its greatest spirit was immured. Las Cases made a fortune out of his "Mémoires de Ste. Hélène," and Warden's and O'Meara's books had a sale that was phenomenal for those days.

The emperor's jailers—it is the word he would have used, unless he could discover a still more unpleasant one—were equally prone to literature. Captain Maitland of the *Bellerophon*, who took Napoleon on board at Rochefort, began it; and, characteristically, he began it with a controversy with his prisoner, who accused the captain of bad faith as to the terms of the surrender. The record was taken up by Admiral Sir George Cockburn, whose flagship, the *Northumberland*, brought the emperor to St. Helena—the same Cockburn who figures in American history for the capture of Washington and the destruction of the Capitol. Dr. William Warden, the *Northumberland's* surgeon, who attended Napoleon during the voyage and on the island, on his return to England published a volume of letters narrating his conversations with the emperor. These were carried on with Las Cases as interpreter, for Dr. Warden spoke no French and Napoleon no English, and they were edited for publication by a "literary gentleman," so in their doubly or trebly diluted form they have small historical value.

Cockburn remained at St. Helena from the date of the *Northumberland's* arrival there (October 15, 1815) till the following summer, when he was succeeded in command of the naval station by Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm, and as governor of the island by the man whom the British government had selected for the hateful and thankless task of making Napoleon's prison tight enough to hold its dreaded captive beyond all possibility of escape. This was the celebrated Sir Hudson Lowe—a name immortalized by the execrations heaped upon it. During his five years at St. Helena, Lowe, of course, reported voluminously on matters great and small—chiefly the latter; and later, in the vain hope of stemming the torrent of vituperation that overwhelmed him,

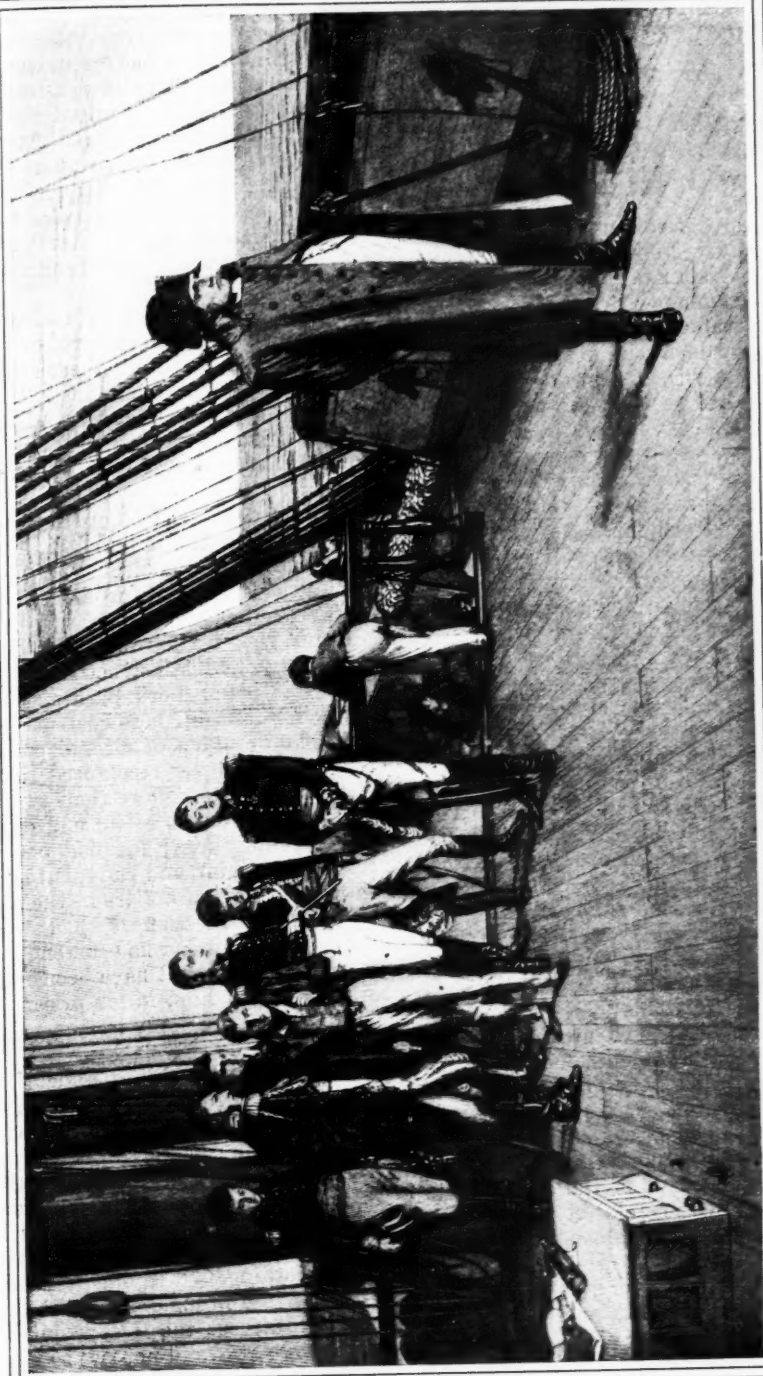
he furnished William Forsyth, a writer best known for his "Life of Cicero," with material for a tremendously lengthy vindication, which did not appear until after he had died, a broken and ruined man. Admiral Malcolm, apparently, did not record his experiences, but his wife, Lady Malcolm, kept a diary which has been published; and several other British officials or visitors wrote down the little they saw and heard.

Then there were the foreign commissioners at St. Helena, men selected, perhaps, for some such reason as that which sent *Rawdon Crawley* to Coventry Island; for it is hard to see what duty they performed or what purpose they served. But they lived there in such state as the lonely rock afforded—the Marquis de Montchenu, of France; Count Balmain, of Russia; and Baron Sturmer, of Austria; and, other amusements being scarce, they all turned to the compiling of memoirs. These might be expected to be impartial, but they are comparatively worthless, for the good reason that none of the commissioners ever met Napoleon.

Yet though we have an almost complete chain of first hand evidence upon the subject, the last phase of Napoleon's career is still an open subject for unlimited debate. The great question that underlies the endless discussion of St. Helena is this: was Napoleon ill treated there or not?

WAS NAPOLEON ILL TREATED?

That such a question should have aroused a bitter controversy which has continued for nearly a century, and is not wholly ended yet, shows the part that sentiment plays in history. During his active life, no man was ever more devotedly worshiped or more widely feared and hated than the self created Emperor of the French; but when destiny, so long his slave, turned upon him and hurled him from the mightiest of thrones to the loneliest of prisons, the pathos of his situation changed hatred to pity. The Parisian cartoonists, with characteristic indecency, amused their time serving constituency with caricatures of the exile of St. Helena; but elsewhere sympathy



"NAPOLEON ON THE BELLEOPHON"—W. Q. ORCHARDSON'S FAMOUS PAINTING, WHICH SHOWS THE DETHRONED EMPEROR WATCHING THE FRENCH COAST AS IT FADED OUT OF SIGHT FROM THE DECK OF THE BRITISH MAN OF WAR, TO WHOM CAPTAIN MAITLAND, HE HAD SURRENDERED.

was general. Even in England, the country that Napoleon called his "most constant foe," public feeling was sincerely stirred. It found utterance in speeches in Parliament criticising the government's policy—which, however, was successfully defended on the ground of political necessity. The books that presented the emperor's side of the case were eagerly read, while Lowe could get no hearing for a reply. Even Sir Walter Scott's defense of the luckless commander, which is fairly presented and in many respects convincing, made no impression, and Sir Hudson was ostracized, the government which he had served with unquestionable fidelity abandoning him to the popular outcry. A contemporary volume of memoirs* records that "he was so truly sent to Coventry that he once thanked Colonel Pennington in a coffee house for the common civility of handing him a newspaper, saying that any civility was now so new to him that he must be excused for gratefully acknowledging it."

That the controversy is not closed is shown by Lord Rosebery's recent volume on "Napoleon—The Last Phase." After reviewing some of the books that may be classified as coming from Longwood—those of Las Cases and of Antommarchi, and especially Gourgaud's private diary, published only three years ago—Lord Rosebery devotes much space to a severe condemnation of Lowe, while of Napoleon he writes with manifest sympathy.

The historian finds it difficult to treat properly the relations of Napoleon and Lowe. Here were two men on an island, who had a violent quarrel. One of the two was a very great man, perhaps the greatest man of all history; the other, in comparison, was an utter nonentity. Yet each is entitled to even justice at the hands of the chronicler; and, after all, the greatest human individual is small enough.

Lowe was a soldier. He was ordered to St. Helena with one great object in view—to hold fast the man who, confined in a gilded cage at Elba, had escaped and set Europe afire. This he did. It was not a difficult task, for

though there were continual rumors of projects for a rescue, none was ever attempted; and if any had been, the governor had ample force to frustrate it. Napoleon was held as a prisoner under a convention between England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, drawn up at Paris in August, 1815. The manner of his treatment was further prescribed by an act of Parliament passed in April, 1816, "for more effectually detaining Napoleon Buonaparte." The name "Buonaparte," thus spelled, is a refusal to regard the prisoner as an emperor or even as a Frenchman. Under these instruments, and very explicit instructions from Lord Bathurst, secretary of state for the colonies, Lowe's attitude towards his charge was very precisely defined.

Great stress is laid by Lord Rosebery on the fact that the imperial title was rigidly denied to Napoleon. It would certainly be a matter for satisfaction if this harmless concession had been made; but it is useless to attack Lowe for carrying out his instructions. Nor is it easy to blame Lord Bathurst very severely for issuing those instructions. Great Britain, alone of all the powers of Europe, had never recognized Napoleon as emperor; for more than twenty years she had fought a life and death struggle against him; she had poured out blood like water, and had spent more than four billions of dollars in the conflict; and at last the man who had sworn to conquer and ruin her had surrendered to her arms. It would have been magnanimous to hail him, in his prison, as emperor; but it was only human to refuse to do so.

On the other hand, it is difficult to sympathize with Napoleon in the bitter fight he made, with such weapons as he could command, for the show of imperial honors. How much more kingly was the attitude of Charles V, who said, as he left his throne: "The name of Charles is enough for me, who henceforth am nothing." "In our position," Gourgaud wrote in his diary, "the best course is to accept the least;" but his master's philosophy did not rise so high.

"Cockburn," says Lord Rosebery, "on shipboard resolutely inaugurated this solemn farce." Both Cockburn

*"Memoirs of a Highland Lady," by Mrs. Smith.

and Lowe acted on precise and definite orders from their official superiors; how could a soldier and a sailor have done otherwise? Their instructions to allow Napoleon no regal honors brought up many small questions for decision, and it is true that Lowe's action on some of these—for instance, his exclusion of a book inscribed "*Imperatori Napoleoni*," and of chess men marked with a crown—seems ridiculous to us; but the details of a question of etiquette are necessarily petty.

Lord Rosebery entirely veils the emperor's conduct towards his chief guardian. Napoleon could be as contemptibly small as he could be colossally great; and to Lowe he showed himself almost at his worst. His language was that of a street Arab to the policeman who arrests him, rather than that of a French emperor to a British lieutenant general.

THE PERSONALITY OF SIR HUDSON LOWE.

If Lowe had not been governor of St. Helena during Napoleon's captivity, he might be remembered as a soldier whose share in the great wars of his day was an interesting, though scarcely an important one. He was born in Galway in 1769—the year of Napoleon's birth, unless it be true that he



"NAPOLEON IN HIS LAST DAYS"—A STATUE MODELED BY VINCENZO VELA, IN THE MUSEUM AT VERSAILLES.

exchanged dates with his brother Joseph—the son of an English army surgeon who had married an Irish lady. As a young officer in the Fiftieth Foot, Lowe served in Corsica, at Toulon, and elsewhere in the Mediterranean. In 1799 he was appointed to command a body of two hundred Corsicans under British pay; and he and his men fought in Egypt and in Spain under Sir John Moore. In 1805 he organized and commanded a larger foreign corps in Italy.

where he defended Capri, but had to surrender the place to a French force under Lamarque. He was not held blameworthy for the disaster, and was appointed governor of part of the Ionian Islands. He states—and with all the hard things that have been said of him he has not been convicted of unvaracity—that for twenty years, from 1793 to 1812, he never missed a single day's duty, and spent only six months in England, during the temporary peace in 1802. In 1813 he was ordered to the scene of Napoleon's last struggle in Germany, as inspector of the twenty thousand German troops who were drawing their pay from the British treasury. He was with Blücher during much of the campaign, and remained with him in the following year, when the allies invaded France. His services seem to have been considered valuable, for he was knighted and made a major general, besides receiving Russian and Prussian decorations.

In the campaign of 1815, Lowe was for a few weeks Wellington's quartermaster general; but before Waterloo he was ordered to Genoa, to take command of troops raised there. Entering France, he occupied Marseilles; and when he left, on the restoration of the Bourbon government, the citizens presented him with a testimonial for "saving them from pillage." His post at St. Helena was regarded as a very important one; its salary was sixty thousand dollars a year. He was selected for it as an officer who was proficient in French and Italian, and who had had a wide and varied experience, having associated with many of the great men of the day.

NAPOLEON'S BATTLE WITH LOWE.

Such was the man who, on presenting himself to Napoleon, met with the extraordinary reception described by O'Meara and by Lowe himself. The emperor would not listen to him, but poured out wild rodomontades about liberty or death, and torrents of personal abuse. He tells the governor that his reports on the campaign of 1814 were "full of folly and falsehood"; to which Lowe replies: "I believe I saw what I have stated."

When Lowe asks Napoleon to signify his wishes about the building of the house for which material has been brought from England, the emperor bursts out with: "I believe that you have received orders to kill me—yes, to kill me—yes, sir, I believe that you have received orders to stick at nothing—nothing!" And finally Lowe has to leave without any answer.

At their fifth interview, Napoleon—dropping into his native Italian, as he so often did—tells Lowe that he is no soldier, but only a *scrivano* (clerk); a *sbirro Siciliano* (Sicilian thief catcher), not an Englishman; a commandant of brigands. Lowe answers that he only did his duty and acted according to orders.

"So does the hangman," retorts the emperor.

Finally Lowe says that Napoleon's language is uncivil and ungentlemanlike, and that he will not listen to it; and from that day he makes no further attempt at personal intercourse with his prisoner.

Lowe may have been lacking in tact—in fact, he must have been, for scarcely any one at St. Helena had a good word for him; but the provocation to the soldier's self respect was extreme. And had he possessed the tact of a Machiavelli, combined with the patience of a Job, he would have failed to conciliate Napoleon. It was the exiled emperor's set purpose, which stands out consistently in all his dealings with his guardians, to set himself before the eyes of the world as a martyr. That was the keynote of all the squabbles about money, about food, about restrictions of liberty, which make such sorry reading in the annals of St. Helena. That was why Napoleon sold his plate to supply his table, and broke up his bed for fire wood—a parade of poverty that was theatrical to the verge of childishness, when he had millions at his disposal.

Montholon practically admitted as much, years later, to Basil Jackson, a British officer who had served on the island. "*C'était nôtre politique*," he said, "*et que voulez vous?*" It was Napoleon's game—a small game, perhaps, but he was a man to play small games



LONGWOOD, NAPOLEON'S RESIDENCE
DURING HIS CAPTIVITY AT
ST. HELENA.



THE GRAVE IN WHICH NAPOLEON WAS
BURIED IN MAY, 1821—HIS BODY
WAS REMOVED TO PARIS IN 1840.

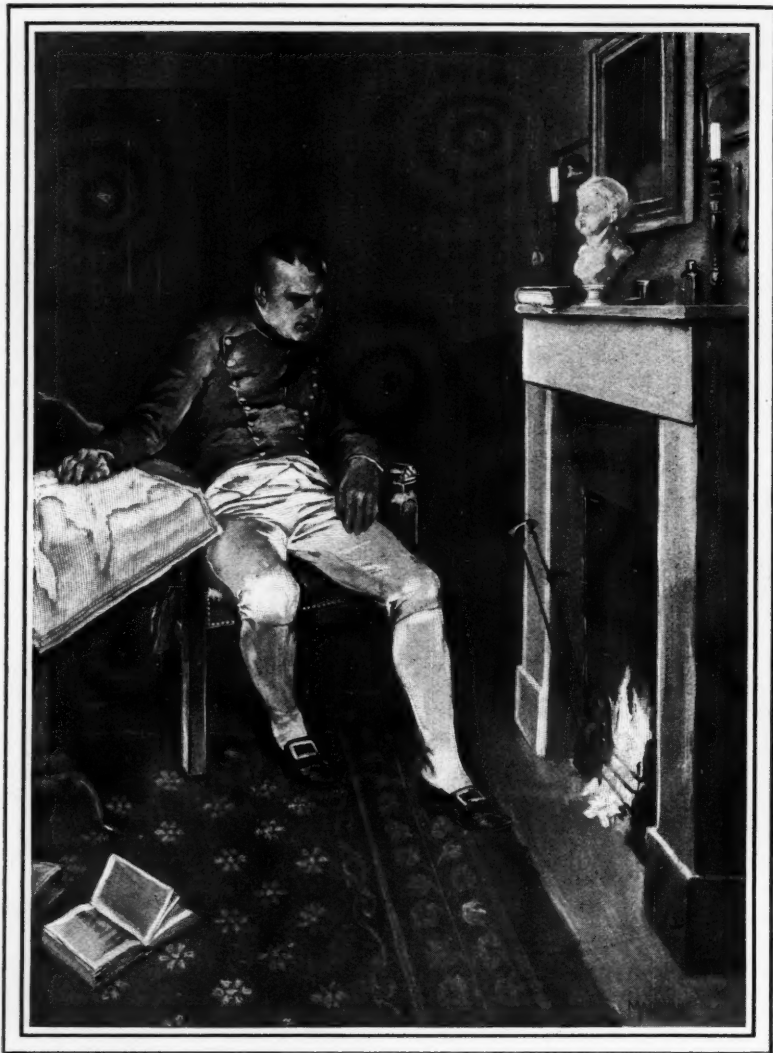
when he could not play large ones; and it was not by any means an objectless game, for the emperor undoubtedly believed that there was at least a chance of English sympathy intervening in his favor. He said—according to Gourgaud—that a change of government in London might liberate him. Both the optimism and the misjudgment of the British temper were characteristic. So he played his game to the last, and though it did

nothing for him, it irretrievably blackened Lowe.

Much has been said of the indignity put upon Napoleon by the requirement that he should be seen daily by a British officer, to make sure that he had not slipped away. It is true that Lowe issued such an order, but he did not enforce it, though of



JAMESTOWN, THE ONLY VILLAGE ON THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA
—A BIRD'S EYE VIEW FROM THE STEEP HILL ABOVE THE TOWN.



NAPOLEON IN THE LITTLE ROOM THAT SERVED AS HIS STUDY AND SLEEPING CHAMBER AT LONGWOOD—THE BUST OF HIS SON, THE KING OF ROME, WAS ONE OF THE FEW ORNAMENTS IN THE APARTMENT.

course he had the power to do so. An officer was detailed to get a daily glimpse of the prisoner as he might show himself about the grounds of Longwood, but Napoleon frequently kept his room, and a week or more would pass without a sight of him. It must be remembered that the British government had been severely criticised, in Parliament, for the lack of effective precautions against his escape from Elba. That hugely expensive adventure was rendered pos-

sible, or at least greatly facilitated, by the fact that the British commissioner, Sir Niel Campbell, was unable to watch the emperor's movements because "his majesty" habitually refused to see him—a fact which may have had its influence upon the question of allowing imperial honors to Napoleon in his second exile. In a memorial which the Russian government presented to the other powers, urging that his custody at St. Helena should be made stricter, great

stress was laid upon the point of personal surveillance, and it was suggested that he should be compelled, by force if necessary, to show himself twice a day to the governor and to the commissioners.

"Nothing can be more absurd, more impolitic, less generous, and less delicate than the conduct of the English to Napoleon," said Balmain, the Russian representative on the island. The criticism reads rather curiously in the light of his own government's demand for increased rigor in the treatment of the prisoner. The captive emperor did not receive the courtesy that we who are free from the rancors of that day would fain have had accorded him, but it can scarcely be doubted that if he had been in the hands of any of the continental powers he would have fared worse. If, as for a time seemed possible, he had been turned over to the tender mercies of Louis XVIII, as a rebellious French subject, he would probably have been shot, as Marshal Ney was.

THE UNHAPPY HOUSEHOLD OF LONGWOOD.

The whole St. Helena colony, prisoners and jailers, lived in an extraordinary atmosphere of mutual hostility, suspicion, deception, and treachery. Almost every one of the pretended histories that came from the island is tainted with falsehood. O'Meara's "Voice from St. Helena" was inspired by the Irish doctor's bitter hatred of Lowe, who had him dismissed from the navy; and Forsyth's "Captivity of Napoleon" proves it to be full of misrepresentations. Las Cases' book is shown by Lord Rosebery to be "an arsenal of spurious documents," containing the most daring and most dangerous forgeries. Gourgaud says that the count kept a *journal faux*; what purpose this spurious diary served is not clear, but it does not increase our confidence in its author. O'Meara declares that Montholon was untruthful. Antommarchi was undoubtedly so. His

treatment of the malady that finally killed Napoleon was so unsatisfactory that the emperor took a violent dislike to him, refused to see him, and dismissed him with a scathing letter. Of all this, in his book on "Les Derniers Moments de Napoleon," the Florentine doctor says not a word; on the contrary, he represents himself and his patient as conversing together on terms of intimacy to the last.

The men of Napoleon's petty court were bitterly jealous of one another. "Longwood," said Bertrand, "is made detestable by their disputes." Gourgaud challenged Montholon to a duel, and broke into vehement protests when the emperor wrote a too friendly note to Las Cases. The exiled Frenchmen were beset by deadly weariness. "*Ennui*," "*Je pleure*," are typical entries in Gourgaud's diary.

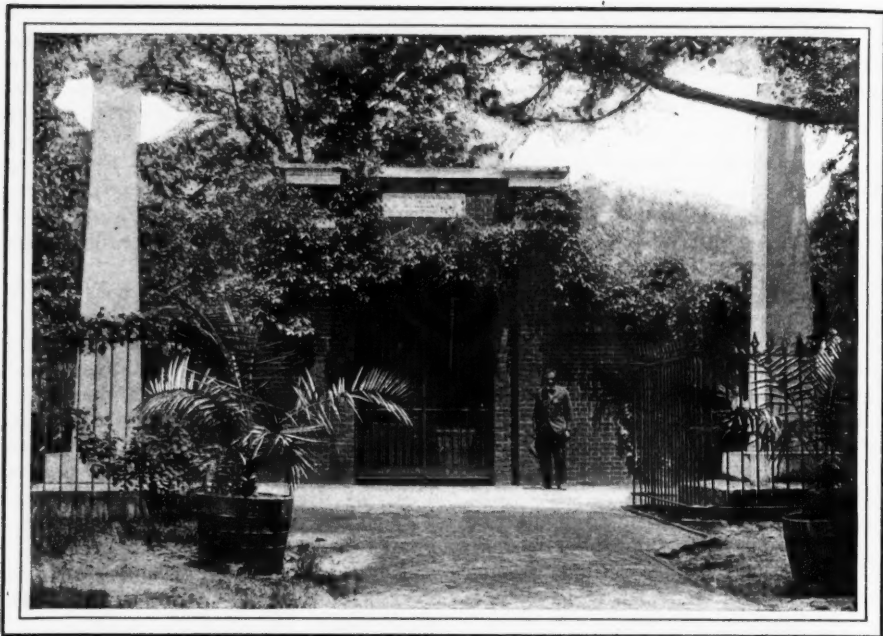
Napoleon himself, inconsistent as ever, sometimes endured his fate with philosophic fortitude, and sometimes boiled with futile rage. He had very little intercourse with any but the members of his household. He never left the neighborhood of Longwood, because he would not submit to Lowe's regulation that a British officer must accompany him on any more distant excursion. The foreign commissioners were debarred from the house, because he declined to receive them in an official capacity, and they refused to come in any other. With the British naval and military officers he held practically no intercourse; Admiral Malcolm he could tolerate, though he called him a "*sot*"; to Lowe he never spoke after the first three months, and written communication was cut off by the fact that the governor would not allow the use of the imperial title, while Napoleon would look at no paper without it.

The story of the dethroned emperor's six years of imprisonment at St. Helena would be positively comical if it were not so pathetic.

QUATRAIN.

Who hath no need of pain
To chasten and control,
God pity him, for he must be
Dwarfed and infirm of soul

C. L. Story.



GEORGE WASHINGTON'S TOMB IN THE GROUNDS OF MOUNT VERNON, HIS HOME IN VIRGINIA—WITHIN THE VAULT ARE TWO MARBLE SARCOPHAGI CONTAINING THE BODIES OF GENERAL WASHINGTON AND HIS WIFE. THERE IS NO INSCRIPTION STATING THAT HE WAS THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Tombs of Our Presidents.

BY FRANCIS M. PALMER.

ARE WE NEGLECTFUL OF OUR GREAT DEAD?—BUT THREE OF OUR PRESIDENTS HAVE NATIONAL MONUMENTS, AND THE GRAVE OF ONE IS MARKED ONLY BY A MAGNOLIA TREE—THE SUGGESTION OF A PRESIDENTIAL CEMETERY OR MEMORIAL CATHEDRAL.

WHEN, a little while ago, the sorrowing thoughts of the nation journeyed with the funeral train that bore President McKinley for the last time to Canton, the questions must have come to many: "Why are our Presidents, our leaders, suffered to rest at last in remote obscurity? Is it wise that the memory of them, which mound and monument perpetuate, should be a matter of mere local pride or of family affection? Is it not possible that a great Presidential cemetery or cathedral might not only testify to the honor in which the country has held its chiefs,

and to the affection it has often bestowed upon the men who were those chiefs, but might also be an inspiration and a source of uplifting to all who should look upon it?"

As we "advance" and "progress" individually, we sometimes affect to grow superior to the influence of memorials. Our fathers and mothers were wont to make devout pilgrimages to the churchyards where those of their name or race slept; they felt it a shame to themselves if they failed to erect monuments commensurate in beauty with the love they bore the dead. To keep green

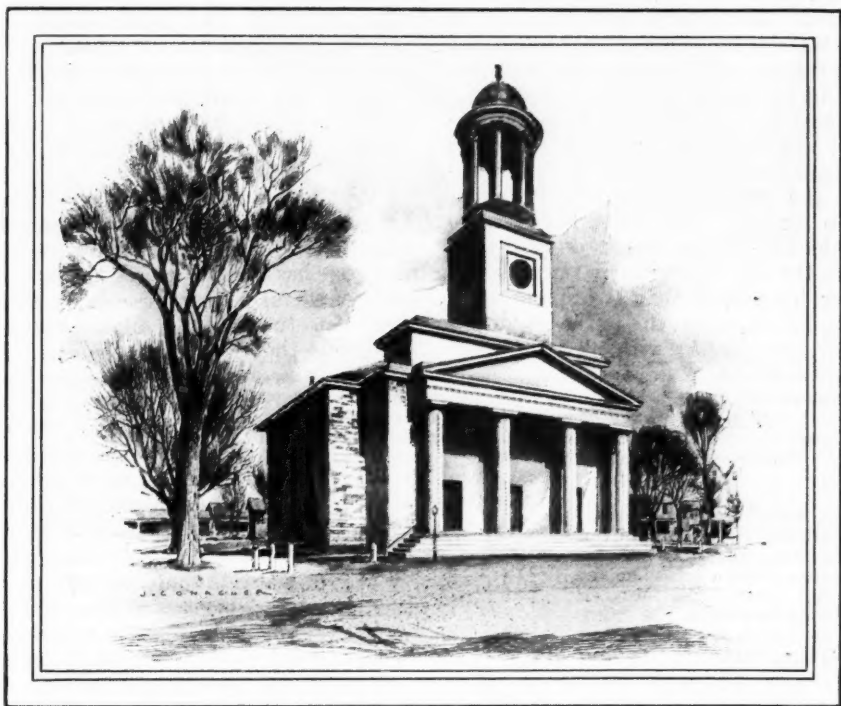
the turf and fair the flowers about the churchyard mounds was to the past generation an act of devotion that was not left to hired memory to perform.

DO WE FITLY HONOR OUR DEAD?

Nowadays it has grown to be somewhat the fashion to affect superiority to the simple, sweet old customs by which we once bore witness to love and sorrow. Proclaiming that we do not wish

mining factor in our lives. To visit the graves of our own lowly dead is to renew the love and dimly to understand "the communion of saints." To visit the graves of the great dead is inspiration and strength. Why, then, should it not be possible for all of us to stand by the memorials of the men who have been our leaders?

William McKinley, the type of American citizen of whom we are proudest,



THE OLD FIRST CHURCH AT QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS—JOHN ADAMS, SECOND PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, AND HIS SON, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, SIXTH PRESIDENT, ARE BURIED IN VAULTS UNDER THE PORTICO OF THE CHURCH.

to think of our friends as dead, we avoid pilgrimages to their burial places. Announcing that we will "show our respect in other ways"—by which we imply that we will endow schools in their names and lead holy lives in their memory—we refuse to take part in the elaborate mortuary rites of the earlier days. Yet in our hearts we all know that only while we think of the actual places where our friends lie buried as sacred earth, fit shrines for devout and tender journeys, is their influence strong upon us, and our love for them a deter-

lies in Canton, the woods and fertile fields of Ohio stretching away in unbroken level to the horizon around him. Abraham Lincoln rests under a flamboyant monument at Springfield, Illinois. Beneath the portico of an austere New England church the Adamsses are buried. Soldiers, statesmen, leaders—all are widely scattered. Except the tomb of Grant on Riverside Drive in New York and that of Washington within easy reach of the capital, most of the Presidents' graves are beyond the chance of visitation by any great num-

ber of the citizens of the republic which they served.

THE FAMOUS MEMORIALS OF OTHER LANDS.

In other countries it is otherwise. All the force which the erection of great monuments can give to the principles that any ruler held is given. The effect of memorial buildings and tablets is not underestimated. In England, though there is no single great regal burial place, yet none of the line of kings is without his fitting memorial. Indeed, the warriors, the casual statesmen, and the writers of England have more enduring monuments than the Presidents of the United States. St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey are places which even the alien cannot visit without the breathlessness of awe and of deep feeling. And what has not the tomb of Napoleon meant to the French since the day when, nearly twenty years after his death, he was brought back from his island of exile to the city of his pride, and buried with all imaginable pomp in the Hôtel des Invalides?

Not to the French alone has his tomb

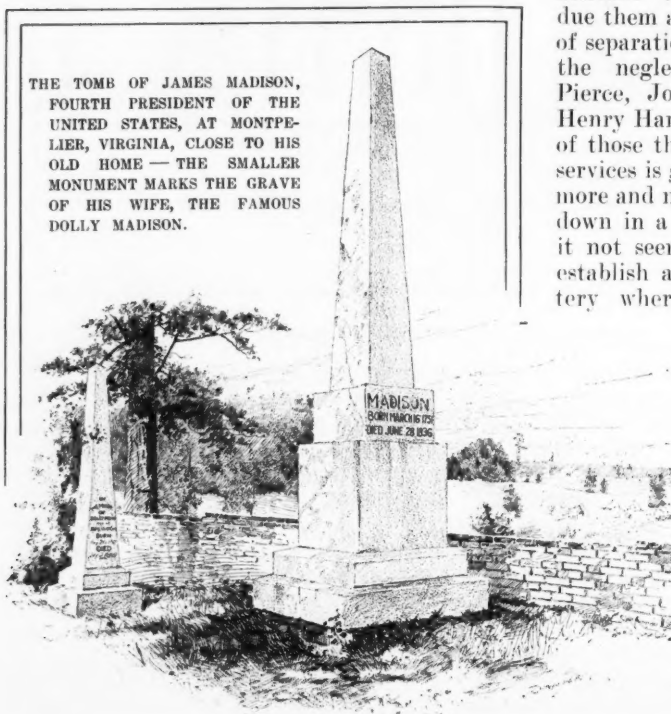
been a shrine; and it is not only thoughts of splendor and glory that it has awakened. One of the finest of modern orations began in the reflections that crowded upon Robert Ingersoll as he stood there—an oration that weighed glory and warlike achievement against other things, and found them lacking. There is no danger that in the erection of a public monument to a man there may be bound up the perpetuation of his mistakes, or the continuance of his ideals after new and better ones have come to the world. On the contrary, the "storied urn" of one whose methods are outgrown, whose ambitions are renounced, is not without its effect as argument for a new order of things.

WHERE OUR PRESIDENTS ARE BURIED.

This idea of a monumental lesson in history, of national tradition made manifest, has had no expression in this country so far as our Presidents have been concerned. From Massachusetts to Illinois they lie singly, their graves oftentimes neglected. As time goes on, unless there occurs some change in our attitude towards the honors due them after death, the area of separation will be wider and the neglect more palpable. Pierce, John Tyler, William Henry Harrison, the whole list of those the memory of whose services is growing dim, will be more and more mere names set down in a school book. Does it not seem almost a duty to establish a Presidential cemetery where, in imperishable

stone, the remembrance of the whole line may be preserved? Does it not seem a plain duty to see to it that the last resting places of the chief magistrates of the United States are so cared for as to be witnesses of the national respect for the office, if nothing more?

THE TOMB OF JAMES MADISON, FOURTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, AT MONTPELIER, VIRGINIA, CLOSE TO HIS OLD HOME — THE SMALLER MONUMENT MARKS THE GRAVE OF HIS WIFE, THE FAMOUS DOLLY MADISON.



Does not the tragedy through which the nation has just passed indicate that the more honor is shown to the office and to the man who serves the country in it, the less incentive there will be to the weak or the vicious to dishonor the office and so the country?

As things are now, not only is there no Presidential cemetery showing by its splendors the veneration the nation has for the men who assume the heavy responsibilities of leadership, but there are churchyard monuments of Presidents which make no mention

of the exalted office they held. This seems more like democracy abashed and ashamed than democracy triumphant. And perhaps in this jaunty, undignified neglect to mention what ought to be regarded as a very high honor and a very serious and earnest service is the root of the flippant attitude towards the responsibilities of civil office which is too common.

GRAVES OF THE EARLY PRESIDENTS.

The first Presidential tombstone to ignore the office was that of George Washington. In the vault at Mount Vernon his sarcophagus and that of his wife Martha lie side by side. Daily, hundreds of visitors stand with bowed and uncovered heads before the iron grating and gaze into the tomb before they wander through the stately Southern house or ramble over the grounds of the estate that George Washington loved. But there is no inscription to recall the fact that he was once President of the United



THE TOMB OF JAMES MONROE, FIFTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, IN HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—MONROE DIED IN NEW YORK, AND WAS INTERRED THERE, BUT HIS BODY WAS AFTERWARDS REMOVED TO RICHMOND, WHERE THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED BY THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE.

States. The tablet simply states that the remains of General George Washington are inclosed within.

Upon Madison's tombstone, too, there is no mention of his Presidency. Indeed, his grave went unmarked altogether for twenty years, and then was found with difficulty in the middle of a field near Montpelier, Virginia. Now only his name and the dates of his birth and death are recorded. Near by is the monument of his wife, the famous Dolly Madison.

Almost equally neglected was the grave of William Henry Harrison, who was buried in a vaulted tomb at North Bend, Ohio. The door of the vault grew rusty on its hinges, the stucco—for we have not always used the ageless marble of Carrara for our Presidents' monuments—peeled off; moss darkened the stones, and weeds choked the path that led to the tomb. In 1897 his grandson, himself a President, built over the grave a new mausoleum of rough faced



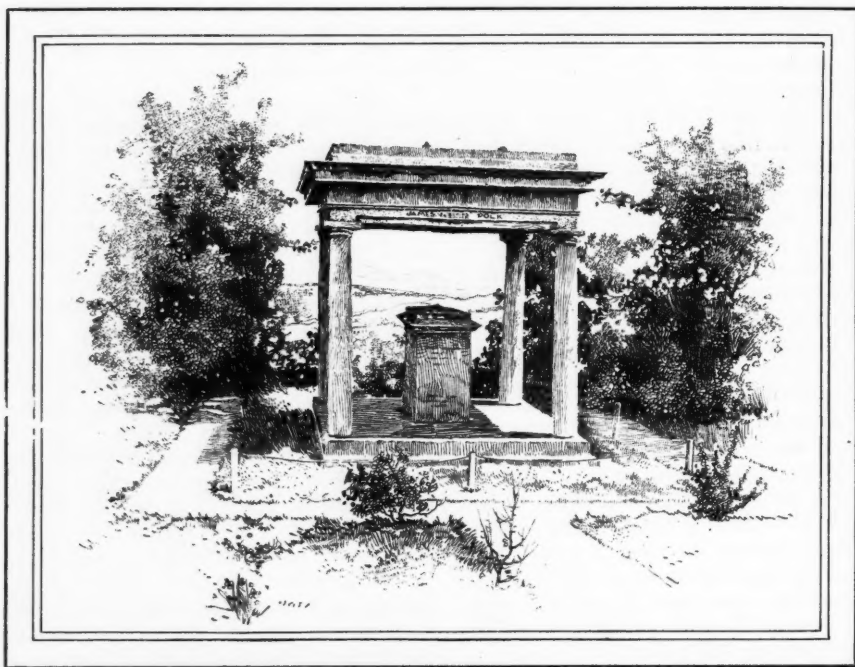
THE TOMB OF GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON, SEVENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, WHOSE BODY LIES WITH THAT OF HIS WIFE IN THEIR HOMESTEAD, THE HERMITAGE, NEAR NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Millard Fillmore's grave in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo, makes no mention of his occupancy of the White House. Rutherford B. Hayes lies in Oakwood Cemetery, at Fremont, Ohio, with no line to tell that once he was the chief magistrate of the nation.

A GRAVE MARKED BY A TREE.

President Tyler has not even a stone to mark the place where he lies in Richmond; only a magnolia tree shakes its thick, creamy blossoms upon his grave in annual remembrance. Near by stands the tomb of Monroe, a sort of small Gothic chapel in wrought iron. Monroe died and was first buried in New York, but later, the Legislature appropriating a sum for the purpose, his body was

ashlar, but upon it is no reminder of the elder Harrison's short term of rule. Virginia Legislature appropriating a sum for the purpose, his body was



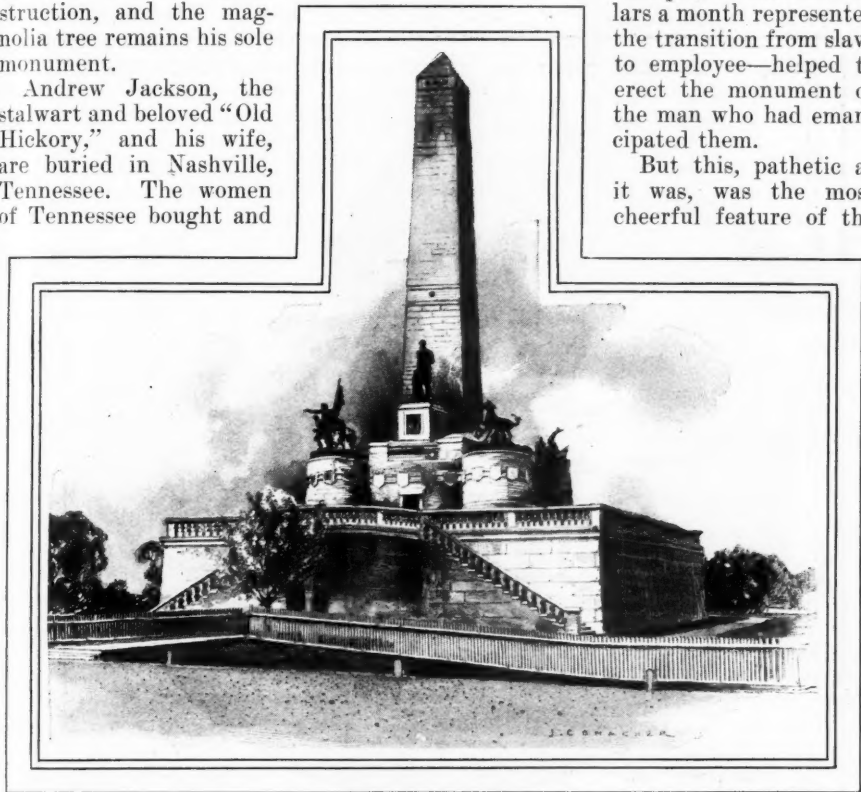
THE TOMB OF JAMES K. POLK, ELEVENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, IN THE GROUNDS OF POLK PLACE, HIS HOME AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE. HIS WIFE IS BURIED UNDER THE SAME MONUMENT.

removed to Richmond and reinterred in Hollywood Cemetery. Virginia had meant to do equally well by Tyler, and in 1862 appropriated a sum for a monument to him; but in the stress and trouble of the Civil War the project was temporarily abandoned. It was not resumed with the reconstruction, and the magnolia tree remains his sole monument.

Andrew Jackson, the stalwart and beloved "Old Hickory," and his wife, are buried in Nashville, Tennessee. The women of Tennessee bought and

For the monument to Lincoln at Springfield, Illinois, two hundred thousand dollars was collected—twenty-eight thousand from the soldiers of the Civil War. Of this eight thousand came from the negro troops, who thus out of the first money they had ever earned—for that pitiful thirteen dollars a month represented the transition from slave to employee—helped to erect the monument of the man who had emancipated them.

But this, pathetic as it was, was the most cheerful feature of the



THE MONUMENT OVER THE GRAVE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, SIXTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, IN OAK RIDGE CEMETERY, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS. MRS. LINCOLN IS BURIED BESIDE HER HUSBAND.

presented to the State the corner where these tombs are. But for the most part the monuments of the Presidents have not been expressions of public honor to a great man or of the public pride of his State. They have depended for their erection and subsequent care upon the diminishing regard of successive generations of the family.

THE LINCOLN MONUMENT.

Three Presidents, however, have had not merely public monuments, but national—Lincoln, Garfield, and Grant.

Lincoln monument. Architecturally, the structure is not satisfactory. It is said to have been badly built. It was a shabby pile of bricks veneered with granite, run up on a gravel bank with such a scamped foundation that, though it was three times reconstructed, it has lately had to be torn down completely and rebuilt. The bronzes that embellished it echoed the hysterical excitement of the war. Battle, murder, and sudden death ran riot over it. Such scenes were depicted as sinking ships, cavalry charges, fragments of human bodies hurled into the

air by underground explosions, and men running and pointing to the flaming hole. Whether they aroused unworthy passions in the minds of visitors it is not for me to say, but for these many years it has been impossible to grow a single blossom near the monument. A perfect madness for mutilation obsessed

martyred dust for a ransom. Two men were sent to State's prison for this. In all, Lincoln's body has been moved ten or twelve times since his burial.

THE TOMBS OF GARFIELD AND GRANT.

It was not alone the tragic fate of Lincoln that moved our hearts. He was



THE GRANDEST TOMB IN AMERICA—THE MONUMENT TO GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT, EIGHTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, IN RIVERSIDE PARK, NEW YORK. IT WAS BUILT AT A COST OF FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, RAISED BY PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION, AND WAS DEDICATED ON APRIL 27, 1897.

From a copyrighted photograph by the Detroit Photographic Company.

those who saw it. The metallic caps were picked and pried off the ventilators; every bit of glass about the tomb was smashed and carried away; the stones and bricks were chipped, and projecting parts of bronzes broken off.

But the massive monument did not suffice to keep the body of the great emancipator secure. Attempts were made to rob the grave and to hold the

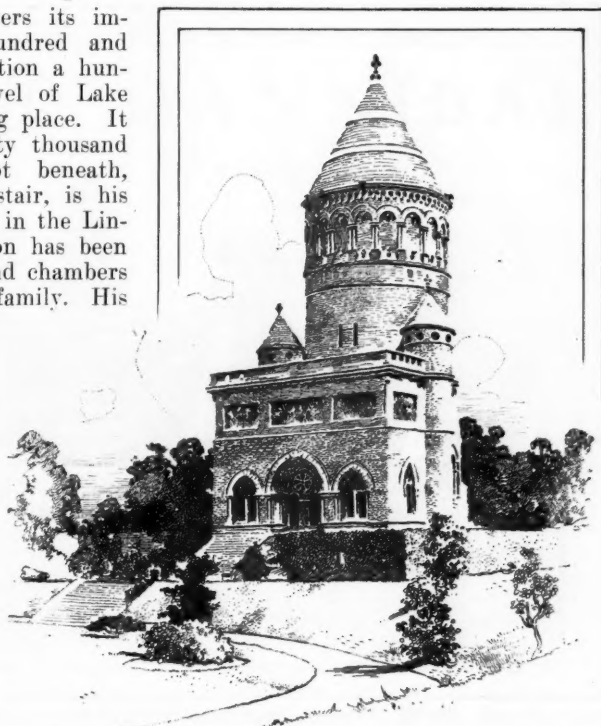
a strong and lovely character, a man tested to the uttermost and responding nobly, a statesman, a great President. In the case of Garfield it is probable that we were most moved by his sufferings, long and patiently endured. The silver star that marked the fatal spot in the waiting room of the railway station at Washington, where Guiteau shot him down, has been removed, but the monu-

ment in Cleveland towers its imposing height of a hundred and eighty feet on an elevation a hundred feet above the level of Lake Erie to mark his resting place. It cost a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In the crypt beneath, reached by a winding stair, is his bronze sarcophagus. As in the Lincoln monument, provision has been made by many vaults and chambers for the interment of his family. His mother is already buried there. In the Grant monument there is place only for Mrs. Grant, a vacant sarcophagus standing beside her husband's.

From the date of Garfield's burial in 1881 to that of the tomb's completion in 1890, an armed sentry day and night patrolled before the receiving vault.

Of the three national monuments, that of Grant is doubtless the most satisfying. It is a noble memorial, nobly placed, and happily inscribed with his own words: "Let us have peace." Time has robbed Grant of none of his glory in the eyes of his countrymen. Indeed, the regard for the strong, silent man has grown. His triumphal progress around the world—a journey unparalleled in history—filled us with pride. But the affection we felt for him when afterwards, an old man, he became the innocent victim of a financial crash, was even deeper. Since all our Presidents have not had adequate memorials built to them, at any rate we can all rejoice that Grant has been so honored.

The great soldier's monument on the park slope above New York's stately river is truly an imposing pile. It is a hundred and sixty five feet high and ninety feet square, and its classic design is a credit to its architect, John H. Duncan. One could wish that on a site so noble, consecrated to the memory of a man so great, might stand a structure so magnificent that its grandeur might



THE TOMB OF JAMES A. GARFIELD, TWENTIETH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, IN LAKEVIEW CEMETERY, CLEVELAND, OHIO—GRANT, LINCOLN, AND GARFIELD ARE THE ONLY PRESIDENTS THAT HAVE NATIONAL MONUMENTS.

almost smite the breath from the beholder, that one might feel awed into submission. It seems to me that something is lacking, I am not architect enough to tell you what. Possibly it is the perfection of proportion that detracts from its strength. But once within, the grave simplicity, the large and lofty spaces, the cool blue silence, the bared head, the look over the marble rail into the round well where the two sarcophagi of red granite stand side by side, the one complete but its occupant waiting, the other yet empty but also waiting, waiting—will he know, somehow, do you think, when she joins him in that last, long sleep? Ah, it touches the heart with profoundest peace. It is worthy. We are content.

WHY NOT A PRESIDENTIAL BURYING PLACE ?

All these failures, complete or partial, to make the funeral monuments of the Presidents true and lasting memorials,



THE TOMB OF CHESTER A. ARTHUR, TWENTY FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, IN RURAL CEMETERY, ALBANY—THE MONUMENT REPRESENTS AN ANGEL LAYING A PALM LEAF ON THE DEAD PRESIDENT'S SARCOPHAGUS.

seem to indicate the desirability of a new system. Is there not, in the idea of a Presidential cemetery, planned on a scale of greatness commensurate with the greatness of the country and the importance of the office, a pleasing security against more cases of unpatriotic forgetfulness and of unpatriotic ugliness? Such a cemetery would surely be planned by the most distinguished landscape artists the country possessed, the monuments would surely be executed by the best of our sculptors, and the day of hideous, hodgepodge memorials would be past.

Yet in the idea of a national cemetery there is perhaps a flaw. The tender melancholy of the churchyard is not without its beneficent influence, but its beauty is varying and its effect perhaps less inspiring than the other form of memorial. A national cemetery, no matter how splendidly planned, must have its less lovely days, when the winds have despoiled its branches and the rain its turf. But in storm as well as in sun-

shine, with winter's snows upon its ledges or with the blossoms of its surrounding acres in their summer beauty, a noble church would be always at its best, always an uplifting, heartening influence. Added to the thought of those in whose perpetual memory it was built, would be the magnificent structure itself to inspire all who saw it with the pride and the joy of its beauty.

Such a structure at Washington, in sight of the winding river that in due time flows by the first President's home, in sight of the great white shaft reared to him, in sight of the simple White House where the long line of Presidents has lived and labored—what a thing of beauty and of national glory it might be made! A cathedral is no small undertaking. But in America we have resources which would make its erection not too herculean a task. And best of all, in building such a one as this would be, we have men to honor and deeds to commemorate as great as any recorded in all the pages of the world's history.

COUNT HANNIBAL.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

XXXI.

COUNT HANNIBAL knew what he had done, then. Before his horse's iron shoes struck the ground again, his face—even his face—had lost its color. But to hesitate now, to pause now, was to be torn in pieces, for his riders, seeing that which the banner had veiled from him, had not followed him, and he was alone, in the middle of brandished fists and weapons. He hesitated not a moment. Drawing a pistol, he spurred on, his horse plunging wildly among the shrieking priests, and though a hundred hands, hands of acolytes, hands of shaven monks, clutched at his bridle, he got clear—clear, carrying with him the memory of one face seen an instant amid the crowd, one face seen, to be ever remembered—the face of Father Pezelay, white, evil, scarred, distorted by wicked triumph.

Behind the thunder of "Sacrilege! Sacrilege!" rose, and men were gathering. In front the crowd which skirmished about the inn was less dense, and, ignorant of the thing that had happened in the narrow street, made hurried way for him, the boldest recoiling before the look on his face. Some who stood nearest to the inn, and who had begun to hurl stones at the window and to beat on the great doors—which had but the minute before closed on Badelon and his prisoners—supposed that he had his riders behind him; and these fled apace in a panic. He knew better even than they did the value of time; and he pushed his horse up to the gates, and hammered them with his boot while he kept his pistol hand towards the square and the cathedral, watching for the transformation which he knew would come.

And come it did; on a sudden, in a twinkling! A white faced monk, frenzy in his eyes, appeared in the midst of the crowd. He stood and tore his garments before the people, and, stooping, threw dust on his head. A second and a third followed his example, and then from a thousand throats the cry of "Sacrilege! Sacrilege!" rolled up, while clerks flew

wildly hither and thither shrieking the tale, and priests denied the sacraments to Angers until it should purge itself of the evil thing.

By that time Count Hannibal had saved himself behind the great gates—by the skin of his teeth. The gates had opened to him in time. But none knew better than he that Angers had no gates thick enough, no walls of a height, to save him from the storm he had unwarily let loose!

But that only the more roused the devil in the man; that and the knowledge that he had his own headstrong act to thank for the position. He looked on the panic stricken people who filled the courtyard, and who, scared by the turmoil without, had come together, wringing their hands and chattering; and his face was so dark and forbidding that fear of him took the place of all other fear, and the nearest shrank from contact with him. On any other entering as he entered, they would have hailed questions; they would have asked what it was, and if the city were rising, and where were Bigot and his men. But Count Hannibal's eye struck curiosity dumb. When he cried from his saddle, "Bring me the landlord!" the trembling man was found and thrust forward almost without a word.

"You have a back gate?" Tavnanes said, while the crowd leaned forward to catch his words.

"Yes, my lord," the man faltered.

"Into the street which leads to the ramparts?"

"Ye—yes, my lord."

"Then"—to Badelon—"saddle! You have five minutes. Saddle as you never saddled before," he continued in a low tone, "or—" His tongue did not finish the threat, but his hand waved the man away. "For you"—and he held Tignonville an instant with his lowering eye—"and the preaching fool with you, get arms and mount! You have never played aught but the woman yet; but play me false now, or look aside but a foot from the path I bid you take, and you thwart me no more, monsieur! And you, madame," he continued, turning to

* Copyright, 1900, by Stanley J. Weyman.—This story began in the January number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

the countess, who stood bewildered at one of the doors, the provost's daughter clinging and weeping about her, "you have three minutes to get your women to horse! See you, if you please, that they take no longer! To it! To it!"

She found her voice with difficulty. "And this child?" she said. "She is in my care."

"Bring her," he muttered, with a scowl of impatience. And then, raising his voice as he turned on the terrified gang of hostlers and inn servants who stood gaping round him, "Go help!" he thundered. "Go help! And quickly!" he added, his face growing a shade darker as a second bell began to toll from a neighboring tower, and the confused babel in the Place Ste. Croix settled into a dull roar of "*Sacrilège! Sacrilège!*"—"Hasten!"

Fortunately, it had been his first intention to go to the council attended by the whole of his men; and eight horses stood saddled in the stalls. Others were hastily pulled out and bridled, and the women were mounted. La Tribe, at a look from Tavannes, took behind him the provost's daughter, who was helpless with terror. Between the suddenness of the alarm, the uproar without, and the panic within, none but a man whose people served him at a nod and dreaded his very gesture could have got his party mounted in time. Javette would fain have swooned, but she dared not. Tignonville would fain have questioned, but he shrank from the venture. The countess would fain have said something, but she forced herself to obey and no more. Even so, the confusion in the courtyard, the mingling of horses and men and trappings and saddle bags, would have made another despair; but wherever Count Hannibal, seated in his saddle in the middle, turned his face, chaos settled into a kind of order, servants, ceasing to listen to the yells and cries outside, ran to fetch, women dropped cloaks from the gallery, and men loaded muskets and strapped on bandoliers.

At last—and none knew what these few minutes of suspense cost him—he saw all mounted, and, pistol in hand, shepherded them to the back gates. As he did so, he stopped for a few scowling words with Badelon, whom he sent to the van of the party; then he gave the word to open. It was done; and even as Montsoreau's horsemen, borne on the bosom of a second and more formidable throng, swept raging into the already crowded square, and the cry went up for "A ram!

A ram!" to batter in the gates, Tavannes, hurling his little party before him, dashed out at the back, and, putting to flight a handful of rascals who had wandered to that side, cantered unmolested down the lane to the ramparts. Turning eastward at the foot of the frowning castle, he followed the inner side of the wall in the direction of the gate by which he had entered the preceding evening.

To gain this his party had to pass the end of the Rue Toussaint, which issues from the Place Ste. Croix and runs so straight that the mob seething in front of the inn had only to turn their heads to see them. The danger incurred at this point was great; for a party so small as Tavannes' and incumbered with women could have had no chance if attacked within the walls.

Count Hannibal knew it. But he knew also that the act which he had committed rendered the north bank of the Loire impossible for him. Neither king nor marshal, neither Charles of Valois nor Gaspard of Tavannes, would dare to shield him from an infuriated church, a church too wise to forgive certain offenses. His one chance lay in reaching the southern bank of the Loire—roughly speaking, the Huguenot bank—and taking refuge in some town, Rochelle or St. Jean d'Angely, where the Huguenots were strong, and whence he might take steps to set himself right with his own side.

But to cross the great river which divides France into two lands widely differing he must leave the city by the east gate; for the only bridge over the Loire within forty miles of Angers lay eastward from the town, at Ponts de Cé, four miles away. To this gate, therefore, past the Rue Toussaint, he whirled his party daringly; and though the women grew pale as the sounds of riot broke louder on the ear and they discovered that they were approaching instead of leaving the danger—and though Tignonville for an instant thought him mad, and snatched at the countess' rein—his men at arms, who knew him, galloped stolidly on, passed like clockwork the end of the street, and, reckless of the stream of people hurrying in the direction of the alarm, heedless of the fright and anger their passage excited, pressed steadily on. A moment, and the gate through which they had entered the previous evening appeared before them. And—a sight welcome to one of them—it was open.

They were fortunate indeed, for a few seconds later they had been too late. The alarm had preceded them; even as they

dashed up a man ran to the chains of the porteuillis and tried to lower it. But he failed to do so at the first touch, and fled from Badelon's leveled pistol. A watchman on one of the bastions of the wall shouted to them to halt or he would fire; but the riders yelled in derision, and, thundering through the echoing archway, emerged into the open, and saw, stretching far before them, in place of the gloomy vistas of the Black Town, the glory of the open country and the vine clad hills, and the fields about the Loire yellow with late harvest.

The women gasped their relief, and one or two who were most out of breath would have pulled up their horses and let them trot, thinking the danger at an end. But a curt, savage word from the rear set them flying again, and down and up and on again they galloped, driven forward by the iron hand which never relaxed its grip of them. Silent and pitiless, he whirled them before him until they were within a mile of the long Ponts de Cé—a series of bridges rather than one bridge—and the broad, shallow Loire lay plain before them, its sand banks grilling in the sun, and gray lines of willows marking its eyots.

By this time some of the women, white with fatigue, could only cling to their saddles with their hands; while others were red hot, their hair unrolled, and the perspiration mingling with the dust on their faces. But he who drove them had no pity for weakness—in an emergency. He looked back and saw, a half mile behind them, the glitter of steel following hard on their heels, and "Faster! Faster!" he cried, regardless of their prayers; and he beat the rearmost of the horses with his scabbard. A waiting woman shrieked that she would fall, but he answered ruthlessly, "Fall then, fool!" and the instinct of self preservation coming to her aid, she clung and bumped and toiled on with the rest until they reached the first houses of the town about the bridges, and Badelon raised his hand as a signal that they might slacken speed.

The bewilderment of the start had been so great that it was then only, when they found their feet on the first link of the bridge, that two of the party, the countess and Tignonville, awoke to the fact that their faces were set southward. To cross the Loire in those days meant much to all; to a Huguenot very much. It chanced that these two rode on to the bridge side by side, and the memory of their last crossing—the remembrance

that on their journey north a month before they had crossed it hand in hand, with the prospect of passing their lives together, and with no faintest thought of the events which were to ensue, flashed into the mind of each of them. It deepened the flush which exertion had brought to the woman's cheek, then left it paler than before. A minute before she had been wroth with her old lover; she had held him accountable for the outbreak in the town and this hasty retreat; now her anger died as she looked and she remembered. In the man, shallower of feeling and more alive to present contingencies, the uppermost emotion as he trod the bridge was one of surprise and congratulation.

He could not at first believe in their good fortune. "*Mon Dieu*," he cried, "we are crossing!" And then again, in a lower tone, "We are crossing! We are crossing!" And he looked at her.

It was impossible that she should not look back; that she who had ceased to be angry should not feel and remember; impossible that her answering glance should not speak to his heart. Below them, as on that day a month earlier, when they had crossed the bridges going northward, the broad, shallow river ran its course in the sunshine, its turbid currents gleaming and flashing about the sand banks and osier beds. To the eye, the landscape, save that the vintage was farther advanced and the harvest in part gathered in, was the same. But how changed were their relations, their prospects, their hopes, who had then crossed the river hand in hand.

The young man's rage boiled up at the thought. Too vividly, too sharply, it showed him the wrongs which he had suffered at the hands of the man who rode behind him, the man who even now drove him on and ordered him and insulted him. He forgot that he might have perished in the general massacre if Count Hannibal had not intervened. He forgot that Count Hannibal had spared him once and twice. He laid on his enemy's shoulders the guilt of all, the blood of all; and as quick on the thought of his wrongs and his fellows' wrongs followed the reflection that with every league they rode southward the chance of requital grew, he cried again, and this time joyously, "We are crossing! A little, and we shall be in our own land!"

The tears filled the countess' eyes as she looked westward and southward. "Vrillac is there!" she cried; and she pointed. "I smell the sea!"

"Aye!" he answered, almost under his breath. "It lies there! And no more than thirty leagues from us! With fresh horses we might see it in two days."

Badelon's voice broke in on them. "Forward!" he cried as he reached the southern bank. "*En avant!*" And, obedient to the word, the little party, refreshed by the short respite, took the road out of Ponts de Cé at a steady trot. Nor was the countess the only one whose face glowed, being set southward, or whose heart pulsed to the rhythm of the horses' hoofs that beat out "Home!"

Was it wonderful, when they had suffered so much on that northern bank? When their experience during the month had been comparable only with the direst nightmare? Yet one among them, after the first impulse of relief and satisfaction, felt differently. Tignonville's gorge rose against the sense of compulsion, of inferiority. To be driven forward after this fashion, whether he would or no; to be placed at the back of every base born man at arms; to have no clearer knowledge of what had happened or of what was passing, or of the peril from which they fled, than the women among whom he rode—these things kindled anew the sullen fire of hate. North of the Loire there had been some excuse for his inaction under insult; he had been in the man's country and power. But south of the Loire, within forty leagues of Huguenot Niort, must he still suffer, still be supine?

His rage was inflamed by a disappointment he presently underwent. Looking back as they rode clear of the wooden houses of Ponts de Cé, he missed Tavannes and several of his men; and he wondered if Count Hannibal had remained on his own side of the river. It seemed possible, and in that event La Tribe and he and Carlat might deal with Badelon and the four who still escorted them. But when he looked back a minute later, Tavannes was within sight, following the party with a stern face; and not Tavannes only. Bigot, with two of the ten men who hitherto had been missing, was with him.

It was clear, however, that they brought no good news, for they had scarcely ridden up before Count Hannibal cried, "Faster! Faster!" in his harshest voice, and Bigot urged the horses to a quicker trot.

Their course lay almost parallel with the Loire in the direction of Beaupréau; and Tignonville began to fear that Count Hannibal intended to recross the river at

Nantes, where the only bridge below Angers spanned the stream. With this in view, it was easy to comprehend his wish to distance his pursuers before he recrossed.

The countess had no such thought. "They must be close upon us," she murmured, as she urged her horse in obedience to the order.

"Whoever they are," Tignonville muttered bitterly. "If we knew what had happened, we should know more about it, madame. For that matter, I know what I wish he would do. And our heads are set for it."

"What?"

"Make for Vrillac!" he answered with a savage gleam in his eyes.

"For Vrillac?"

"Yes."

"Ah, if he would!" she cried, her face turning pale. "If he would! He would be safe there!"

"Aye, quite safe!" he answered with a peculiar intonation. And he looked at her askance.

He fancied that his thought, the thought which had just flashed into his brain, was her thought; that she had the same notion in reserve, and that they were wholly in sympathy. And Tavannes, seeing them talking together, and noting her look and the fervor of her gesture, formed the same opinion, and retired more darkly into himself. The downfall of his plan for dazzling her by a magnanimity unparalleled and beyond compare, a plan dependent on the submission of Angers—his disappointment in this might have roused the worst passions of a better man. But there was in this man a pride on a level at least with his other passions; and to bear himself in this hour of defeat and flight so that if she could not love him she must admire him, checked in a strange degree the current of his rage.

When Tignonville presently looked back he found that Count Hannibal and six of his riders had pulled up and were walking their horses far in the rear. On which he would have done the same himself; but Badelon called over his shoulder the eternal "*Forward, monsieur, en avant!*" and sullenly, hating the man and his master more deeply every hour, Tignonville was forced to push on, with thoughts of speedy vengeance in his heart.

Trot, trot! Trot, trot! Through a country which had lost its smiling wooded character and grew more somber and less fertile the farther they left the Loire

behind them. Trot, trot! Trot, trot—forever, it seemed to some. Javette wept with fatigue, and the other women were little better. The countess herself spoke seldom except to cheer the provost's daughter; who, poor girl, flung suddenly out of the round of her life and cast among strangers, showed a better spirit than might have been expected. At length, on the slopes of some low hills, which they had long seen before them, a cluster of houses and a church appeared; and Badelon, drawing rein, cried, "Beaupréau, madame! We stay an hour!"

It was six o'clock. They had ridden some hours without a break. With sighs and cries of pain the women dropped from their clumsy saddles, while the men laid out such food—it was little—as had been brought, and hobbled the horses that they might feed. The hour passed rapidly, and when it had passed Badelon was inexorable. There was wailing when he gave the word to mount again; and Tignonville, fiercely resenting this dumb, reasonless flight, was at heart one of the mutineers. But Badelon said grudgingly that they might go on and live, or stay and die, as it pleased them; and once more they climbed painfully to their saddles, and jogged steadily on through the sunset, through the gloaming, through the darkness, across a weird, mysterious country of low hills and narrow plains, which grew more wild and less cultivated as they advanced. Fortunately, the horses had been well saved during the long leisurely journey to Angers, and now went well and strongly.

When they at last unsaddled for the night in a little dismal wood within a mile of Clisson, they had placed some forty miles between themselves and Angers.

XXXII.

THE women for the most part fell like sacks and slept where they alighted, dead weary. The men, when they had cared for the horses, followed the example; for Badelon would suffer no fire. In less than half an hour, a sentry who stood on guard at the edge of the wood, and Tignonville and La Tribe, who talked in low voices with their backs against a tree, were the only persons who remained awake, with the exception of the countess. Carlat had made a couch for her, and screened it with cloaks from the wind and the eye; for the moon had risen, and where the trees stood sparsest its light flooded the soil with pools of white. But ma-

dame had not yet retired to her bed. The two men, whose voices reached her, saw her from time to time moving restlessly to and fro between the road and the little encampment. Presently she came and stood over them.

"He led His people out of the wilderness," La Tribe was saying—"out of the trouble of Paris, out of the trouble of Angers, and always, always southward. If you do not in this, monsieur, see His finger—"

"And Angers?" Tignonville struck in, with a faint sneer. "Has He led that out of trouble? A day or two ago you would risk all to save it, my friend. Now, with your back safely turned on it, you think all for the best."

"We did our best," the minister answered humbly. "From the day we met in Paris we have been but instruments."

"To save Angers?"

"To save a remnant."

Suddenly the countess raised her hand. "Do you not hear horses, monsieur?" she cried. She had been listening to the noises of the night, and had paid little heed to what the two were saying.

"One of ours moved," Tignonville answered listlessly. "Why do you not lie down, madame?"

Instead of answering, "Whither is he going?" she asked. "Do you know?"

"I wish I did know," the young man answered peevishly. "To Niort, it may be. Or presently he will double back and recross the Loire."

"He would have gone by Cholet to Niort," La Tribe said. "The direction is rather that of Rochelle. God grant we be bound thither!"

"Or to Vrillac," the countess cried, clasping her hands in the darkness. "Can it be to Vrillac he is going?"

The minister shook his head.

"Ah, let it be to Vrillac!" she cried, a thrill in her voice. "We should be safe there. And he would be safe."

"Safe?" And out of the darkness beside them loomed a tall figure.

The minister looked and leaped to his feet. Tignonville rose more slowly.

The voice was Tavannes'. "And where am I to be safe?" he repeated slowly, a faint ring of saturnine amusement in his tone.

"At Vrillac," she cried. "In my house, monsieur."

He was silent for a moment. Then, "Your house, madame? In which direction is it, from here?"

"Westward," she answered impulsively, her voice quivering with eagerness and

emotion and hope. "Westward, monsieur—on the sea. The causeway from the land is long, and ten can hold it against ten hundred."

"Westward? And how far westward?"

Tignonville answered for her; and in his tone throbbed the same eagerness, the same anxiety, which spoke in hers. Nor was Count Hannibal's ear deaf to it. "Through Challans," he said, "thirteen leagues."

"From Clisson?"

"Yes, *monsieur le comte*."

"And by Commequiers less," the countess cried.

"No, it is a worse road," Tignonville answered quickly; "and longer in time."

"But we came——"

"At our leisure, madame. The road is by Challans, if we wish to be there quickly."

"Ah!" Count Hannibal said. In the darkness it was impossible to see his face or mark how he took it. "But being there, I have few men."

"I have forty will come at call," she cried with pride. "A word to them, and in four hours or a little more——"

"They would outnumber mine by four to one," Count Hannibal answered coldly, drily, in a voice like ice water flung in their faces. "Thank you, madame; I understand. To Vrillac is no long ride; but we will not ride it at present." And he turned sharply on his heel and strode from them.

He had not covered thirty paces before she overtook him in the middle of a broad patch of moonlight and touched his arm. He wheeled swiftly, his hand half way to his hilt. Then he saw who it was. "Ah," he said, "I had forgotten, madame. You have come——"

"No!" she cried passionately; and, standing before him, she shook back the hood of her cloak that he might look into her eyes. "You owe me no blow today. You have paid me, monsieur. You have struck me already, and foully, like a coward. Do you remember," she continued rapidly, "the hour after our marriage, and what you said to me? Do you remember what you told me? And whom to trust and whom to suspect, where lay our interest and where our foes? You trusted me then! What have I done that you now dare—aye, dare, monsieur," she repeated fearlessly, her face pale and her eyes glittering with excitement, "to insult me? That you treat me as—Javette? That you deem me capable of that? Of luring you into a trap, and in

my own house, or the house that was mine, of——"

"Treating me as I have treated others."

"You have said it!" she cried. "You have said it, and put that between us which will not be removed. I could have forgiven blows," she continued, breathless in her excitement, "so you had thought me what I am. But now you will do well to watch me! You will do well to leave Vrillac on one side. For were you there, and raised your hand against me—not that that touches me, but it will do—and there are those, I tell you, would fling you from the tower at my word."

"Indeed!"

"Aye, indeed! And indeed, monsieur!"

Her face was in moonlight, his was in shadow.

"And this is your new tone, madame, is it?" he said slowly and after a pregnant pause. "The crossing of a river has wrought so great a change in you?"

"No!" she cried.

"Yes," he said. And despite herself she flinched before the grimness of his tone. "You have yet to learn one thing, however—that I do not change; that, north or south, I am the same to those who are the same to me; that what I have won on the one bank I will hold on the other, in the teeth of all, and though God's church be thundering on my heels! I go to Vrillac——"

"You—go?" she cried. "You go?"

"I go," he repeated, "tomorrow. And among your own people I will see what language you will hold. While you were in my power I spared you. Now that you are in your own land, now that you lift your hand against me, I will show you of what make I am. If blows will not tame you, I will try that will suit you less. Aye, you wince, madame! You had done well had you thought twice before you threatened, and thrice before you took in hand to scare Tavannes with a parcel of clowns and fisherfolk. Tomorrow, to Vrillac and your duty! And one word more, madame," he continued, turning back to her truculently when he had gone some paces from her. "If I find you plotting with your lover by the way I will hang not you, but him. I have spared him a score of times; but I know him, and I do not trust him."

"Nor me," she said, and with a white, set face she looked at him in the moonlight. "Had you not better hang me now?"

"Why?"

"Lest I do you an injury!" she cried with passion; and she raised her hand

and pointed northward. "Lest I kill you some night, monsieur! I tell you, a thousand men on your heels are less dangerous than the woman at your side—if she hate you."

"Is it so?" he cried. His hand flew to his hilt; his dagger flashed out. But she did not move, did not flinch, only she set her teeth; and her eyes, fascinated by the steel, grew wider.

His hand sank slowly. He held the weapon to her, hilt foremost; and she took it mechanically. "You think yourself brave enough to kill me, do you?" he sneered. "Then take this and strike, if you dare. Take it—strike, madame! It is sharp, and my arms are open." And he flung them wide, standing within a pace of her. "Here, above the collar bone, is the surest for a weak hand. What, afraid?" he continued, as, stiffly clutching the weapon which he had put into her hand, she glared at him, trembling and astonished. "Afraid, and a Vrillac! Afraid, and 'tis but one blow! See, my arms are open. One blow home, and you will never lie in them. Think of that. One blow home, and you may lie in his. Think of that! Strike, then, madame, if you dare, and if you hate me. What, still afraid! How shall I give you heart? Shall I strike you? It will not be the first time by ten. I keep count, you see," he continued mockingly. "Or shall I kiss you? Aye, that may do. And it will not be against your will, either, for you have that in your hand will save you in an instant. Even"—and he drew a foot nearer—"now! Even—" And he stooped until his lips almost touched hers.

She sprang back. "Oh, do not!" she cried. "Oh, do not!" And, dropping the dagger, she covered her face with her hands. She burst into weeping.

He stooped coolly, and, after groping some time for the poniard, drew it from the leaves among which it had fallen. He put it into the sheath, and when he spoke it was with a sneer. "I have no need to fear overmuch," he said. "You are a poor hater, madame. And poor haters make poor lovers. 'Tis his loss! If you will not strike a blow for him, there is but one thing left. Go, dream of him!"

And shrugging his shoulders contemptuously, he turned on his heel.

XXXIII.

The start they made at daybreak was gloomy and ill omened, through one of those white mists which are blown from

the Atlantic over the flat lands of western Poitou. The horses, looming gigantic through the fog, winced as the cold harness was girded on them. The men hurried to and fro with saddles on their heads, and stumbled over other saddles, and swore savagely. The women turned mutinous and would not rise; or, being dragged up by force, shrieked wild, unfitting words as they were driven to the horses.

The countess looked on and listened, and shuddered, waiting for Carlat to set her on her horse. She had gone during the last three weeks through much that was dreary, much that was hopeless; but the chill discomfort of this forced start, with tired horses and wailing women, would have darkened the prospect of home had there been no fear or threat to cloud it.

He whose will compelled all stood a little apart and watched all, silent and gloomy. When Badelon, after taking his orders and distributing some slices of black bread to be eaten in the saddle, moved off at the head of his division, Count Hannibal remained behind, attended by Bigot and the eight riders who had formed the rearguard so far. He had not approached the countess since rising, and she had been thankful for it. But now as she moved away, she looked back and saw him still standing; she marked that he wore his corselet, and in one of those womanly revulsions of feeling—which outrun man's reason—she who had tossed on her couch through half the night, in passionate revolt against the fate before her, took fire at his neglect and his silence; she resented on a sudden the distance he kept, and his scorn of her. Her breast heaved, her color came; involuntarily she checked her horse, as if she would return to him, and speak to him. Then the Carlats and the others closed up behind her, Badelon's monotonous "Forward, madame, *en avant!*" proclaimed the day's journey begun, and she saw him no more.

Nevertheless, the motionless figure, looming Homeric through the fog, with gleams of wet light reflected from the steel about it, dwelt long in her mind. The road which Badelon followed, slowly at first, and with greater speed as the horses warmed to their work, and the women, sore and battered, resigned themselves to suffering, wound across a flat expanse broken by a few hills. These were little more than mounds, and were mostly veiled from sight in the low lying sea mist, through which gnarled and

stunted oaks rose mysterious, to fade as strangely. Weird trees they were, with branches unlike those of this world's trees, rising in a gray land without horizon or limit, through which our travelers moved, weary phantoms in a clinging nightmare. At a walk, at a trot, more often at a weary jog, they pushed on behind Badelon's humped shoulders. Sometimes the fog hung so thick about them that they saw those only who rose and fell in the saddles immediately before them; sometimes the air cleared a little, the curtain rolled up a space, and for a minute or two they discerned stretches of unfertile fields, half tilled and stony, or long tracts of gorse and broom, with here and there a thicket of dwarf shrubs or a wood of wind swept pines. Some looked and saw these things; more rode on sulky and unseeing, supporting impatiently the toils of a flight from they knew not what.

To do Tignonville justice, he was not of these. On the contrary, he seemed to be in a better temper on this day; and, where so many took things unheroically, he showed to advantage. Avoiding the countess and riding with Carlat, he talked and laughed with marked cheerfulness; nor did he ever fail, when the mist arose, to note this or that landmark, and confirm Badelon in the way he was going.

"We shall be at Lége by noon," he cried more than once, "and if *monsieur le comte* persists in his plan, may reach Vrilac by late sunset, by way of Challans."

And always Carlat answered, "Aye, by Challans, *monsieur*, so be it!"

He proved, too, so far right in his prediction that noon saw them drag, a weary train, into the hamlet of Lége, where the road from Nantes to Olonne runs southward over the level of Poitou. An hour later Count Hannibal rode in with six of his eight men, and, after a few minutes' parley with Badelon, who was scanning the horses, he called Carlat to him. The old man came.

"Can we reach Vrilac tonight?" Count Hannibal asked curtly.

"By Challans, my lord," the steward answered, "I think we can. We call it seven hours' riding from here."

"And that route is the shortest?"

"In time, *monsieur le comte*, the road being better."

Count Hannibal bent his brows. "And the other way?" he said.

"Is by Commequiers, my lord. It is shorter in distance."

"By how much?"

"Two leagues. But there are fordings and a salt marsh; and with madame and the women——"

"It would be longer?"

The steward hesitated. "I think so," he said slowly, his eyes wandering to the gray, misty landscape, against which the poor hovels of the village stood out naked and comfortless. A low thicket of oaks sheltered the place from southwesterly gales. On the other three sides it lay open.

"Very good," Tavannes said curtly. "Be ready to start in ten minutes. You will guide us."

But when the ten minutes had elapsed and the party were ready to start, to the astonishment of all the steward was not to be found. To peremptory calls for him no answer came; and a hurried search through the hamlet proved equally fruitless. The only person who had seen him since his interview with Tavannes turned out to be M. de Tignonville; and he had seen him mount his horse five minutes before, and move off—as he believed—by the Challans road.

"Ahead of us?"

"Yes, *monsieur le comte*," Tignonville answered, shading his eyes and gazing in the direction of the fringe of trees. "I did not see him take the road, but he was beside the north end of the wood when I saw him last. Thereabouts!" and he pointed to a place where the Challans road wound round the flank of the wood. "When we are beyond that point, I think we shall see him."

Count Hannibal growled a word in his beard, and, turning in his saddle, looked back the way he had come. Half a mile away, two or three dots could be seen approaching across the plain. He turned again. "You know the road?" he said curtly, addressing the young man.

"Perfectly. As well as Carlat."

"Then lead the way, *monsieur*, with Badelon. And spare neither whip nor spur. There will be need of both, if we would lie warm tonight."

Tignonville nodded assent and, wheeling his horse, rode to the head of the party, a faint smile playing about his mouth. A moment, and the main body moved off behind him, leaving Count Hannibal and six men to cover the rear. The mist, which at noon had risen for an hour or two, was closing down again, and they had no sooner passed clear of the wood than the trees faded out of sight behind them. It was not wonderful that they could not see Carlat. Ob-

jects a hundred paces from them were completely hidden.

Trot, trot! Trot, trot! Through a gray world so featureless, so unreal, that the riders, now dozing in the saddle and now awaking, seemed to themselves to stand still, as in a nightmare. A trot and then a walk, and then a trot again; and all a dozen times repeated, while the women bumped along in their wretched saddles, and the horses stumbled, and the men swore at them.

Ha! La Garnache at last, and a sharp turn southward to Challans. The countess raised her head, and began to look about her. There, should be a church, she knew; and there, the old ruined tower built by wizards, or the Carthaginians, so old tradition ran; and there, to the westward, the great salt marshes towards Noirmoutier. The mist hid all, but the knowledge that they were there set her heart beating, brought tears to her eyes, and lightened the long road to Challans.

At Challans they halted half an hour, and washed out the horses' mouths with water and a little *guignolet*—the spirit of the country. A dose of the cordial was administered to the women; and a little after seven they began the last stage of the journey, through a landscape which even the mist could not veil from the eyes of love. There rose the windmill of Soullans! There the old dolmen, beneath which the gray wolf that ate the two children of Tornic had its lair. For a mile back they had been treading my lady's land; they had only two more leagues to ride, and one of those was crumbling under each dogged footfall. The salt flavor, which is new life to the shore born, was in the fleecy reek that floated by them, now thinner, now more opaque; and almost they could hear the dull thunder of the Biscay waves falling on the rocks.

Tignonville looked back at her and smiled. She caught the look; and, as she fancied, she understood it and his thoughts. But her own eyes at the moment were moist with tears, and what his said, and what there was of strangeness in his glance, half warning, half exultant, escaped her. For there, not a mile before them, where the low hills about the fishing village began to rise from the dull inland level—hills green on the land side, bare and rocky towards the sea and the island—she espied the wayside chapel at which the nurse of her early childhood had told her beads. Where it stood, the road from Commequiers and the road

she traveled became one: a short mile thence, after winding among the hills, it ran down to the beach and the causeway—and to her home.

At the sight, she bethought herself of Carlat, and, calling to M. de Tignonville, she asked him what he thought.

"He must have outpaced us," he answered with an odd laugh.

"But——"

He reined back to her. "Say nothing!" he muttered. "But look ahead, madame, and see if we are expected!"

"Expected? How can we be expected?" she cried. The color rushed into her face.

He put his finger to his lip; he looked warningly at Bachelon's humped shoulders, jogging up and down in front of them. Then, stooping towards her, in a lower tone, "If Carlat has arrived before us, he will have told them," he whispered.

"But——"

"He came by the other road, and it is quicker."

She gazed at him in astonishment, her lips parted; and slowly her eyes grew hard. "Then why," she said, "did you say it was longer? Had we been overtaken, monsieur, we had had you to thank for it, it seems!"

He bit his lip. "But we have not been overtaken," he muttered. "On the contrary, you have to thank me for something quite different."

"As unwelcome, perhaps!" she retorted. "For what?"

"Softly, madame."

"For what?" she repeated, refusing to lower her voice. "Speak, monsieur, if you please." He had never seen her look at him in that way.

"For the fact," he answered, stung by that and her tone, "that when you arrive you will find yourself mistress in your own house! Is that nothing?"

"You have called in my people?"

"Carlat has done so, or should have," he answered. "Henceforth it will go hard with *monsieur le comte*," he continued, a ring of exultation in his voice, "if he does not treat you better than he has treated you hitherto. That is all!"

"You mean that it will go hard with him in any case?" she cried, her bosom rising and falling.

"I mean, madame—— But there they are! Good Carlat! Brave Carlat!"

"Carlat?"

"Aye, there they are! And you are mistress in your own land! At last! At last! And you have me to thank for it, say what you please. See!" And heed-

less in his exultation whether Badelon understood or not, he pointed to a place before them where the road wound between two low hills. Over the green shoulder of one of these, a dozen bright points caught and reflected the last evening light; while even as he spoke a man rose to his feet on the hillside above, and began to make signs to persons below. A pennon, too, showed an instant over the shoulder, fluttered, and was gone.

Badelon looked as they looked. The next instant he uttered a low oath, and dragged his horse across the front of the party. "Pierre," he cried to the man on his left, "ride for your life to my lord, and tell him we are ambushed!" And as the trained soldier wheeled about and spurred away, the sacker of Rome turned a dark scowling face on Tignonville. "If this be your work," he hissed, "we shall thank you for it in hell! For it is where most of us will lie tonight! They are Montsoreau's spears, and they have those with them are worse to deal with than themselves!" Then, in a different tone, "Men, to the front!" he shouted. "And you, madame, to the rear quickly, and the women with you! Now, men, forward, and draw! Steady! Steady! They are coming!"

There was an instant of confusion, disorder, panic; horses jostling one another, women screaming and clutching at men, men shaking them off and forcing their way to the van. Fortunately, the enemy did not fall on at once, as Badelon expected, but, after showing themselves in the mouth of the valley, at a distance of three hundred paces, they hung for some reason irresolute. This gave Badelon time to array his seven swords in front; but real resistance was out of the question, as he knew. And to none did it seem less in question than to Tignonville.

When the truth, and what he had done, broke on the young man, he sat a moment motionless with horror. And it was only when Badelon had twice summoned him with opprobrious words that he awoke to the relief of action. Even after that he hung an instant trying to meet the countess' eyes, despair in his own; but it was not to be. She had turned her head, and was looking back, as if thence only and not from him could help come. It was not to him she turned; and he saw it, and the justice of it. And, silent, grim, more formidable even than old Badelon, the veteran fighter, who knew all the tricks and shifts of the *mêlée*, he spurred to the flank of the line.

"Now, steady!" Badelon cried again,

seeing that the enemy were beginning to move. "Steady! Ha! Thank God, my lord! My lord is coming! Stand! Stand!"

The distant sound of galloping hoofs had reached his ear in the nick of time. He stood in his stirrups and looked back. Yes, Count Hannibal was coming, riding a dozen paces in front of his men. The odds were still desperate—for he brought but six—the enemy were still three to one. But the thunder of his hoofs, as he came up, checked for a moment the enemy's onset; and before Montsoreau's people got started again Count Hannibal had ridden up abreast of the women, and the countess, looking at him, knew that, desperate as was their strait, she had not looked behind in vain. The glow of battle, the stress of the moment, had displaced the cloud from his face; the joy of the born fighter lightened in his eye. His voice rang clear and loud above the press.

"Badelon, wait you and two with madame!" he cried. "Follow at fifty paces' distance, and when we have broken them ride through! The others with me! Now forward, men, and show your teeth! A Tavannes! A Tavannes! A Tavannes! We carry it yet!"

And he dashed forward, leading them on, leaving the women behind; and down the sward to meet him, thundering in double line, came Montsoreau's men at arms, and with the men at arms a dozen pale, fierce eyed men in the church's black, yelling the church's curses. Madame's heart grew sick as she heard, as she waited, as she judged him by the fast failing light a horse's length before his men—with only Tignonville beside him.

She held her breath—would the shock never come? If Badelon had not seized her rein and forced her forward, she would not have moved. And then, even as she moved, they met! Crash! With yells and wild cries and a mare's savage scream, the two bands came together in a huddle of fallen or rearing horses, of flickering weapons, of thrusting men, of grapples hand to hand. What happened, what was happening to any one, who it was fell, stabbed through and through by four, or who were these who still fought single combats, twisting round one another's horses, these on her right and on her left, she could not tell. For Badelon dragged her on with whip and spur, and two horsemen—who obscured her view—galloped in front of her, and rode down bodily the only man who un-

dertook to bar her passage. She had a glimpse of that man's face, as his horse, struck in the act of turning, fell sideways on him; and she knew it, in its agony of terror, though she had seen it but once. It was the face of the man whose eyes had sought hers from the steps of the church in Angers; the lean man in black, who had turned soldier of the church—to his misfortune.

Through? Yes, through; the way was clear before them! The fight with its screams and curses died away behind them. The horses swayed and all but sank under them. But Badelon knew it no time for mercy; iron shod hoofs rang on the road behind, and at any moment the pursuers might be on their heels. He flogged on until the cots of the hamlet appeared on either side of the way; on until the road forked, and the countess with strange readiness cried "The left!"—on until the beach appeared below them at the foot of a sharp pitch, and beyond the beach the slow heaving gray of the ocean.

The tide was high. The causeway ran through it, a mere thread lipped by the darkling waves, and at the sight a grunt of relief broke from Badelon. For at the end of the causeway, black against the western sky, rose the gateway and towers of Vrillac; and he saw that, as the countess had said, it was a place ten men could hold against ten hundred!

They stumbled down the beach, reached the causeway, and trotted along it; more slowly now, and looking back. The other women had followed by hook or by crook, some crying hysterically, yet clinging to their horses and even urging them; and in a medley, the causeway clear behind them and no one following, they reached the drawbridge, and passed under the arch of the gate beyond.

Here friendly hands, Carlat's foremost, welcomed them and aided them to alight, and the countess saw, as in a dream, the familiar scene, all unfamiliar—the gate, where she had played, a child, aglow with lantern light and arms. Men whose rugged faces she had known in infancy stood at the drawbridge chains and at the winches. Others blew matches and handled primers, while old servants crowded around her, and women looked at her, terrified and weeping. She saw it all at a glance—the lights, the shadows, the sudden glow of a match on the groining of the arch above. She saw it, and, turning swiftly, looked back the way she had come; along the dusky causeway to the low, dark shore, which night was

stealing quickly from their eyes. She clasped her hands.

"Where is Badelon?" she cried. "Where is he? Where is he?"

One of the men who had ridden before her answered that he had turned back.

"Turned back!" she repeated. And then, shading her eyes, "Who is coming?" she asked, her voice insistent. "There is some one coming. Who is it? Who is it?"

Two were coming out of the gloom, traveling slowly and painfully along the causeway. One was La Tribe, limping; the other a rider, slashed across the forehead, and sobbing curses.

"No more!" she muttered. "Are there no more?"

The minister shook his head. The rider wiped the blood from his eyes, and turned up his face that he might see the better. But he seemed to be dazed, and only babbled strange words in a strange *patois*.

She stamped her foot in passion. "More lights!" she cried. "Lights! How can they find their way? And let six men go down the *digue*, and meet them. Will you let them be butchered between the shore and this?"

But Carlat, who had not been able to collect more than a dozen men, shook his head; and before she could repeat the order, sounds of battle, shrill yet faint, like the cries of hungry seagulls, pierced the darkness which shrouded the farther end of the causeway. The women shrank inward over the threshold, while Carlat cried to the men at the chains to be ready, and to some who stood at loopholes above to blow up their matches and let fly at his word. And then they all waited, peering eagerly into the growing darkness. They could see nothing.

A distant scuffle, an oath, a cry, and silence! The same, a little nearer, a little louder, followed this time, not by silence, but by the slow tread of a limping horse. Again a rush of feet, the clash of steel, a scream, a laugh, all weird and unreal, issuing out of the night; and then out of the darkness into the light, stepping slowly with hanging head, appeared a horse, bearing on its back a man—or was it a man?—bending low in the saddle, his feet hanging loose. For an instant the horse and the man seemed to be alone; then at their heels came into view two figures, skirmishing this way and that; now coming nearer, and now darting back into the gloom. One, a squat figure, stooping low, wielded a sword with two hands; the other cov-

ered him with a half pike. And then beyond these—abruptly as it seemed—the night gave up to sight a swarm or dark figures pressing on them and after them, driving them before them.

Carlat had an inspiration. "Fire!" he cried; and four arquebuses poured a score of slugs into the knot of pursuers. A man fell, another shrieked and stumbled, the rest gave back. Only the horse came on spectrally, with hanging head and shining eyeballs, until a man ran out and seized its head, and dragged it, more by his strength than its own, over the drawbridge. After it Badelon, with a gaping wound in his knee, and Bigot, bleeding from a dozen hurts, walked over the bridge, and stood on either side of the saddle, smiling foolishly at the man on the horse.

"Leave me!" he muttered. "Leave me!" He made a feeble movement with his hand, as if it held a weapon; then his head sank lower. It was Count Hannibal. His thigh was broken, and there was a lance head in his arm.

The countess looked at him, then beyond him, past him into the darkness. "Are there no more?" she whispered. "No more? Tignonville—my—"

Badelon shook his head. The countess covered her face and wept.

XXXIV.

It was in the gray dawning of the next day, at the raw hour before the sun rose, that word of M. de Tignonville's fate came to them in the castle.

The fog which had masked the van and coming of night hung thick on its retreating skirts, and only reluctantly and little by little gave up to sight and daylight a certain thing which night had left at the end of the causeway. The first man to see it was Carlat, from the roof of the gateway; and he rubbed eyes weary with watching, and peered anew at it through the mist, fancying himself back in the Place Ste. Croix at Angers, supposing for a wild moment the journey a dream, and the return a nightmare. But rub as he might, and stare as he might, the ugly outlines of the thing he had seen persisted—nay, grew sharper as the haze began to lift from the gray, slow heaving floor of sea.

He called another man and bade him look. "What is it?" he said. "D'you see, there? Below the village."

"Tis a gibbet," the man answered, with a foolish laugh; they had watched all night. "God keep us from it."

"A gibbet?"

"Aye!"

"But what is it for? What is it doing there?"

"It is there to hang those they have taken, very like," the man answered, stupidly practical. And then other men came up, and stared at it and growled in their beards. Presently there were eight or ten on the roof of the gateway looking towards the land and discussing the thing; and by and by a man was descried approaching along the causeway with a white flag in his hand.

At that Carlat bade one fetch the minister. "He understands things," he muttered, "and I misdoubt this. And see," he cried after the messenger, "that no word of it come to mademoiselle!" Instinctively in the maiden home he reverted to the maiden title.

The messenger went, and came again, bringing La Tribe, whose head rose above the staircase at the moment the envoy below came to a halt before the gate. Carlat signed to the minister to come forward; and La Tribe, after sniffing the salt air, and glancing at the long, low, misty shore and the stiff, ugly shape which stood at the end of the causeway, looked down and met the envoy's eyes.

For a moment no one spoke. Only the men who had remained on the gateway, and had watched the stranger's coming, breathed hard.

At last, "I bear a message," the man announced loudly and clearly, "for the lady of Vrillac. Is she present?"

"Give your message," La Tribe replied.

"It is for her ears only."

"Do you want to enter?"

"No!" The man answered so hurriedly that more than one smiled. He had the bearing of a lay clerk of some precinct, a verger or sacristan; and, after a fashion, the dress of one also, for he was in dusty black and wore no sword, though he was girded with a belt. "No," he repeated; "but if madame will come to the gate, and speak to me—"

"Madame has other fish to fry," Carlat blurted out. "Do you think that she has naught to do but listen to messages from a gang of bandits?"

"If she does not listen, she will repent it all her life!" the fellow answered hardly.

There was a pause while La Tribe considered the matter. In the end, "From whom do you come?" he asked.

"From his excellency the lieutenant governor of Saumur," the envoy answered

glibly, "and from my lord Bishop of Angers, him assisting by his vicar; and from others gathered lawfully, who will as lawfully depart if their terms are accepted. Also from M. de Tignonville, a gentleman, I am told, of these parts, now in their hands and adjudged to die at sunset this day if the terms I bring be not accepted."

There was a long silence on the gate. The men looked down fixedly; not a feature of one of them moved, for no one was surprised.

"Wherefore is he to die?" La Tribe asked at last.

"For good cause shown."

"Wherefore?"

"He is a Huguenot."

The minister nodded. "And the terms?" Carlat muttered.

"They are for madame's ear only," the messenger made answer.

"Then they will not reach it!" Carlat broke forth in wrath. "So much for that! And for yourself, see you go quickly before we make a target of you!"

"Very well, I go," the envoy answered sullenly. "But—"

"But what?" La Tribe cried, gripping Carlat's shoulder to quiet him. "But what? Say what you have to say, man! Speak out, and have done with it!"

"I will say it to her and to no other."

"Then you will not say it!" Carlat cried again. "For you will not see her. So you may go. And the black fever in your vitals!"

The man turned away with a shrug of the shoulders, and moved off a dozen paces, watched by all on the gate with the same fixed attention. Then he paused; he returned. "Very well," he said, looking up with an ill grace. "I will do my office here, if I cannot come to her. But I hold also a letter from M. de Tignonville, and that I can deliver to no other hands than hers." He held it up as he spoke, a thin scrap of grayish paper, the fly leaf of a missal, perhaps. "See," he continued, "and take notice! If she does not get this, and learns when it is too late that it was offered—"

"The terms!" Carlat growled impatiently. "The terms! Come to them!"

"You will have them?" the man answered, nervously passing his tongue over his lips. "You will not let me see her, or speak to her privately?"

"No."

"Then hear them. His excellency is informed that one Hannibal de Tavannes, guilty of the detestable crime of sacrilege and of other gross crimes, has taken ref-

uge here. He requires that the said Hannibal de Tavannes be handed to him for punishment, and, this being done before sunset this evening, he will yield to you free and uninjured the said M. de Tignonville, and will retire from the lands of Vrillac. But if you refuse"—the man passed his eye along the line of attentive faces which fringed the battlement—"he will at sunset hang the said Tignonville on the gallows raised for Tavannes, and will harry the demesne of Vrillac to its farthest border!"

There was a long silence on the gate. Some, their gaze still fixed on him, moved their lips as if they chewed. Others looked aside, met their fellows' eyes in a pregnant glance, and slowly returned to him. But no one spoke. At his back the flush of dawn was flooding the east, and spreading and waxing brighter. The air was growing warm; the shore below, from gray, was turning green. In a minute or two the sun, whose glowing marge already peeped above the low hills of France, would top the horizon.

The man, getting no answer, shifted his feet uneasily. "Well," he cried, "what answer am I to take?"

Still no one moved.

"I've done my part. Will no one give her the letter?" he cried. And he held it up. "Give me my answer, for I am going."

"Take the letter," some one said—some one in the rear of the group; and, turning swiftly, Carlat saw the countess standing beside the hood which covered the stairs. He guessed that she had heard all or nearly all; but the glory of the sunrise, shining full on her at that moment, lent a false warmth to her face, and life to eyes woefully and tragically set. And it was not easy to say whether she had heard all. "Take the letter," she repeated.

He looked helplessly over the parapet.

"Go down!"

He cast a glance at La Tribe, but he got none in return, and he was preparing to do her bidding when a cry of dismay broke from those who still had their eyes bent downwards. The messenger, waving the letter in a last appeal, had held it too loosely; a light air, as treacherous as unexpected, had snatched it from his hand, and bore it—even as the countess, drawn by the cry, sprang to the parapet—fifty paces from him. A moment it floated in the air, eddying, rising, falling; then, light as thistledown, it touched the water and began to sink.

The messenger uttered frantic lamenta-

tions, and stamped the causeway in his rage. The countess only looked, and looked, until the rippling crest of a baby wave broke over the tiny venture and it sank from sight.

The man, silent now, stared a moment, then shrugged his shoulders. "Well, 'tis fortunate it was his," he cried brutally, "and not his excellency's, or my back had suffered! And now," he added impatiently, "by your leave, what answer?"

(To be concluded.)

What answer? Ah, God, what answer? The men who leaned on the parapet, rude and coarse as they were, felt the tragedy of the question and the dilemma, guessed what they meant to her, and looked everywhere save in her direction. What answer? Which of the two was to live? Which was to die—shamefully? Which? Which?

"Tell him—to come back—an hour before sunset," she muttered.

For His Sake.

HOW MARY WIMPLE SAVED DICK ROBBINS' TRAIN AT THE DILKPORT BRIDGE.

BY DAVID H. TALMADGE.

THE ice in Goose River and the vital spark in Engineer Dad Wimple went out the same day—a raw, shivery day in March, when spring was but a promise and the snow was still lying upon the north slopes of the Iowa hills. The ice cracked and groaned and ground, but in the chamber of the engineer's dwelling at Goose River Junction, where the Whippleville branch joins the main line, there was no sound save the breathing of the men upon the bed. The man was not suffering. Death was too near for that. He was simply waiting.

In a chair by the head of the bed sat his daughter, a comely young woman with her father's eyes, which were gray and keen. She was not weeping. There was no cause for tears, she said. Her father and she had talked the matter over, and he had warned her against giving way to grief. There is a certain satisfaction, he affirmed, in dying when a man dies in a cheerful atmosphere; but when the air is filled with sobbings and moanings and nosy sounds, and he feels that his going is overstraining the emotional boilers of the ones he leaves behind, it sort of destroys the flavor of the thing. He always shuddered, he said, when he went to a funeral and heard the safety valves popping off, not so much because the noise itself affected his nerves as because it suggested to him a coming diminution of steam pressure and a derangement of apparatus. When a man whose life has been other than it should have been dies, there may be cause for sorrow, but never otherwise. His own record was clear. He had done his duty. His work was over. Why weep?

They had laughed during that last talk, the girl a bit more shrilly than was natural, perhaps, yet with good spirit, and Mary Wimple had sung as she went about her work afterwards. Once a thought had come to her, and she had returned to the bedside, asking a question. Yes, her father said in reply, he hoped to see her mother; in fact, he was quite certain of it. There were a lot of things he wished to say to her—things which her untimely death had prevented him saying while she was on earth. By George, he would be glad to see her!

Then they had laughed again, and Dick Robbins, the fireman, had opened the door in time to hear them. Dick was a big, broad shouldered fellow, with red hair and freckles. He was not finely strung. Yet there was a shocked expression upon his face as he softly closed the door and tiptoed to the nearest chair. He inquired in a whisper regarding the sick man's condition, and he started violently when the girl, with none of the restraint common to such times, answered him. Her father might live three days, she said, or he might die at any time. Dick might go and talk to him if he wished.

Dick did so. Then he went forth and told the boys in the yards that either old Dad and the girl were crazy or he was, he couldn't exactly say which.

This was two days before the ice went out. On that day a change came over the engineer. It was not apparent to a watcher, but he himself felt it and spoke of it to the physician.

"The fire's about gone, doctor," he said; "there's hardly enough left to warm

the grates; and if it's all the same to you we'll let it burn out clean, without chucking in any more oil and fuel. 'Tisn't more fire that's needed, any way. The old boiler's served its time, and there's nothing for it but the junk heap. Let's not send it in all warped and twisted."

The physician looked curiously into his patient's face, then replaced the vial and spoon upon the table.

"You've got sense," he said, and took the limp hand that sprawled on the coverlet. "I wish more of us could see things as you see them. Most of us persist in believing the kindness of the Creator to be cruelty, while you——"

"I've reached the end of the run, that's all," interrupted the engineer feebly, "and I'm always glad—to reach the—end of the run. I need—rest."

For an hour after that he neither spoke nor moved. The girl sat at the head of the bed, rocking gently, her eyes seldom moving from the face upon the pillow. There was nothing to be done. But when the ice in the stream beyond the tracks, hardly more than two hundred feet distant, gave way with a report like that of a sharp toned cannon, the engineer aroused himself.

"The ice is moving," he mumbled. "Look out for—the Dilkport bridge. Dick, Dick—be careful, boy!"

The girl bent over the bed. "Yes, father, yes," she murmured soothingly. "Dick will be careful; he is always careful."

The engineer was quiet for another hour. Then suddenly he cried out:

"There is danger—at the Dilkport—bridge when—the ice breaks up! Go slow, Dick, my boy, for—the sake of—my girl! Slow—slow!"

The sweat stood in drops upon his forehead, and his eyes shone with a light that was not of earth. He raised himself to his elbow, pointing.

"There! Dick, don't you see? The supports have gone! Stop her, Dick! Stop——"

He dropped back upon the pillow. The end had come in agony after all. In the stillness of the room, the girl sat like one bereft of sensation, conscious of no sorrow or joy, her mind performing no definite function. Then, gradually, the numbness passed from her and she rose to her feet. "Go slow, Dick, for the sake of my girl," she repeated, vaguely wondering what the words meant. It occurred to her presently that her father had expected her to marry Dick Robbins, although he had never told her so. She

had never considered the matter seriously herself; but there was little doubt that Dick had considered it. Dick was not adept in the art of dissembling.

There had been a time when he manifested signs of making love to her, and she had discouraged him, gently, but in a manner unmistakable. And he had not pushed himself forward as she had thought he would—as he should. Occasionally her father had brought home a bunch of flowers, saying that Dick had gathered them up the line. Dick liked flowers.

During the last few weeks of the engineer's active life. Dick had been both engineer and fireman of locomotive No. 52. The engineer had been loath to give up. He had sat in the cab day after day, his hand resting nervelessly upon the throttle, his head nodding from weariness, while Dick did the work. Dick never told. No one knew of the engineer's condition except the girl and the doctor and Dick. The doctor said it was as well to humor him, for his case was hopeless. When the collapse came, which it did one morning as the train stood at the station awaiting the arrival of the fast mail on the main line, the engineer's place had been given to Dick, and a new fireman had come down from St. Paul.

This new fireman was not a stranger to Mary Wimple. They had known each other during their school days at St. Paul, and they had written to each other since. There was something more than chance in the handsome young chap's assignment to No. 52. He had asked for it, and his reasons were plain to the Junction gossips before he had made three runs. The gossips saw nothing out of the way in the situation. The new fireman and the girl made a fine pair, they said. It was inevitable that she should marry a railroad man, and there was one seemingly suited to her.

Every night when the train came in from its trip up and down the branch, and the locomotive was housed, the fireman rapped on the front door of the Wimple dwelling, and the girl admitted him blushing. It was the one hour of the day which she had to herself, for Dick was with her father then, going over the incidents of the day's run. Sometimes he came down the stairs before the fireman had taken his departure, and at these times a close observer might have noticed a tenseness in the muscles of his neck. It required no close observation to mark the pain in his eyes, but this of course was easily accounted for; his af-

fection for the dying engineer was well known.

Thinking of these things and of others, the girl walked to the window, looking out at the turbulent yellow flood. There was a gorge at some point down the stream, and the waters were rapidly covering the bottom lands. It was thus every spring. Then her thoughts abruptly reverted to the words of her father: "Look out for the Dilkport bridge; there is danger at the Dilkport bridge when the ice goes out." She clasped her hands nervously. "There! Dick, don't you see? The supports have gone! Stop her, Dick!" The words fairly sung through her brain. A wave of excitement, of dread, passed over her. She essayed to reassure herself.

"It was his delirium," she said aloud. But she was not reassured. "His eyes—his eyes—*saw!*" This was conviction.

Others came into the room—others who had been waiting till they should be needed—and the girl, looking straight before her, passed out. Throwing a shawl over her head, she ran to the station. Only the telegraph operator was in the office. Gaspingly she stated her errand. Had the down train on the branch left Littleton yet? Yes, it had just left. How long a time was required for it to reach Dilkport? Fifty minutes. There was a telegraph office at Dilkport? No. How far was the Dilkport bridge this side of the station? Three miles. How far from here? Three miles.

Then she told of what her father had said when he was dying, and the operator endeavored to quiet her apprehensions. It was quite impossible that the bridge could have been damaged in so short a time after the ice broke up. Dying people were subject to illusions. His mother had died that way. No, there was no means of warning the train. The engineer knew the road and would take no chances.

The girl did not choose to discuss the matter. She went from the telegraph office to the repair shanty. Mike Terry, the section foreman, was there, and he hurried to meet her, raising his greasy cap with the air of a courtier. Sure, he and two av the b'ys could git to the Dilkport bridge before the train got there. Yis, yis. 'Twor a warnin' the owld man had, and 'twor too important intoirly to niglict. Hustle, b'ys, hustle! Would the young leddy be goin', too? Didn't she think 'twor too cowl'd? Will, will! All roight, thin. Come ahid!

The hand car was on the branch line,

three pairs of sturdy arms urging it forward. The girl, her shawl protecting her but indifferently from the biting wind, stood up, steadying herself as best she might. She was not conscious of the cold. Her eyes looked neither to the right nor to the left. She was praying mechanically that they might not be too late. "Oh, Lord!" she said over and over again. "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! For his sake! For his sake!" And then she groaned hopelessly, for the car had stopped. One of the castings had broken.

They wasted no time in words. Quickly the car was put aside, and the three men followed the girl, who, with the red flag in her hand, was hurrying onward.

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They reached the bridge. One glance at the structure was sufficient to convince them that no train could pass over it. Great cakes of ice, thrown against it by the current with the velocity of cannon balls, had all but torn it from its fastenings. The waters were sweeping over the sleepers. Far from an easy task would it be for a pedestrian to cross. But the girl did not hesitate. Before Terry could remonstrate, her feet were in the icy flood, and he followed. The others remained where they were.

The crossing was made in safety. Twice the girl faltered dizzily, but the arm of Terry supported her and the lips of Terry shouted encouragement in her ears. They had not yet come to the other side when the whistle of the train sounded.

"'Tis a long way off yet," Terry cried. "Git the flag riddy. We'll stop thim, niver fear."

And stop them they did. One hundred feet from the bridge where death waited, showing no sign to those upon the locomotive, the train came to a standstill. Dick jumped from the cab on one side; the fireman jumped from the other. Together they approached the red faced man who held in his arms the limp form of a white faced girl. The red flag was upon the ground.

Briefly Terry related the circumstances. "'Twor this blissid girl 'thot saved yez," he said. "S-s-sh! She's comin' to."

The girl sighed, and opened her eyes. She saw the two men standing side by side. She saw the other trainmen and the passengers coming. Then she put forth her hands—to Dick.

A Campaign for Decency.

BY HARTLEY DAVIS.

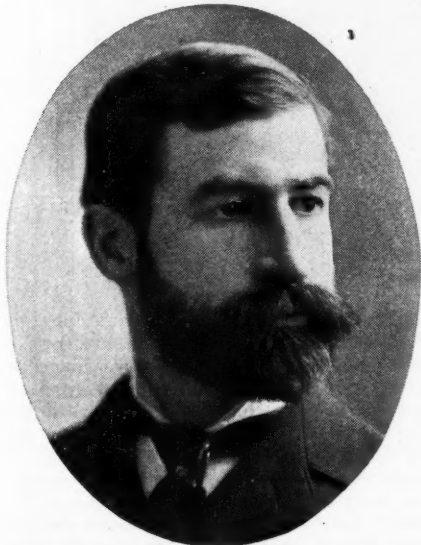
THE PRESENT EFFORT IN NEW YORK TO OVERTHROW THE TREMENDOUS POWER OF TAMMANY AND TO MAKE THE CONDUCT OF MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS A MATTER OF BUSINESS INSTEAD OF POLITICS—THE RIVAL FORCES IN THE FIELD, AND THE OBSTACLES THAT CONFRONT THE REFORMERS.

THE experiment of attempting to make a municipal election a matter of business, rather than of politics, gives more than local importance to the campaign in New York which ends with the election on November 5. It is the first time such a thing has reached a test in the second largest and worst governed city in the world.

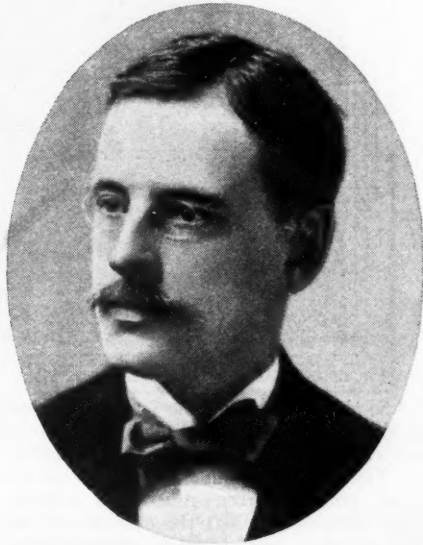
First is the determination to overthrow Tammany Hall, which, from the criterion of results, is the most perfect organization ever known, except the peerless Catholic Church. And while Tammany is peculiar to New York, it typifies evils which sooner or later, in greater or less degree, must confront every large city in the country, and which already have shown themselves in many smaller ones.

Municipal corruption manifests itself in a hundred ways, but its genesis is always in the desire of the individual to use political power and political office to make money. The success of the manipulators depends upon their skill and the indifference of the general public.

Tammany Hall is worse today than it has been at any time during its long career. Since it was returned to power four years ago it has been plunging along in an orgy of loot and blackmail. Even the lowliest of those in a position to do so have stretched forth feeble hands to clutch the drops of blood money. It is not my purpose to set forth here the iniquities of Tammany. This brief reference to the evils that have prevailed is necessary, because it has made possible



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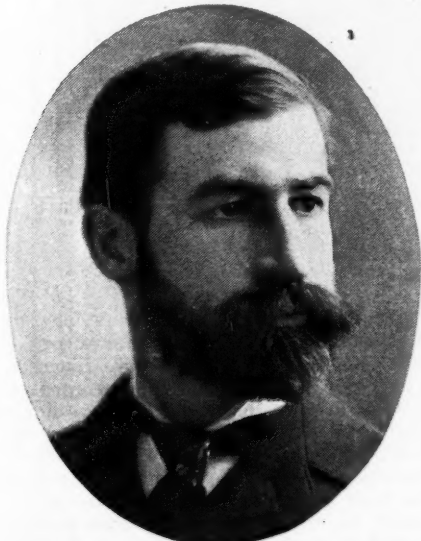
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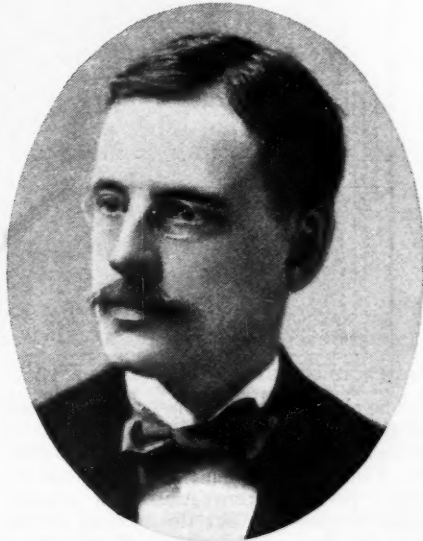
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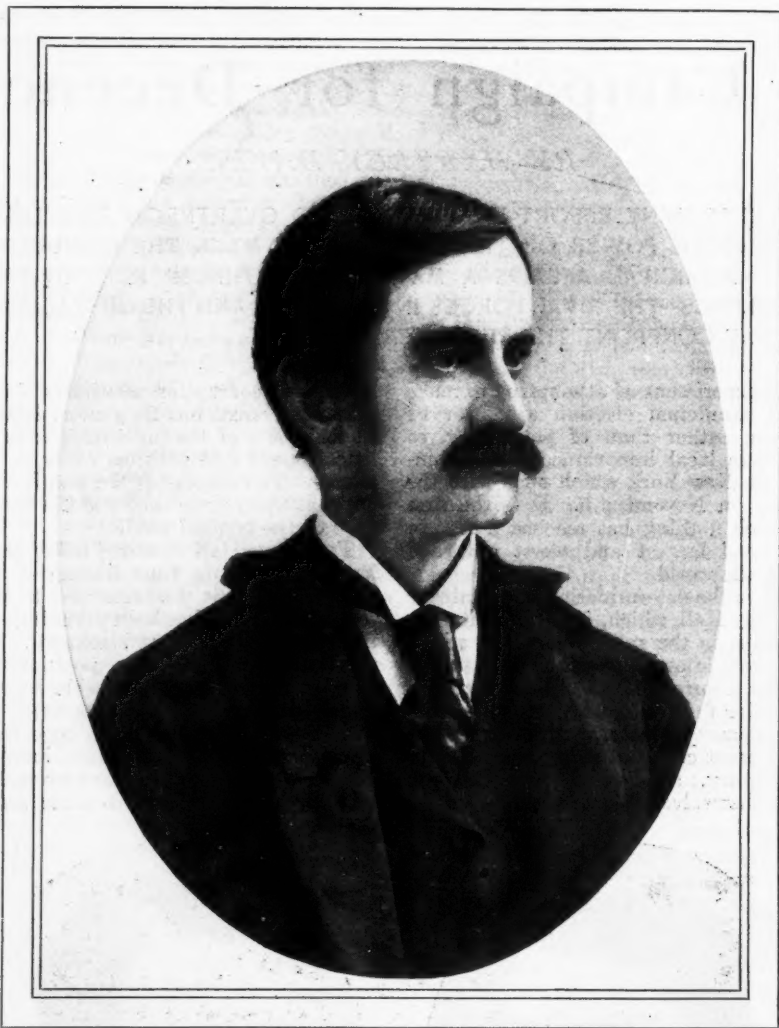
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EDWARD M. SHEPARD, WHO IN 1897 CALLED TAMMANY HALL "THE MOST BURNING AND DISGRACEFUL BLOT ON THE MUNICIPAL HISTORY OF THE COUNTRY," AND WHO IN 1901 IS THE TAMMANY CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Pearsall, Brooklyn.

the present concerted movement to overthrow the rule of the organization.

THE FACTS OF THE SITUATION IN NEW YORK.

The object of those who are at the head of this campaign for decency is not to defeat Tammany alone, but to shatter the Tammany system. They want to divorce politics from municipal affairs. They propose to elect the officials of the city as they would elect officials of a great manufacturing corporation; they desire them selected because of their fitness and capacity, and not because of

their views on the tariff, the currency, or the Isthmian canal. It is a fine theory, a noble ambition, and it deserves success. The chief weakness of their campaign lies in the fact that these men are fighting for a principle rather than for results, while the allies they must call to their aid care only for results. Of course the body that is at the head of the movement, the Citizens' Union, wants results, too; but it thinks that they will come about through the recognition of the principle.

It has taken many years to bring about

conditions which permitted a test of the theory. The real foundation was laid in 1894, when the constitutional convention so arranged elections that municipal offi-

necessary for opponents of Tammany to get together and oust it from control.

The question most often put to a New Yorker when city government is dis-



SETH LOW IN HIS ROBES AS PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA, FROM WHICH OFFICE HE RESIGNED TO BECOME THE FUSION CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF NEW YORK. MR. LOW IS AN INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

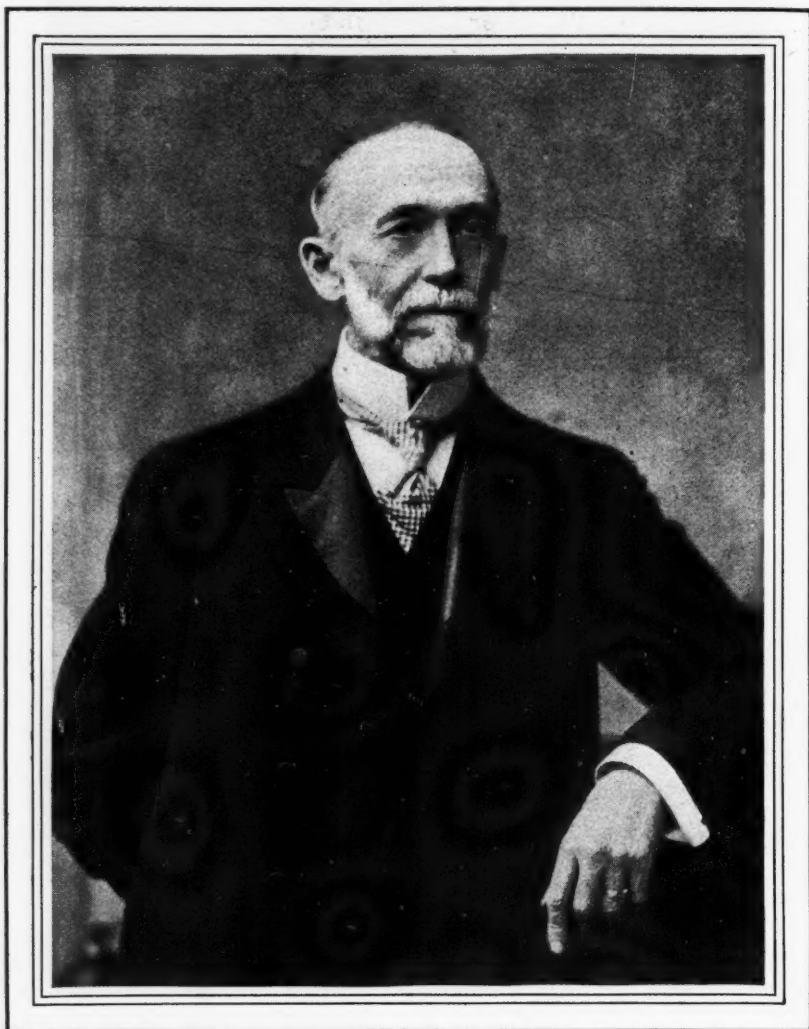
cers are chosen in off years—that is, when there is neither a State nor a national election. Those unfamiliar with the facts might naturally suppose that, when this went into effect, it would only be

cussed by men who know Tammany by hearsay only, is this:

“Are there not enough decent people in your city to overthrow Tammany and demolish it?”

And while the New Yorker feels the sting and answers, hotly or patronizingly, according to his temperament, he says in effect the same thing: "The honest, respectable people are bound hand and foot by a system that has been growing for a hundred years, and to defeat Tammany

of least resistance. It is easier to endure many uncomfortable things than to fight and make away with them, and then to keep vigilant watch to prevent their re-growing. So long as Tammany does not interfere with the peace loving, self respecting man—and it is reasonably care-



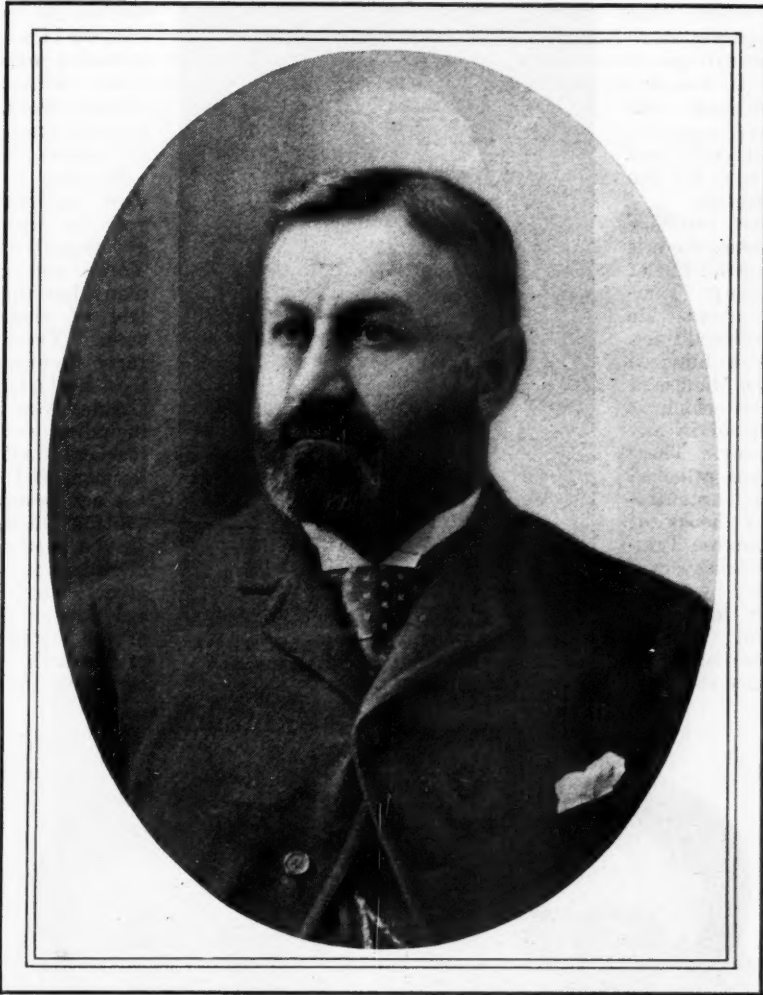
UNITED STATES SENATOR THOMAS C. PLATT, THE LEADER OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN THE CITY AS WELL AS THE STATE OF NEW YORK, WHO IS SUPPORTING MR. LOW FOR MAYOR.

From a copyrighted photograph by Dupont, New York.

it is necessary to resort to methods no decent man cares to employ." He knows in his inmost soul that the security of Tammany lies in the indifference of the respectable element.

Human nature moves along the lines

ful about this—he takes only a languid interest in the blackmailing of disorderly houses, the fostering of gambling places, and the protection of dives. He is prepared to believe that the stories about the countenancing of the traffic in young



RICHARD CROKER, THE SUPREME BOSS OF TAMMANY HALL, WHO DICTATES TO THE ORGANIZATION THE MEN TO BE ELECTED TO THE VARIOUS OFFICES.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

girls are exaggerated. He consoles himself with the specious thought that only those who break the laws and the social code are the sufferers, and they receive only what they deserve.

Now and then there comes a great awakening of the public conscience, and the people are quickened into action. A flood of indignant votes sweeps corrupt officials out of office, and apparently buries Tammany beyond hope of resurrection. The public conscience is mighty in its wrathful enthusiasm, but it is woefully deficient in staying power. It accomplishes great things in a rush, and

then it goes comfortably and virtuously to sleep. And after each awakening it is increasingly difficult to arouse it from the lethargy that follows.

THE TREMENDOUS STRENGTH OF TAMMANY.

Tammany never sleeps, never gives up. After defeat it digs itself out of the debris and straightway sets about repairing the damage to the machine. Its business is to control the city government. To do this it must have votes. The difference between Tammany and the reformers is the difference between the professional and the amateur. Tam-

many knows that the public conscience will go to sleep. It knows that it lacks constructive capacity, that it will not prepare for the next election.

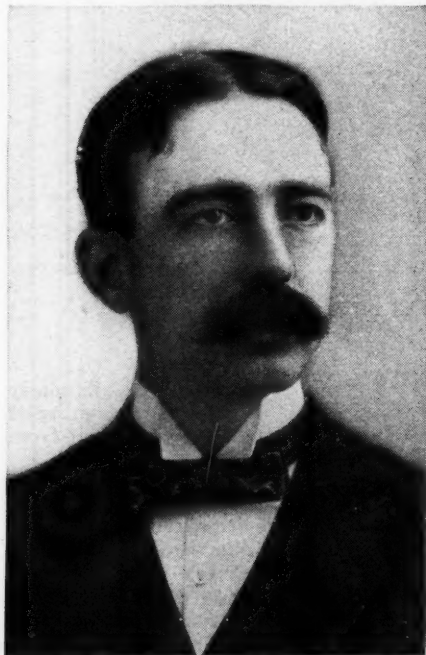
Under ordinary conditions, there is no possibility of defeating Tammany along the usual political lines. It has a hundred and ten thousand votes on which it can depend in any emergency. These votes are attached to the organization by hooks of steel, because Tammany takes care of them by night and by day. It does not feed the dwellers in tenements as they are



STATE SENATOR TIMOTHY D. (DRY DOLLAR) SULLIVAN,
THE MOST POWERFUL OF THE TAMMANY
DISTRICT LEADERS.

fed by the reformers—with high sounding principles—but with food, shelter, work, and opportunities for enjoyment.

It costs a hundred millions a year to run the government of New York, and Tammany has the control of that vast sum. There are forty thousand office holders in Greater New York, including school teachers and policemen, and Tammany practically controls them all. At the head of the organization is a great leader. Richard Croker is one of the strong men of the earth, strong as were the first



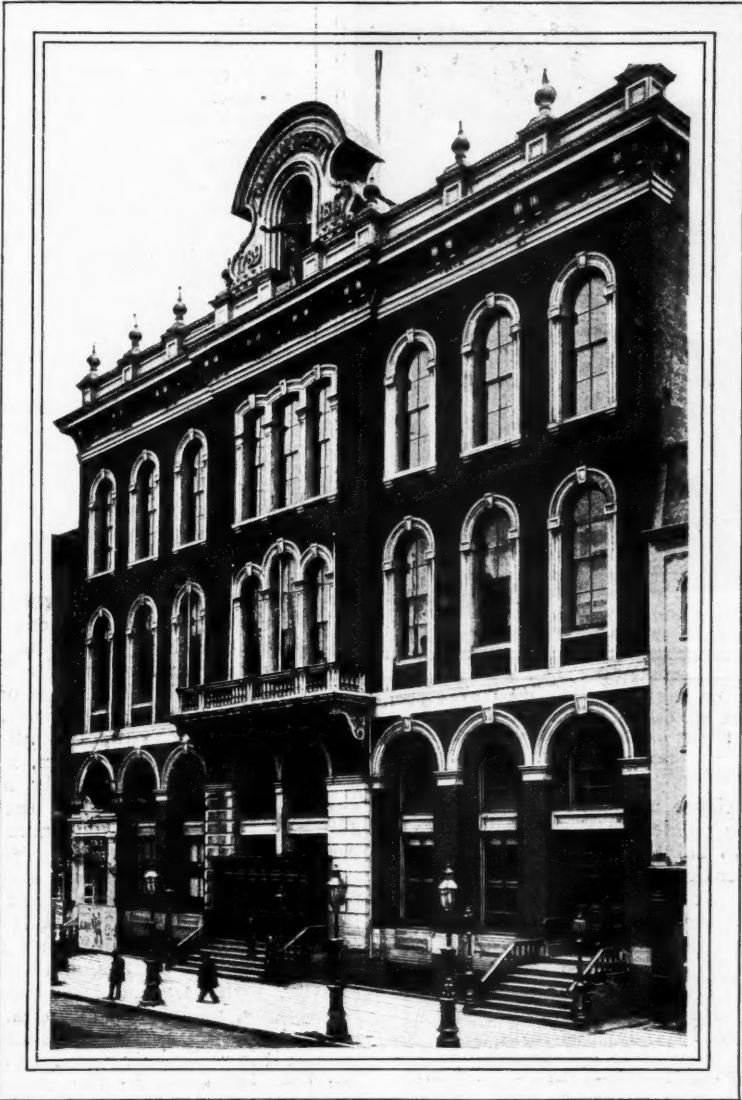
COMPTROLLER BIRD S. COLER, WHOM MR. CROKER
REFUSED TO NOMINATE FOR MAYOR, DESPITE
THE WISHES OF HIS FOLLOWERS.



CORPORATION COUNSEL JOHN WHALEN, ONE OF
MR. CROKER'S WARM PERSONAL FRIENDS
AND CLOSE POLITICAL ADVISERS.

kings of a primitive people. He rules New York from his quiet country home in England because there is no man in Manhattan comparable with him in strength who will give his time and

creased, the working hours lengthened—that is all. As a rule, there are opposed to it half a dozen loosely knit factions, each bitterly hostile to the other. What chance have they to defeat Mr. Croker's



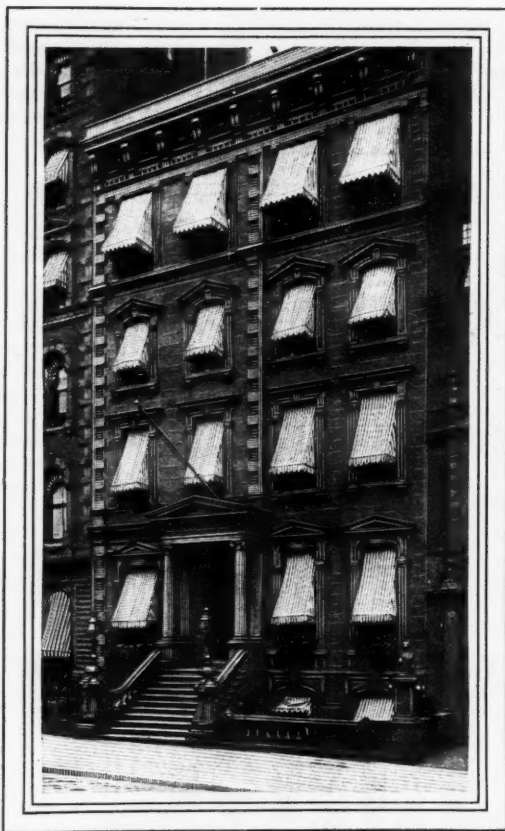
TAMMANY HALL, FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS THE WIGWAM, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE ORGANIZATION, FROM WHICH ITS CAMPAIGNS ARE CONDUCTED.

energy and thought to controlling the municipal government.

Usually Tammany counts on carrying New York by sixty or seventy thousand votes. Its machine is always in running order. At election time the speed is in-

perfectly organized, thoroughly disciplined forces that fight enthusiastically at his very nod? It is the difference between an army of veterans and an uncontrolled mob.

The mob is mighty only when the pub-



EXTERIOR OF THE DEMOCRATIC CLUB ON FIFTH AVENUE, WHERE MR. CROKER MAKES HIS HOME, AND WHICH IS THE GATHERING PLACE OF TAMMANY LEADERS IN THE EVENING.

lic conscience rises in its majesty. But even the public conscience must have a leader to point the way; and it is the most thankless job in the world. Witness the fate of Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, who was the head and front of the uprising of 1893, the greatest in the history of the city—a good man, a mighty crusader, brave beyond words, determined as fate. He won his fight, and what was his reward? Today the mention of his name is more often accompanied with a shrug of the shoulders than with respect. Is it any wonder that when he was asked if he would again take up the struggle against Sodom and Gomorrah, he said: "Let them stew awhile in their own iniquity; it will do them good!"

If the public conscience is awakened in the present campaign, then Tammany will be defeated; if not, Tammany is likely to win. There have been laid bare

during the past year evidences of corruption and depravity unspeakable, but up to the opening of the campaign they made scarcely a ripple. What will be accomplished in the month before election I would not dare venture to predict.

In this fight the strength of each opposing force lies in the weakness of the other. Tammany's weakness is in the frightful record it has made during the past four years, and in an unusual discord within the ranks. There is a feeling against Mr. Croker because he practically spends all his time in England, and because he is disposed to turn a deaf ear to his lieutenants. There will be no open break, because he is stronger than all of them put together.

WHAT THE CITIZENS' UNION IS.

The head and front of the forces opposing Tammany is the Citizens' Union, controlled by men of great wealth and high position, who are actuated by the purest motives. It is made up of members of both political parties. Its most active leader is R. Fulton Cutting, the head of one of the oldest, richest, and most distinguished families in New York, a man with a lofty sense of civic duty, whose great philanthropy is broad and sincerely altruistic. George Haven Putnam, head of the Putnam publishing firm, is

another of its active spirits; another is James C. Carter, called the leader of the American bar.

The Citizens' Union is not a political party, and although it has district organizations along Tammany lines, it has no machine. The leaders are not experienced in practical politics, and have little patience with its ways. The Union has no cohesion, no internal strength. It is strong only when its candidates are strong; it is really only a nucleus to rally the best influences in the community. Heretofore, it has been devoted to principle and opposed to compromise, and the result was, four years ago, when it undertook to elect a successor to Mayor Strong, it was defeated, although it worked with great vigor, and had so much money that it refused to receive more contributions.

At the outset of the campaign of 1897,

the Citizens' Union made it understood that it didn't think much more of the Republicans, so far as the city was concerned, than it did of Tammany Hall. Actuated by the purest motives, and after long deliberation, it selected Seth Low, president of Columbia University, as a non partisan and anti Tammany candidate for mayor. If the Citizens' Union had exercised a little tact, and Senator Platt and his followers had not been so determined to stand on their dignity, Seth Low would have been the first mayor of Greater New York. As it was, the Republicans refused to accept Mr. Low and nominated General Benjamin F. Tracy. The combined vote of Low and Tracy was about twenty five thousand more than the vote of Robert A. Van Wyck, the Tammany candidate.

This year the evil that Tammany has wrought has brought the warring elements together, and the interval has taught much needed lessons. Whether the Citizens' Union has fully realized that "life is a series of compromises," and that there are times when unbending adherence to an abstract principle becomes a practical crime, remains to be seen; but they started in a much more reasonable way.

SETH LOW AND HIS SUPPORTERS.

Seth Low is again the candidate for mayor. He was named by the Citizens' Union. He comes of an old, distinguished, and rich family. Not a shadow has ever been cast upon his reputation. He has been so upright that at times he has been accused of bending backwards. His grandfather was the first mayor of Brooklyn, and the family has always been a public spirited one.

Mr. Low was graduated from Columbia at the head of his class when he was twenty years old. In 1881, when he was only thirty one, he was elected mayor of Brooklyn on a non partisan ticket. His was purely a business administration, characterized by great good sense. He was reelected, and a brilliant public career seemed to open before him. He had been an earnest Republican, but when the Governorship of New York was almost within his grasp he left his party because he was not in sympathy with its tariff policy. It was purely a matter of principle with Mr. Low.

When he was chosen president of Columbia University in 1889, it was regarded as a remarkable innovation. Never before had a business man been made the head of an important institution of

learning. But he has been wonderfully successful, and has made Columbia a great modern university. He gave to it a library that cost a million dollars, and raised very large sums of money for other buildings.

Mr. Low has always found time to devote to municipal matters as a matter of duty. He is, therefore, an ideal candidate for mayor from the viewpoint of the Citizens' Union—a man of the highest character, of business training, of tried capacity and experience, who has proved that he would sacrifice any political ambition to a principle.

Never since the world began was a candidate supported by such diverse elements, and the fact that it is necessary to bring them together shows how difficult is the task of overturning Tammany Hall. I have already given some idea of the nature of the Citizens' Union. Next in importance come the Republicans, who polled about fifty six thousand votes in Manhattan and thirty six thousand in Brooklyn for General Tracy four years ago. This is about the dependable Republican vote. In certain districts, nominally Republican, there is a reasonably effective organization, but for the most part the Republican machinery in Manhattan is pretty shaky.

There are no fewer than four distinct German American reform organizations, each having a cause of quarrel with the others, but all hating Tammany, and also demanding Sunday beer and the abolition of "blue laws." These were inclined to shy at Mr. Low, as they did four years ago, because of his temperance convictions, although when he was mayor of Brooklyn he handled the excise question with discretion and common sense.

There are two Democratic organizations in the anti Tammany movement. One is known as the City Democracy, and its leader is James O'Brien, who was an honest sheriff under Tweed, and who hates Tammany with enthusiasm. His following is almost purely personal. The other organization, known officially as the Manhattan Democracy, and colloquially as the Sheehanites, is a faction that seceded from Tammany Hall a year or so ago. John C. Sheehan was a lifelong member of Tammany. When Mr. Croker went to Europe after the landslide in 1893, he made Sheehan the leader in his absence, and the latter rallied the disorganized forces. He had enough district leaders pledged to oust Croker, and he could have done so had he not lacked courage. But he failed at the critical

point, and the big boss drove Sheehan out of Tammany.

The fact that the Citizens' Union is willing to admit the Sheehanites to conferences, and has even named one of them as a candidate for the important office of President of the Borough of Bronx, is a most hopeful sign, because it indicates that the men who lead the Union realize the necessities of compromise in increasing their voting strength.

If Tammany is defeated, what then? If conclusions are drawn from precedents, it will be back in power in a few years, because the public conscience longs for the peace of sleep, while Tammany has an undying thirst for the spoils of office. The only hope is to build up an organization practically as strong as Tammany. In an article in *MUNSEY'S* for October, 1900, I wrote:

One blunder that has been made by all the opponents of Tammany Hall is their belief that the organization is corrupt from beginning to end, and without a single redeeming feature. No system wholly evil and iniquitous could endure for a hundred years. As a matter of fact, Tammany Hall does more for the personal comfort, happiness, and well being of the average tenement dweller than all the charitable institutions in New York.

It is not true that Tammany is uplifting the people of the metropolis. It is not true that it is making them better men and women. But it is true that in relieving distress, in providing for daily wants, in furthering ambitions, in helping men out of their troubles and assisting them to get on in the world, Tammany does a wonderful work.

That is as true now as it was then. The reform organizations want voters at election time; during the remainder of the year, or two years, they feed them on political economy pap, or leave them altogether alone.

IN ORGANIZATION IS STRENGTH.

Two men have proved that an organization can be built up in New York along Tammany lines and without the aid of patronage.

Captain F. Norton Goddard is a young man who has increased the wealth his father left him until he is credited with an income of eighty thousand dollars a year. He has a family to which he is devoted, and his tastes are such that he was happy far beyond the run of men. One of his employees stole a large sum of money, and Captain Goddard learned that he had gambled it away in policy. Captain Goddard forgave his clerk, and started to prosecute the policy dealer. He ran up against the police, and learned things that startled him. He showed his fighting quality by convicting the policy dealer despite the police, and his gener-

osity by taking care of the gambler's family while the man was in jail.

Captain Goddard thought things over, and concluded that it was his duty to enter politics. He did so in his own Assembly district, a Tammany stronghold. He was laughed at as "the rich dude in politics," but he worked and planned. The Republican leaders opposed him bitterly. He defeated them, even "Lightning Jim" Stewart, whose sobriquet was won in political fights. He built a fine working man's club, and established a political club besides. He has cared for the people of his district as if they were his children, not because he wants political honor, but because he wants to make people happier and better, and because he believes that a good city government is necessary to this end. The young man has made the old time politicians open their eyes.

It will be said, and naturally, that Captain Goddard can do this because he is a millionaire. This is not true of Charles S. Adler. In the heart of the down town east side is the eighth Assembly district, of which the Tammany leader is Martin Engel, a millionaire butcher. It is one of the strongholds of Senator "Dry Dollar" Sullivan, the strongest man in the Tammany organization next to Croker. Adler has won that district for himself. He is a poor man. His income does not equal two thousand dollars a year, and this fact is the best proof of his honesty, for he is a member of the Assembly. Adler has gained his victory by looking after the people in his district. Night and day he is at their beck and call. He is their servant, their adviser, their friend, their father. He has neither offices nor money to give them, but he gives all he has, and he has won the people from Tammany.

Not long ago there was a fight for the Tammany leadership in the second district, at the lower end of Manhattan Island. The primaries opened at noon. It was reported that one faction purposed getting in line and keeping the other side from voting. The news reached one of the leaders at midnight. He dispatched messengers to his followers, calling them from their beds, from the saloons, from work. He placed them in line before the polling place at two o'clock in the morning, and there they stood until the following noon, when the polls opened. That is the devotion that can be inspired in followers by a leader who looks to the human side and does not place all his strength in principles.

The Sorrows of Little Tillottson.

A STORY SHOWING SOME OF THE ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF WEALTH.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

HE was rich. He had always been rich, but he had never thought of it as being any particular advantage. He woke one day to the perception that in a certain weighty respect it was a disadvantage.

It was the day after Sanderson's wedding. Sanderson and Chidsey and Lester had all been married within four months; and thoughts had arisen within little Tillottson, tender thoughts, natural and unavoidable thoughts. He had sat and watched Sanderson and his bride at the bowery altar; he had heard their vows, uttered low while the organ breathed faint melody, and his heart had swelled, and emotions that had hitherto lain timidly dormant burst all bounds and rose boldly and possessed him.

Yes, he wanted a home, and somebody to love, and somebody to love him. He knew he did. Smoking with McMillan that evening at a roof garden, subdued and weakened by the sweet force of this new realization, between puffs he let it out.

"You?" said McMillan, with a snort. "You? Why, you could marry anybody, I tell you—anybody! Don't you know it?"

He stared to see Tillottson's face stiffen. He was fond of Tillottson, who had a heart of gold, and a habit of doing people good turns with a shrinking sort of quietness.

"Oh, let's get out of this," said the little millionaire gruffly.

McMillan looked down upon him in perplexity as they walked away.

"Why," he insisted encouragingly, "you, with *your* tin? You could get married three times a day!"

The words sunk to the furthest depth of Tillottson's being, and lay there, because they bore the stamp of truth, and nobody knew it better than he. He could marry; yes. Women favored him. Mothers were cordial to him, uniformly, distinctly cordial, openly and significantly cordial. Girls were kind to him. They listened to him, they were considerate of him. When he asked them to dance with him, they danced; when he invited them

to coach, to dine, to ride, they were happy, or charmed. Lively appreciation of all that his money would buy, of all the material comforts and delights it was in his power to bestow; an unexact, indiscriminating respect for him because such power was his; a general easy, tractable willingness to accept a position wherein those delights should be ceaselessly shared—all this he had seen till he could not ignore it.

But was it for himself they liked him? There his credulity stopped. He was not tall; he was far from good looking; he was not fascinating. What then? He was rich.

And yet he wanted a wife, and a wife who should love *him*.

He was deep in gloom.

In this cheerless mood he fled, on an impulse, from the urban aspect of a tedious late winter, southward to the beguilement of a seaside city, choked full of habitations for pleasure seekers such as he, and distinguished by a long and seductive and ever populous board walk. And there the dreaded, the foreordained and inevitable, the climacteric thing happened. He met a woman and he loved her.

He did not comprehend it at first. He realized only that she was young, that she was lovely, and that she was like no woman he had ever known; that a naïve sweetness clothed her like a tangible thing, and thrilled and bewitched him.

She was a guest of his hotel, and they met at a cotillion there. Had he ever really danced before? Had he ever thrown a cobwebby wrap over a pretty neck, and sat on a piazza and talked while the music swelled? He seemed to be doing it all for the first time. She was from Philadelphia, and an imposing aunt was with her. He cared nothing for those facts; he was strangely heedless of everything but her breathing self—her eyes, her speech, her laughter. He had no interest, even, in her last name; he thought of her as Lucia.

Did she like him a little? He swayed between the conviction that she could not and the faint, faint hope that she

did. And, always darkly self distrustful, he might have remained thus indefinitely—happy and unhappy, tongue tied and yearning—if it had not been for Keene.

They met Keene one morning on the walk. He bowed with exceeding warmth; and obviously his bow was wholly for Lucia. Yes, she knew him; she had met him in New York lately. Very clever and amusing, was he not? He was striking looking, wasn't he?

Little Tillottson admitted it all. "He is an admirer of yours, isn't he?" he questioned abruptly; he had seen that in Keene's very expression.

"Oh, Mr. Tillottson!" said Lucia, gaily defensive. "How smooth and green the water is!"

It was a truth; Keene admired her. He called on her that afternoon; he called that evening. He had been first to Philadelphia to see her; he said so. Tillottson sat apart and alone, and smoked and suffered. Could he stand up against Keene? He dared not believe it. Keene was swift of thought and speech, clever at repartee, and entertaining and fearless and fascinating. Little Tillottson smoked and suffered.

One hope lingered within him. Was Keene in earnest? It would have been easier to believe it of anybody else; but after four unhappy days Tillottson did believe it. Keene followed her constantly. Sometimes she would throw Tillottson one of her lovely smiles, and then he would join them; join them, and sit in dumb misery and hear Keene's brilliant talk, which never stopped and never flagged.

A sick feeling filled him. In part, it was his deepening despair; he knew that. But it was something besides. Keene to marry *her*? Keene, whose reputation among his business associates was an unsatisfactory affair; whose friends did not warmly defend his methods, and whose enemies called him slippery. Nor was that quite all. He knew something of Keene's habits of life; and to see the girl innocently laughing under his bold regard, and giving out in his presence all the exuberance of her buoyant youth—little Tillottson writhed under it.

And by degrees he writhed into an attitude of desperation. It wanted but a light touch to push him to rebellious action; and Keene bestowed the touch. He moved from his hotel to theirs.

Little Tillottson squared his shoulders and set his jaws. He saw Keene's trunk brought in by two colored men, and then

he asked Lucia to go with him for a stroll. She puckered her brows and half remembered an agreement to go somewhere with Mr. Keene; but little Tillottson got her. Keene was in waiting at the front extremity of the piazza when they returned, and he looked upon them with lofty resentment. He mentioned to Lucia a project of his own for the afternoon; but she had promised to visit the auction rooms with Mr. Tillottson. He tried to make an appointment for the evening; Mr. Tillottson, she said in soft apology, wanted her to hear the Casino concert.

Little Tillottson turned his face to the green ocean, and smiled. A bulldog strength of determination had come to him. By sheer force of insistence, he monopolized Lucia's waking hours. He plied her with invitations; he roused every energy in her behalf. He seized greedily upon every form of amusement the place afforded, and developed a remarkable ingenuity in multiplying its limited resources. He bought mementoes for Lucia at dozens of the shops, he weighed her down with gewgaws and laces and vases and carved leather. He caused great bunches of flowers to be carried to her room daily. He went further—he sent to town for his trap and groom and two saddle horses. He riveted wide attention at the hotel, an attention fixed keenly and excitedly on himself and Lucia.

He saw Keene fall from sarcastic wrath to blank surprise and irresolution, and thence to balked sulkiness; to a realization of the physical impossibility of holding out successfully against the fierce fervor of little Tillottson. He saw it, and he was glad. His mood was grim and defiant. He was conquering Keene because he could spend money faster than Keene could—and he meant to keep on spending it. He was flaunting his wealth before them, he was using it with the force of a battering ram, and with not much more delicacy of method; but he had no compunction. Lucia's aunt was for him, and he knew why; her manner was complaisant with acceptance and full encouragement, and he recognized the symptoms; he had met them before in so many mothers and female guardians. But he did not care. He was recklessly glad of it.

And Lucia? She met his steady onslaughts with a pretty confusion. She was bewildered. Sometimes she laughed, in coy protest; sometimes she looked at him with startled inquiry in her lovely

eyes. She reminded Tillottson of a bird in a cage, subdued and feebly cheeping. He would have let the bird go; but he held to his pursuit of this woman whom he loved.

He spent frequent periods rolling up and down the walk, with Lucia and her aunt in companion chairs; and he ventured now and again to dispense with her aunt. And one day he did a daring thing, and a duplicitous. He pretended that a double chair was the only one he could secure, and he assisted her into it. They were snugly side by side; her skirts lay on his foot, her arm touched his, and her face was quite close. He was rigid with happiness; he thought she must hear the loud pounding of his heart; *he* could.

It was a white chair with a white canopy. It had a picturesquely bridal look, which all at once struck the colored man who was wheeling it, and stirred his reflections. He had seen this pair together continually. His mind did not work swiftly, but by the time he had pushed them out beyond the surging thickness of the throng he had reached an opinion. They were a bridal couple, he felt sure.

"Excuse me, sah," he said, momentarily pausing, "but your wife's dress was gittin' against the wheel, sah."

He trundled on. There was a deep stillness. Lucia laughed—she had to do something. Little Tillottson's heart stopped beating now; it stood still.

"Would you," he whispered—"would you—make it so? My wife, you know; would you—*be* my wife?"

And then an utter insanity of joy overcame him; for, after a throbbing space, he heard her breath caught quickly, and he felt her hand laid softly in his, that waited for it on her knee.

Nobody was in sight now. "Hold the chair; we'll walk a little," said little Tillottson, almost hoarsely; and because his joy was too great to be borne passively, they went and stood at the rail above the

whispering water. What mattered one docile colored man? Little Tillottson was very close to her.

But the move gave him a mental shake. It brought him out of his dumb ecstasy. This heavenly happiness, how had he compassed it? How had he put down Keene? By brutal persistence and—his money; his money! His old burden was upon him. He had fatuously lost it, and it was back a hundred times heavier and deadlier. He stood aghast, abashed, bewildered.

"I—I have taken an unfair advantage; I have forced you to it!" he said bitterly.

She turned and looked at him—she had to look down a little. She had never seemed so young; and there was a beautiful light in her eyes.

"No, no," she said. "I knew it—I knew it all the time. *He* told me; but I don't care, I don't care!"

"You knew what?" little Tillottson gasped.

"That you—that you are not rich; that you're poor," she said, sweetly tremulous. "Mr. Keene told me. He—he kept saying things—against you, you know. He said it's some relative or other of yours that supplies you with money once in a while, and you spend it right and left, and don't have anything afterwards. Mr. Keene told me—and that you haven't much of anything of your own. Never mind!" She saw the profound blankness of his face, and she thought she understood. "He needn't have taken the trouble," she cried. "I couldn't like *him*. It's been you all the time. You know when you gave a dollar to that boy when the porter kicked him? I've liked you ever since then. And I don't care about money." The light in her eyes went out in a rush of tears. "I can be poor. I can learn how to cook and do things—I shan't care!" And she held out her tender hands to him.

Little Tillottson clasped them. A boundless rapture filled him; and he kissed her.

SONG.

You afar by the sea,
And I on the hills afar;
But over us both the sun by day,
And by night Love's quenchless star!

So what is there, sweet, to fear?
And how shall the distance part?
Seeing the sun, and seeing the star,
Are we not heart to heart!

Clinton Scollard.

Chronicles of Us.

THE INTIMATE HISTORY OF SEVEN GOOD FRIENDS.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

THE SEVEN:

CHARLOTTE, otherwise Mrs. McLean, a poster artist.

CAMERON, her son.

PAUL, a sculptor.

RUTH, a magazine writer.

LORRIMER FLOYD, a caricaturist.

LANSE } ambitious playwrights.
EVELYN }

VIII—The Proving of Us.

"AND so I didn't do it," Cameron concluded. "I just got out and came home. And do you want to know why?"

His mother drew a deep breath of relief for the present and dismay for the years coming. "Yes; tell me why," she said.

"Well, it wasn't principles, though I suppose it ought to have been. They just didn't seem to matter. And, mother, it wasn't because you would feel badly—you want it straight, don't you?"

"Yes, dear boy."

"Well, then, it was simply because I didn't want Paul to think me a little fool. When it struck me that he would hear about it, I knew I just couldn't. So I came away."

They sat in silence a few moments, Charlotte's hand moving half absently over the boy's hair. Presently Cameron went on.

"Paul is good, you know," he said, frowning over the effort at analysis, "and yet you don't hate him for it. Some people are good just because they don't know any better, and then they're muffs. But Paul knows a lot better—he could be as wicked as sin; but he just chooses not to. That's the kind I'd like to be."

Charlotte drew her fingers along her eyelids; then she gave a little laugh.

"However is a woman to bring up a great thing like you?" she demanded.

"Oh, don't worry. I'll get along all right," he comforted her.

She repeated the conversation to Paul, later, but he received it with unwonted irritation.

"I protest. It is not fair," he exclaimed, walking impatiently about the room. "Why should I have to pose as a guardian of young morals? Do you

realize that you are condemning me to a life of deadly, vulgar, foolish respectability, just because you have a great, stupid son?"

Charlotte only laughed at him, but he went on, fuming:

"You have all fallen into an abominable way of referring your moral conduct to me. I will not stand it! Don't you suppose I lie and steal like any one else, when I want to? This example business is getting on my nerves—I have to go about on my tiptoes, trying to fit your ideal. Hang it, Charlotte, I'm an artist, not a family physician. You are spoiling my work among you. You've got to stop."

"Words, Paul, words!" said Charlotte tranquilly. "You can't escape. You will be wise to the end, and to the end we shall all set our compasses by you."

"I'll fool you yet," he declared, and then they both laughed; but he was frowning again when he went away.

He did not go straight to his studio, but turned with a trace of defiance to a ground glass door near his own, bearing the name "Irene Potter." When he had lifted his hand to knock, he hesitated, then turned and walked away a few steps. The door was flung open, and the appearance of a tall girl in a painting apron brought him about with a half laugh of apology.

"What are you doing? Why didn't you come in?" she demanded.

"Oh, I'm just having a good resolution," he said, uncertainty in his voice. She moved aside with an abrupt gesture.

"Come in and have it here."

"It is not the best place for them," he murmured, but he came, nevertheless. She went back to her easel and apparently forgot all about him in her frowning absorption. Paul smoked and watched her silently for a long time.

"What was the resolution?" she finally asked, without turning her head.

"Oh, it was along the lines of prudence and respectability; it wouldn't interest you." His voice was a lazy challenge. She turned to him impatiently.

"I wish I knew where you pick up all this bourgeois propriety that you're al-

ways coming home covered with," she exclaimed.

"You do know."

"Yes. And it's going to be your ruin. Oh, it makes me rage! You have some of the real fire—you know the secrets—and then you go and push the baby carriage round the square for an afternoon, and come back with the point of view of an intelligent greengrocer!" She stood over him, her hands thrown palm out in angry protest. Paul met her eyes steadily for a moment, then drew his breath with a slight shiver.

"Irene! For God's sake!" he murmured. She turned away with a shrug.

"Oh, I know! You have taught yourself to run away from feeling. You would rather be comfortable than *live*. But I intend to save you." She faced him with a rather grim smile. "There's a fight on between two women for the good of your soul, my dear Paul! And if I win, sooner or later you will do something, something really big. You will do work that lasts."

"And if you lose?"

"You will have more orders than you can fill, and your photograph in the art journals every month, and a large fortune that will enable your wife and daughters to take their place in society; you will be a popular and intelligent artisan."

"You hit hard, Irene!"

"I am right. I *know*. Paul, very few people have the real fire; don't let a lot of coddling women choke it out of you. It can't be fed on texts!"

"I wonder—I wonder!"

"I *know*!"

They might have been combatants measuring each other's strength, by their attitudes. Paul broke away with sudden exasperation.

"Oh, we think too much. I am going back to work," he exclaimed; and she did not try to keep him.

In his workroom stood the uncouth beginnings out of which a man was to emerge, a mythical figure of Genius that had been ordered for the new art gallery. Its companion, Talent, already stood veiled in a corner, grave and fine and earnest; but Paul had hesitated before the youth of fiery splendor that he had seen through half shut eyes in the blank clay, the exultant being who stood without the law, giving the world out of his abundance what all its weary straining could not attain. He went to work half heartedly, and was glad when the fading daylight released him.

In the morning Paul made a dogged attack on the little wax model that he had been following in clay, and spent a harassing day trying to do by will power what could be done only by inspiration—or whatever name it is fitting to give to that strange, eager current that spreads through body and brain when the imagination starts on a quest. All the half seen visions had subsided into conventional images that made him stamp with helpless anger. The glow and the joy of work were gone—probably forever. Late in the afternoon he went savagely to Irene.

"I can't do that thing," he accused her. "Genius! What do I know about Genius? I can't work—I'm just dead and cold—it's all over. I shall simply tell them to let some one else do their old statue. My career has ended, gone up in smoke."

Irene let him fume and tramp about the room without comment until his overwrought nerves were a little relieved. Then she gave him a cigarette, and swept some books off the couch with a little nod of command. He threw himself down and pressed his face against a cool leather cushion.

"I knew this would come," she said. "I have been waiting for it. And I know the remedy."

"The remedy?"

"Of course you can't do work like that here," she went on. "It's a wonder the place hasn't killed your work long ago. It has hurt mine. Imagine anything valuable coming out of these square, hideous rooms, all just alike, on the eighth floor of a square, hideous building, with the elevator always full of dentists and typewriter girls! It's this public, proper, banal atmosphere that is crushing you. Morally the place smells of laundry soap. We have got to go."

"But, Irene, I claim to be above surroundings," he protested.

"So do I—when I am with the brass platter and Persian tapestry kind of artist. It isn't what is on my walls, but the walls themselves, the doors and windows, the way in and out. I have been on the trail of a place for weeks; I shall know tonight if I can have it."

"Irene! You won't really go!"

"But I will!"

"That is terrible—I won't let you! What shall I do?"

"If you are wise, you will come, too." They had both plunged without warning into deadly earnest, though there was only a faint rigidity of attitude to be-

tray it. Paul flung one arm across his face, and presently spoke from behind it.

"For the good of my soul, Irene?"

"For the good of your work," she answered steadily.

"Oh, it is frightful to be as strong as you are—and as certain," he broke out. "Tell me honestly, don't you ever cry, or wish for advice, or even hesitate? Have you quite done away with the eternal feminine?"

She frowned impatiently.

"I have done away with the petty signs and symbols of femininity, I suppose. Do you find me any less a woman for that?"

"God help me, no!"

"Well, then! Now I am going out. Come back at this time tomorrow and pack books for me."

She went away with her usual abruptness, leaving him to scowl over troubled thoughts till hunger drove him out.

Work the next day was even more hopeless. Paul had once scribbled on his wall a line from "The Wreckers": "A sculptor should possess one of three things—capital, influence, or an energy only to be qualified as hellish"—confident in his own possession of the third requisite; but now even energy seemed to have deserted him. He struggled fitfully till mid afternoon, when a messenger brought him a note from Irene—an address, with "Come and see it" scribbled beneath. The address led him down an old fashioned side street, left stranded in the center of the town, and to the door of a wide brick stable, evidently disused. As he hesitated, an Irishman who sat tilted back against the wall waved a friendly thumb towards a side door leading to the attic.

"She's up there," he volunteered.

Paul mounted and found himself in a cavernous attic, full of a pleasant brown light under its steeply pitched roof. Evidently it had been inhabited before, and by people of their own tribe, for open doors showed him that two deep skylights had been let into the sloping roof, the space beneath them being partitioned off into two studios. The beams and rafters showed traces of former decorations, and there was a generous stove, as well as many comforts and conveniences not usual to attics. The whole gave an instant impression of charm and possibilities. Paul skirted boxes and a confusion of furniture, and found Irene, flushed and tumbled but very much alive, poised on the narrow top of a step ladder, tightening a curtain wire.

"Isn't it beautiful? Doesn't it take a weight off your soul?" she called down to him.

"My dear woman—not while you are risking your life up there. Come down this instant."

She laughed and stretched her arms out boastfully to show her perfect security. He had never seen her so splendid.

"If you don't come down, I will come up," he threatened, jealous of her fearlessness rather than afraid for her. She came with a deliberate nonchalance that made every step a challenge. Some lurking imp of mischief had struggled to the surface, and there was amused consciousness in the corners of her mouth, in her whole bearing a disquieting charm made up of her old recklessness and a new delight in it. Paul fell back a step with the sudden recognition of a more immediate danger than he was ready to meet.

"What have you done to yourself? What have you found here?" he demanded.

She looked up at the old rafters, at the stream of sunlight coming in the gabled windows, at the dusky corners full of mellow brown light, and breathed deep with her satisfaction.

"You get it, too," she said. "You are different already; and your eyes are three shades darker."

"Is this—the place?"

"You even stand differently. Oh, there's room here! And every inch of it is in sympathy with us. We can grow wings here—I see the tips of yours already. Won't you admit it?"

"I will admit—something."

"You can't deny it. Your eyes are almost black now. I had forgotten you were so beautiful, Paul!"

"You are growing taller every minute. You must stop! One can't look at a woman level. An inch more, and I shall be afraid of you."

"You are afraid of me now! Come and see it all. I have such plans for it. Shall I tell you?"

"No; not now."

"Will you see where I shall work?" She led him to the partitioned end, and they looked in the first door. Paul tried to say something casual, but broke off after a few incoherent words. Then they went silently to the second room, and lifted strained faces to its high window. She laid her hand on his arm.

"Well, Paul?"

He said nothing, looking straight into her unafraid eyes.

"You will work here every day—and you will see that I was right," she said.

A blind moment followed. When Paul found himself again, he was walking in a tumult of exultation through the ruddy streets, still vibrating with the sense of something splendid and living in his arms and against his face. He tramped reckless miles, but they could not sober him, and he could have shouted with joy in his own defiance. Love and work, work and love—that was all the world held for men such as he. His heart sang in its new liberty, and he felt wide doors swing back before him: he had exchanged a ceiling for a sky.

Hours later he came back through the lighted town, wondering at the crowds pouring into the theaters, when they might be at their own dramas, working and loving under dusky rafters. Then the sight of two figures in the crowd brought him down out of his paradise with a shock that left him cold, and old, and unutterably heart sick. Charlotte's serene face, her amused eyes, her evident pride in the overgrown boy beside her, followed him persistently down the side street into which he had turned to avoid her. He was still one of *Us*. And rage as he might, the claim was not to be thrown aside without a struggle. He could not get away from Charlotte's words, "You will be wise to the end, and to the end we shall all set our compasses by you."

Half a dozen faces confronted him, all serenely trustful. And Cameron, who had walked out of temptation that Paul might not think him a little fool! Oh, it was not fair, they had no right to lamper and bind him! They must live as they could, and leave him free.

By morning all that he really desired was to run away forever—from the tranquil faith of Charlotte, that bound him so unfairly; from the hampering devotion of the little world that said "*Us*" with a capital when no one could hear; from Irene with her turbulent power; from this terrible work wherein so much was expected of him, and before which he was so impotent. A new world, or the serenity of death—

"Coward!" he commented, and turned to his workroom. The gaunt frame, partly built up with clay, stood like a foolish caricature of the idea that had been shown to him in an enlightened moment and then taken away. He picked up the wax model that showed what the finished figure would be, studied it intently, then pushed it away

with an exclamation of despair. He was still sitting idly before the waiting clay when Irene came, entering with an abruptness that gave him no moment for decisions. The magic of the day before was still in her face and voice and movements, though her direct, unconscious eyes seemed to hold no memory of what had happened.

"My packing is almost finished," she began, coming towards him with a vigor fresh and stirring as a strong wind. "I want you to help me for a few moments. There is a box of books—"

"Irene!"

"Paul, you beautiful!" Then she drew herself away to look at him triumphantly. "You didn't sleep. I can see it."

"Of course I didn't."

"Oh, I shall teach you to live yet! And then you will do your real work. It is I that am molding a genius out of clay." He turned away with a hopeless gesture.

"Certainly *I* am not. Look at that thing!"

She took up the little wax model and judged it gravely.

"It is just what I should expect to see come out of these surroundings," she said finally. "It is worthy, and neat, and quite safe. The committee will like it."

"Isn't it horrible!"

"Fire and freedom, Paul—you can't do without them. When will you come?"

"Will you marry me, Irene?"

"Don't be tiresome. You know that I want that as little as you do. Come and help me now; my expressman will be here."

As Paul worked under her directions, some of her fine carelessness began to sweep through him. The load on his heart lifted, the claims of other affections seemed remote and unimportant. The glamour was over all they said and did, and they laughed like children. When they had lunched together, they followed her possessions to the new quarters and worked till they were feverish with weariness. Then she turned on him.

"Go home, Paul. I'm tired of you."

"I don't want to. I like it here."

"When are you going to bring your work?"

He laid his hands on her shoulders. "Dearest woman! I shall make one more attempt to do it there. If that fails, then I shall know that you are wise as well as wonderful. This is Tuesday night; by Saturday I shall have proved—"

"Very well. I will come on Saturday and help you pack."

He had said that he would make one more attempt. And it must be an honest one—he owed that to Charlotte and Cameron, and Ruth, and all these troublesome friends who had spun their artful webs about him to hamper his freedom. Three days was not much to set apart for them. And then—

He seized a handful of clay and turned to the rough suggestion of a shape that awaited him.

"Do what you can," he challenged the six that seemed to confront him. "If you fail, I shall never say 'Us' again; if you want me, you must work for me. You are all in the wrong, and you can't save me—that's what you would call it; but I owe you the chance. Here is your test! Show me that I can do big work without freedom, and I will believe you. But I shan't sacrifice the artist to the citizen, my good and sober friends!"

He went to work indifferently enough, but the sense that the issue was, in a way, out of his hands, quieted his racing thoughts. His attention was freed, and, though he turned it to his subject with a certain contempt, before an hour had passed the workman had begun to get the upper hand, the fire in his eyes had settled into a grave intentness. As the hours passed, slowly, out of the darkness and misery, his idea was coming back to him, the vision he had half seen in the moment when the youth of fiery splendor had answered to his first wondering over the embodiment of genius. He threw out of sight the laborious little image that had so cheapened his idea, and worked with his eyes on the inner vision, growing clearer and more imperative every moment. The tumult of the past days fell away till it was as dim and external as the experience of some one else. Irene became a beautiful picture that stirred but did not concern him. He locked his door, letting visitors knock and go away. The café below had orders to send up his meals, and sometimes they came, and sometimes they did not; Paul never noticed their omission.

The third day found him white and lined and unshaven, more spirit than human, seeing always his idea rather than the growing image before him. When the daylight went, he lit all the lights and worked on in numb persistence through hour after hour of the night. The cruel lights and hard shadows doubled his difficulties. His whole body ached with the physical labor

demanding of it, his mind grew dazed and confused. Several times he heard himself talking aloud, and distressed himself trying to remember what he had said. But he did not think of stopping. His fagged brain kept repeating that the idea must be fixed beyond denial before Saturday, though he could not trouble to remember why.

The striking of a clock startled him. Was it five in the morning or in the afternoon? Was his work done? He pulled up the blinds, letting in a flood of early daylight, then turned slowly to his statue.

At first he felt nothing but the great shock of wonder and joy. Through the rough, unfinished work shone the idea that had held his inner sight, whole and resplendent. At last he had done it, the big thing! Out of the years of labor and sweat and hellish persistency had come this living creation that was facing the dawn with the pride of an equal; and he, the creator, had a right to his hour of exultation. All the work that was yet to be done could not make it a shade more beautiful; could do nothing but render it more legible to eyes unable to find the spirit without aid of the letter. It stood now in its perfection for him, and he had at last achieved.

And then, all at once, he realized the cost of this achievement; that he had done his great work here, in these surroundings, out of the abnegation of years; that Irene's wisdom was not his, and that, by the test of his own experience, he must be wise to the end. He cried out against the sentence, but his work stood inflexible, and he knew. His worn nerves gave way, and, throwing himself face down on the couch, he sobbed desperately.

The tears relieved him. Presently he put out his hand and drew up a rug; and then he fell heavily asleep.

Hours later, he awoke to a new heaven and a new earth. A great tranquillity was over him. He turned to the moment when he would show Charlotte his work, and his heart warmed to the joy they would all take in it, those dear persons whose love and faith were so large a part of his life. Irene seemed as remote as the fiery episodes of his first youth.

He shaved and bathed, went out for a heroic luncheon, and then, bruised and languid, but blessedly serene, came back to sit at the feet of his work and learn. Even when Irene came, as she had promised, he felt no distress—only friendliness and a warm pity. He opened the

door to her, and, taking her hand, led her to the spot where he had first seen and known, when he had let in the dawn. She gazed in silence. He did not look at her face, but he felt her hand grow slowly cold.

"Well, have I done it?" he asked very gently.

She made no answer. After a moment, she drew her hand away and went out,

closing the door behind her without a glance back. Paul heard her steps die away in the distance, then turned to his statue.

"I'm sorry," he said half aloud; then he drew a deep breath and stretched his arms out wide. "This is freedom! And you taught me. I shall never forget. But they won, after all; I can still say 'Us'!"

LITERARY CHAT

THE BALLAD OF THE MODERN STORY TELLER.

Bring out the hoe, the pruning hook,
The spade, the catalogue of seeds—
To write a taking modern book,
'Tis large, the outfit that one needs!
The volumes grave on herbs and weeds,
The Farmers' Almanacs, place near;
Since garden literature succeeds,
I'll write the Story of the Year.

I'll also take a camper's kit
For use upon the untrod hill;
If gardens should lose caste a bit,
The wildwood seems to fit the bill.
I'll tent beside a mountain rill,
And study wolves and eke the deer;
Yet have I no intent to kill—
I'll write the Story of the Year.

A shotgun and a sedgy marsh,
A flight of birds along the beach;
The call of herons, high and harsh,
The breakers' boom, the sea gull's
screech—
With these the public's heart I'll reach!
Hand out my wading boots, my dear;
Since "nature" sermons we must
preach
Who write the Story of the Year.

L'ENVOI.

Wife, those were easy days of old
When tales of man could charm the
ear,
When merely human fiction sold,
And was the Story of the Year.

THE FLAYING OF HARVARD—

Mr. Flandrau comes forth with another amusing volume about his alma mater.

Writers of college stories usually have only an ephemeral success, the authors seldom adding to their fame by other literary efforts. The case of Charles Maccomb Flandrau, however, seems to be exceptional. About four years ago Mr. Flandrau, a young Harvard graduate, astonished and pained many Harvard men by publishing a collection of short stories, called "Harvard Episodes," in which he mercilessly handled the undergraduate life of his college. It is true that a few Harvard men declared that the book was not merely fine from a literary point of view, but gave a true picture of conditions prevailing at Cambridge; but in Cambridge and in Boston it was criticised with much severity.

Mr. Flandrau had won some distinction among his classmates by his literary gifts, and after graduation he had for a time held a position in the English department as a corrector of themes; so in discussing Harvard it would seem as if he ought to have known what he was talking about. In one instance he told how an instructor had "passed" a young fellow in one of his courses because they both belonged to the same social club, neglecting even to look at the student's examination book, in which nothing had been written! It was easy enough for recent Harvard men to recognize the instructor, and naturally many of them believed the incident to be founded on fact, though it was a pure invention.

Mr. Flandrau has lately brought out an extremely amusing volume called "The Diary of a Freshman," in which the first year of a Harvard student's college life is described with remarkable insight and vividness. Among the characters there is an instructor named "Fleetwood," unmistakably drawn from a lecturer in the English department whose caustic wit, and whose public readings and evening receptions for students, have made him one of the most actively discussed men in the faculty.

Mr. Flandrau, who comes from Minneapolis, is now abroad, working on another book.

"TO MEET OBSCURE AMERICANS"
—An English publisher gives a sort of coming out party for transatlantic novelists.

There is one English publisher, at least, who thinks the time ripe for making amends for his countryman's well remembered sneer: "Who reads an American book?" This is William Heinemann, and he has undertaken to show the English how well worth reading American novels are by publishing a series of them. There will be twelve in the group, and, perhaps as a delicate tribute to our ruling passion, he entitles the collection "The Dollar Library."

Mr. Heinemann's kindly purpose is to introduce to his fellow subjects those story tellers whose names are scarcely known in England. He begins his series with "The Girl from the Half Way House," by E. Hough. This will be followed by "Parlous Times," by D. D. Wells; "Lords of the North," by A. C. Laut; "The Chronic Loafer," by Nelson Lloyd; and "Her Mountain Lover," by Hamlin Garland.

If he keeps on at this rate, Mr. Heinemann will more than succeed in having his American authors unknown to his British readers. With a few exceptions, he will have chosen names equally unfamiliar to the American public.

THE CROWN AND LITERATURE—
Will King Edward "recognize" authors—and how?

There is said to be a faint flutter of excitement among British writers concerning the present sovereign's probable attitude towards letters. Will authors bask in the sunlight of royal favor? If so, which authors, and through what medium will the sunlight shed itself?

Will King Edward VII follow the example of his illustrious predecessor, George IV, and give dinners to orators and writers? Will he establish an order of Knights of the Pen (the porcine suggestion is not wholly inappropriate) whose members may forever glower at the orders taking precedence of them? Will he decree a sort of descending scale of laureateships—two vice laureates, say, and four deputy vice laureates—to assist Alfred Austin in finding rhymes?

Any attempt on the part of the sovereign to give especial recognition to literature would probably result in truly Gilbertian situations. Marie Corelli alone, if not made past grand mistress of the order, would furnish at least one comic opera; and Hall Caine, good, thrifty soul, would make an equal amount of advertising out of favor or neglect. Could Sarah Grand, with her well known scorn of man as a combination of worm in the dust and devouring lion, accept even a literary decoration at the hands of any male? Would Richard Le Gallienne break forth into perfervid republicanism if excluded from the order on the ground that writers for infants and adolescents were not eligible? Above all, would William Waldorf Astor consent to have his eminent services to literary art recognized by royalty if such recognition forced him into brotherhood with social nobodies like George Meredith and Thomas Hardy?

It has never been urged against King Edward that he failed to know when he was well off; and this makes it extremely likely that his patronage of literature will be confined to his orders to his booksellers.

TOLSTOY AS A CRITIC—He thinks that Ruskin was greater than Gladstone—and does not care for poetry.

Not the least interesting part of Aylmer Maude's "Tolstoy and His Problems" is that which gives the Russian philosopher's comments on modern literature. He holds Mrs. Humphry Ward in high esteem, and he rates Sienkiewicz as "readable."

"I don't know why you English make such a fuss about Gladstone," Tolstoy once said. "You have a much greater man in Ruskin."

He finds much to admire in the English scientific and socialist writers, and he commends Zola for his faithful delineations of the life of the common people, and his descriptions of "the ordinary

man as he actually lives and works." On the other hand, the French novelist's worst fault, he thinks, is that he "piles up mountains of undigested facts."

Tolstoy does not care for poetry. He said of a volume of Matthew Arnold's poems:

"They are good, but what a pity they were not written in prose!" He maintains that while people have written valuable things in verse, they could, in most cases, have said them better if freed from the shackles of rhyme and rhythm.

MINOR POETRY AND A LIVING—

Should the troubadour's guitar be mute until his mowing machine has finished its daily song?

If the creed of the modern French troubadours were universally held throughout the guild of the minor poets, there would be rejoicing among the oppressed landladies and laundresses of America, and the tobaccoist would be exceeding glad. For the Provençal school, one gathers from the comments on its late chief, Félix Gras, thinks the poet who is merely a poet a monstrosity. As well might the bird cease from diligent pursuit of the early worm when he finds that he can carol a joyful song, as a man expect to give up some form of honest toil when he discovers that he, too, can praise long suffering nature in dactyl and trochee.

Félix Gras, whom the French called the head of the brotherhood of modern troubadours, was a justice of the peace at Avignon. Speaking of him and his followers, the *Journal des Débats* says: "These men have shown us what we should never have forgotten, that it is not necessary to make of poetry a profession; that one should, before all, live honestly and do good work, in the way of Hans Sachs and Father Adam, and that then, if one's voice is ringing and clear, one would be wise to sing, but not otherwise. It is because of this lesson that we bow reverently over the tomb of the justice of the peace who was a poet. He performed his duties faithfully, and when he left the court in the afternoon, he took his way in the twilight towards the golden Rhone. And as the evening deepened, the Muses shone for him among the stars in the skies."

It is a pretty picture, and its central thought is worthy to be seriously pondered by the young minor poet. Obedience to the suggestion it contains would enable him to afford the services of a

barber more frequently than he does now. And, after all, such a course would forestall by only a few years his customary acceptance of a professorship or of opulent matrimony as a means of support not unworthy his high calling.

THE SWASHBUCKLER'S FALL—

Signs that the popular appetite for roaring heroics is becoming surfeited.

There are signs that the taste for swashbuckler adventure in fiction is beginning to be surfeited. It could hardly be otherwise, with the load of roaring heroics that has been served to it in the last twelve months. Some of the precious works that have fed the public appetite will doubtless survive for the wondering speculation of a future generation; others will make a swift sprint to the dust heap.

One of the most likely candidates for this latter eminence is that recent addition to romantic fiction that may be called, in the Bowery phrase, the "limick" of this sort of thing. A story that covers just four days, wherein the boy hero does not sleep, eat, or rest, but only fights, might be supposed to satiate every desire for blood and battle. You cannot possibly do more with your hero than make him fight all the time; hence this achievement is unsurpassable.

It would be strange if Miss Runkle's place in literature should be as the slayer of the great romantic fiction movement.

TRIGGS THE ICONOCLAST—The literary critic of Chicago University, and a possible reason for his criticisms.

Chicago University is already renowned for its cheerful disregard of the past. Old methods of instruction "don't go" with it, to speak in the classic language of the Windy City. Neither do old authors, not if Professor Oscar L. Triggs knows himself!

Professor Triggs first leaped into the white light of fame beyond Chicago when the newspapers published his announcement that John D. Rockefeller was a greater man than Shakspeare. Pleased with the success of that bit of literary criticism, he has gone on knocking busts from the pedestals in the hall of fame at a vigorous rate.

He has not yet said that Russell Sage was a more splendid creation than Homer, or Andrew Carnegie than St. Paul, but then Mr. Sage and Mr. Carnegie have not yet largely endowed the university. He

has said, however, that Longfellow and Oliver Wendell Holmes were cheap, "irreverent," "devoid of convictions," "producers of mere literary jingle, unworthy of consideration by any one."

It seems to the unprejudiced outsider that Professor Triggs is patriotically destroying old reputations to make room in the gallery of the great for his fellow citizens. With a few carelessly directed blows of the favorite Chicago critical weapon, the bludgeon, he clears a space for Mr. "Dooley" Dunne, Mr. Ade of the "Fables," Mr. Robert Herrick, Mr. Stanley Waterloo, and others who have vindicated Chicago's claims to be considered the American literary center.

But might it not be cheaper, in the long run, to build a special Chicago annex to the world's hall of fame?

HOW OUIDA WRITES—The first draft of a novel about half of its final length.

It is the experience of all writers that people question them more about what might be called the mechanical part of their work than anything else. Each has his own way of doing things, governed by his temperament and energy. That woman of many names, who is best known as Ouida, is said to have a curious method.

She makes the draft of a story, writing perhaps forty thousand words. This is apparently a complete story, needing only technical corrections. It is sent to a typewriter, who transcribes it upon paper of foolscap size, with three quarters of the page left blank.

The novelist goes over the manuscript, filling out nearly every page in her own handwriting, rounding out scenes, characters, and dialogues, making the story two or three times as long as it was originally; and so cleverly is this done that there is never the suggestion of a break. The first draft is the house building, the second is the furnishing, and Ouida's plan guards against changing the architectural plan to suit the furnishings. The story is the main thing, the only really important thing, after all.

WHEN DAVIS GOES TO WAR—

It seems that he generally manages to do a little fighting.

Richard Harding Davis has undertaken to put the late Stephen Crane into a story. Some one should now turn about and put Richard Harding Davis into a story. There is ample material at hand.

One incident might be the occasion when Mr. Davis, having been sent to report the Greco Turkish war, began his labors by engaging in a quarrel with the Greek chief of staff. For this amusement, he was ordered to be deported before he had seen a skirmish or written a letter. The United States consul at Athens, George Horton, by using all his personal friends and exerting the influence of his government, succeeded in saving Mr. Davis from being escorted over the line. Mr. Davis subsequently testified his gratitude to Mr. Horton by roasting him; but that was when Horton had written a novel.

The origin of the quarrel with the chief of staff is shrouded in mystery. Some say it grew out of a statement by the Greek that he had never heard of Richard Harding Davis, an allegation which seemed to Mr. Davis such a palpable falsehood that he felt justified in impugning the officer's veracity. But Mr. Davis' well known modesty and diffidence seem to make this extremely improbable.

Without taking up a rifle, Richard Harding Davis seems to get into the fight whenever he girds on his field glass and his khaki suit and sallies forth to war. Shafter in Cuba and Buller in South Africa know how terrible he can be when a mere general dares to interfere with him.

THE BIRD AND THE LADY—

A report which is a statement of the case between them up to date.

Not often is the report of a committee a thing which no household can afford to be without; but that of the Committee on the Protection of North American Birds is such a document. All women should read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it, for it is a record of ugly slaughter instigated and maintained by them. But for the milliners and their clients, the wholesale destruction of feathered things would soon cease.

Gulls, terns, and other water birds have, during the last few years, been the chief victims of the feminine savagery that masquerades as a love of adornment. So brazen is the brutality of those who covet the soft breasts of these gentlest and most affectionate of birds, that dealers have sent out scales of prices printed on postal cards to postmasters along the Gulf of Mexico, asking them to distribute the cards among gunners and fishermen.

The report is painful reading even to

minds hardened by a long course of despatches from the Philippines, South Africa, and China. To learn that the boast of stalwart hunters in Texas is that they are able to bag a thousand birds in five or six days, and to skin, when in good form, six hundred in a day, is not pleasant to the most superficially humanitarian.

There is a chance that the wholesale destruction may cease. It has been made unlawful to export from one State or to receive in another any bird or animal unlawfully killed, and wardens have been appointed to do life saving duty among the sea birds along the coast. The gull may not go to join the great auk, the buffalo, and the other extinct races wantonly destroyed on this continent. But a careful study of the report by women would aid the good work greatly by causing a cessation of the demand for plumage.

THE "YELLOW" IN FICTION—

A very modern New York newspaper story with much strength in it.

Those familiar with contemporary journalism in New York are more likely to speculate as to the identity of the author of "The Great God Success," who hides himself under the name of John Graham, than to be interested in the tale itself. Nevertheless, it is a strong story, written by one who knows whereof he writes. It is a frightful arraignment, not of the so called "yellow journalism," which it discusses with a truth and moderation truly admirable, but of that principle which is the foundation of modern journalism, and which permeates the whole institution—that to succeed is everything, no matter what the cost, and that there is no such thing as honorable failure.

"The Great God Success" is a story of a man who begins as a "cub" reporter, or kindergarten man, and who forces himself to the very front by his ability and tenacity, becoming managing editor and then proprietor. Then he sells himself and his newspaper for an ambassadorship. Skilfully woven into this is the description of a liaison with a daughter of the people, and of his marriage to an aristocratic young woman.

Many of the incidents are familiar to every newspaper worker in New York. For instance, the account of how *Howard* made his first success as a reporter by writing a description of a child lost for two days in the mountains is an accurate

statement of the way in which David Graham Phillips made his reputation on the *New York Sun*. Mr. Phillips is now the writer of the editorials in the *Evening World*, and one of the most brilliant products of New York journalism; but it must not be supposed that he is the hero of the tale, for he is as different from *Howard* as a man could well be. In the same way, other familiar facts are used in "The Great God Success."

It is a most interesting tale, but not a pleasant one. It tells truth, and truth that should be known to all the world.

A BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE—

The charmingly told reminiscences of Franklin's great granddaughter.

When a woman has passed beyond that mystic point where age turns from a reproach to a glory; when she has traveled "everywhere" and has met "every one"; when she has brought to her opportunities not only clear visual organs, but also that penetrating, humorously sympathetic sense which is as yet unnamed, her talk is a delight.

Mrs. E. D. Gillespie's "A Book of Remembrance" is such talk. It is witty and wise and human. It is unaffected. It is about "interesting people" whose names are written large in history, and about people made interesting only by her insight. It is about Bismarck or the butter man, about the little German royalties or little Eliza Peters, who sat at the opposite end of the row of girls from the author in clearly remembered school days.

Mrs. Gillespie's great grandfather was Benjamin Franklin; her father was William Duane, Jackson's Secretary of the Treasury. Intimate gossip of the stirring days before the Civil War, and of the men that made them stirring, is one of the charms of the book.

On the occasion of her introduction to Bismarck, who had asked to meet the descendant of the great statesman, she managed to give one of those little digs at Boston which are the joy of so many people outside the Hub. Bismarck, who appeared commendably familiar with transatlantic geography, marveled that Franklin, a man born in Massachusetts, became so closely identified with the affairs of Pennsylvania. Whereupon Mrs. Gillespie promptly informed him that Franklin "had left Massachusetts as early in life as he could," a gibe the point of which the great chancellor did not miss.

She knew Von Bülow, and on one occasion looked over a photograph album of his friends with him, he telling her their names. They paused at the picture of an interesting looking woman. "That was my late wife," he said after a moment; and Mrs. Gillespie found the charm of Frau Cosima Wagner depart with the simple statement from her one time husband.

It is human touches like these that make "A Book of Remembrance" an absorbing bit of autobiographical literature. It is full of them. Every reminiscence is pervaded by the personal element which alone gives reminiscence a reason for being.

SHALL "SCENERY" DISAPPEAR?

—Descriptive writing, once one of the strong features of English writers, now out of fashion.

The fashion of describing scenery in fiction is being howled down by a generation which likes to gulp down imagined battle, murder, and sudden death with railway restaurant speed. Young writers are exhorted to cut their descriptions short and to pile action on action without any cohesive material between. They are told that the public resents as an impertinence the mention of the fact that the sun was setting in a broad lake of primrose, and that it regards as an outrage the information that the snow was blowing densely over the desolate moors.

Yet description—indoor, outdoor, city or country—has been one of the strong features of the work of the great English writers. One's memory of action may grow dim, but the recollection of scenes remains vivid. You may have forgotten what happened at the medieval banquet in the house of *Ivanhoe's* father, but you remember the rudely magnificent picture of the dining hall. You may not recall in how many tournaments *Ivanhoe* fought, but the chances are that you have a clear vision of the idyllic, green English country through which *Wamba* and *Gurth* journeyed at sunset in that first chapter. You remember the Floss and its mill, and the attic where *Maggie Tulliver* played, better than you remember all that happened to that rather unhappy young woman.

As for Dickens, the master of humor and pathos, with whom, if with any one, we should expect a disregard for scenery, what power he puts into it! From him we know London highways and byways, and go to the great city as to a familiar

ground. We know the dark water front where *Riderhood* plied his ghastly trade; we know the locks, the northern marshes, the open country, the inns and tap rooms and coaches, the whirling leaves of autumn outside *Mr. Pecksniff's* respectable house, the stinging snow through which *Tom Pinch* came home from Salisbury; with what an infinitude of pictures has Dickens enriched the galleries of our minds! And how he has made all his wealth of description add to the thrilling excitement of his situations, until the action is fairly staged for us, and holds us with the force of drama.

Poor description is a poor thing, but a novel without scenery is about as exhilarating as a railway journey through a tunnel.

AN ARTIST IN VERSE—With all Austin Dobson's poetic skill, he has had to earn his living as a clerk.

Austin Dobson's retirement from the staff of the English Board of Trade, where for many years he has held a clerical position, brings to mind the curious fact that a poet so genuine and inventive and a prose stylist so admirable has never been able to win daily bread from his writings. Day after day he has kept his hours at his desk like other "hired men," doing his singing at home in the evenings for the pure love of singing.

This is rather discouraging, as well as pathetic. The world owes much to Austin Dobson. Not to consider the heart easing quality of his blithesome and tonic melody, he has revolutionized our poetry by the introduction of old French forms. His ballades, villanelles, triolets, rondels, and rondeaux have inspired and directed the efforts of hundreds of poets, to the measureless betterment of poetry. He is now to have a pension—which seems a somewhat belated recognition, if pensions are wise at all—and all his time for his literary work. He plans, it is said, certain literary biographies which the world will doubtless welcome.

Mr. Dobson's literary career points the old moral of the dangers of jesting. His common reputation is that of a singer on light or humorous themes. As a matter of fact, he has written at least as much serious verse, although the other kind probably kept him from the laureateship. In any key he may choose he is, with the single exception of Swinburne, the most deft and skilful of living English poets.



GRAND OPERA POSSIBILITIES.

Grand opera in this country sadly needs a new bright particular star, a "top liner" as they say in the continuous, the magic of whose name will fill a big auditorium. The American public has been surfeited with the familiar superlative artists, so that now it rises only languidly to the bait of even a De Reszke. A realization of this led to the rumor circulated last winter, that New York would be without opera this season. Maurice Grau finally denied the report with a positive announcement, but, almost in the same breath, he intimated that he was tired of trying to please so fickle a taste. Mr. Grau did not manage the Covent Garden season in London last summer, and it is said that the coming season at the Metropolitan will be the

last under the direction of the only manager who has succeeded in presenting grand opera there without bankrupting himself. But it is more likely that Mr. Grau will positively retire in the spring of 1902, only to bob up again in the autumn of 1903, with the top liner aforesaid, a find so remarkable as to magnetize the greatest of modern impresarios into activity again in spite of himself.

For is it not writ down in operatic annals that the banner year for the Metro-



ELFIE FAY, WHO APPEARED IN THE LONDON PRODUCTION OF "THE WHIRL OF THE TOWN."

From her latest photograph by Hana, London.



KATE HASSETT, THE NEW ACTRESS CHOSEN AS LEADING WOMAN FOR "THE LAST APPEAL."

From a photograph by Windeatt, Chicago.



VIOLET LLOYD, WHO IS "SUSAN"
IN "THE TOREADOR" AT THE
LONDON GAIETY.

*From her latest photograph by
Dupont, New York.*



GRANT STEWART, OF DANIEL
FROHMAN'S STOCK COMPANY,
ALSO PLAYWRIGHT.

*From a photograph by Rose,
Providence.*



LANSING ROWAN, WHO APPEARS
IN A "SHERLOCK HOLMES"
COMPANY.

*From a photograph by Moore, New
Orleans.*

politan was the winter of 1898-99, after a season's interregnum in classic song-birds? Oversupply may be as disastrous in the artistic as in the commercial world. But everything depends on the top liner. Possibly this may be found in the Delmonico waiter whose discovery is just now being bruited abroad in the daily press. For music is no respecter of occupations. Campanini was a blacksmith. Guillaume Duchesne is the name of the new tenor rated as a wonder by Minkowsky, the composer and friend of

Nordica and the De Reszkes. At any rate, he has seen fit to award to this young man of twenty five the two thousand dollar scholarship offered by Edouard de Reszke for the benefit of any singer possessed of an extraordinary voice, but without the means to have it properly cultivated. Nordica has offered a similar prize for young women.

Nordica, by the way, abandons opera for the present, and will tour America in recitals only. Of course it is more fatiguing in one way to furnish the entire



ANDREW MACK AS "TOM MOORE" IN HIS NEW PLAY
OF THAT NAME.

From his latest photograph by McIntosh, New York



EBEN PLYMPTON, AS THE KING IN "IN THE PALACE
OF THE KING."

From a photograph by Rose & Sands, New York.

evening's entertainment oneself, but it puts no greater strain on the voice than going through with the leading part in a whole grand opera, and, when one comes to take into account the drain on the

and was born in Farmington, Maine. Her father was a farmer, and there were six children, all daughters. Music entered largely into the family life, whether in the Old Folks' Concerts held in the

ELSIE LESLIE, WHO IS APPEARING
AS "GLORY QUAYLE" IN
"THE CHRISTIAN."

*From her latest photograph by Mar-
ceau, New York.*



nerves by the acting of a strong emotional rôle, to say nothing of the annoyance of changing costumes and the tedium of waiting for cues, a recital is child's play in comparison. Nordica received her stage name from San Giovanni, with whom she studied in Milan. She was known then as Lillian Norton, her maiden name. Giovanni called her "Giglia Nordica"—Lily of the North. She comes of sturdy old Puritan stock,

church, or in the singing bees around the hearthstone. The removal to Boston when Lillian was six afforded the means for a broader education. She entered the New England Conservatory of Music at fourteen.

It was through Mme. Titjens that she met the Maretzeks, went to New York and, after studying there for two years longer, secured an engagement with Gilmore's band. She sang with this organ-

ization both in America and England, and the money thus earned enabled her to continue her studies in Italy. When she made her operatic début in that country, her success was so decided that the Ital-

and were married. Nordica retired from the stage for a while. Fate had a singular card still to play in the game, a card that was neither death, divorce, nor voluntary separation. Mr. Gower, who had



WILLIAM COLLIER AS "ROBERT RIDGWAY" IN "ON THE QUIET."

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.



MARY MANNERING, APPEARING IN "JANICE MEREDITH."

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

ian engagement was followed by a call to St. Petersburg, and later to the Grand Opéra in Paris. While singing there she met a young American, Henry Gower, from Providence. The two fell in love

been a journalist, took a deep interest in electrical matters, and a boom in the new power being then on, he made considerable money in its exploitation. He then took up aëronautics as a fad, and not long



LILLIAN NORDICA, GRAND OPERA PRIMA DONNA, APPEARING THIS SEASON IN SONG RECITALS.

From her latest photograph—Copyright by Dupont, New York.

after his marriage embarked on a balloon voyage across the English channel. He was never seen again. Nordica returned to the stage, and, after singing at Covent Garden, crossed to her own land again and made a great success at the Metropolitan, where she has ever since remained a sterling favorite. She was at the same time one of the most useful singers on Mr. Grau's list. Her repertoire is immense, and she can be ready to appear in almost any part at brief notice. Again, she has had the privilege of studying some of the big

rôles with the composers of the operas themselves, as *Marguerite* in "Faust" with Gounod, *Ophélie* in "Hamlet" with Ambroise Thomas, and the Wagnerian parts with Frau Cosima Wagner at Bayreuth. She sang there in the famous festivals for the first time in 1894.

Some idea of Nordica's voice range may be gained when it is remembered that she can win applause in such widely dissimilar parts as *Filina* in "Mignon," as *Aida*, and again as *Valentine* in "Les Huguenots" and *Selika* in "L'Africaine." Besides these, there are her Wagnerian

rôles, *Elsa* in "Lohengrin" and *Isolde* in "Tristan and Isolde" being two of the most popular. Nordica married again in

who had been singing at the Paris Grand Opéra, Zoltain F. Doeme, and he is somewhat younger than his wife. It is



AMELIA BINGHAM, WHO HAS MADE A HIT WITH A STOCK COMPANY OF HER OWN IN "THE CLIMBERS."

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

1896, at the close of the music festival in Indianapolis, where she had been one of the star singers. The bridegroom this time was a handsome young Polish tenor,

usually difficult to fix where these great singers live, but Nordica likes to regard London as her home. She has a beautiful house there, which she finds but little



MAY IRWIN, WHO HAS NOT YET RETIRED TO ENJOY THE FORTUNE SHE HAS EARNED.

From her latest photograph—Copyright by Dupont, New York



ETTA BUTLER, ONE OF THE TWO LEADERS IN "THE LIBERTY BELLES."

From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco.



ESTHER TITTELL, LEADING WOMAN IN THE FARCE "ARE YOU A MASON?"

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



JANE HOLLY, APPEARING WITH ELSIE DE WOLFE'S STOCK COMPANY IN THE NEW PLAY BY CLYDE FITCH, "THE WAY OF THE WORLD."

From her latest photograph by Marceau, Los Angeles.



MARY BLYTH, APPEARING IN THE CLYDE FITCH PLAY, "BARBARA FRIETCHIE."

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.



ADELE RAFTER, REPLACING JESSIE BARTLETT DAVIS WITH THE BOSTONIANS.

From her latest photograph by Naegeli, New York.



FRITZI SCHEFF, SOPRANO IN THE GRAU GRAND OPERA COMPANY.

From a photograph—Copyright by Dupont, New York.



EDNA WALLACE HOPPER AS SHE APPEARS IN "FLORODORA."

From her latest photograph by Marceau, New York.

time to enjoy. Such is the penalty these great artists pay for fame.

WHEN CHILD ACTORS FLOURISHED APACE.

It was just ten years after the "Pinafore" craze struck us that the "Little Lord Fauntleroy" boom broke over the land with almost equal virulence. Impersonators of the precocious *Cedric* sprang up in every direction; the original company had two, although, unlike the hydra headed *Topsies* of certain "Uncle Tom" organizations, they did not occupy the stage simultaneously. These two were Elsie Leslie, who created the part, and Tommy Russell, brother of Annie Russell, who played at the Wednesday

matinée and Saturday night performances at the Broadway during the first winter's run of the play.

Young Russell, by the way, was made the central figure in a scheme engineered by a certain young man named Wood, who manifested a deep interest in the boy actor, and who announced that he intended to build a theater for him. The site was actually chosen at Seventh Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty Fourth Street, and the foundation stone laid by Tommy himself, who journeyed all the way from Chicago for the purpose. Speeches were made on the occasion by A. M. Palmer and other eminent dramatic lights, and an elaborate banquet formed part of the pro-

ceedings. The house was to be called the West End Theater, and there was actually a periodical issued in its interest called the *West End Gazette*, edited by Hillary Bell, now the dramatic critic of the *New York Press*. Only attractions of the first order were to play in the new house, and Harlem had begun to plume itself on its fine theater when one morning it awoke to the fact that Mr. Wood was financially as intangible as smoke. It seems that he had "bluffed" the whole business, was absolutely irresponsible, and had departed to regions unknown, leaving Tommy only a big dog, and his adult dupes nothing but idle promises to pay for property, foundation stone, silver trowel, press work, and banquet. It may have been this experience which disgusted young Russell with the theatrical calling. He ceased to become a boy actor in due course, and on the completion of his schooling went into the insurance business.

Elsie Leslie, on the other hand, passed from "Fauntleroy" into another boy's rôle, a duplicate one at that. This was in Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper," and if the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children did not interfere, it was because this organization is nothing if not inconsistent. A child who takes a few steps in a dance is hustled off the boards at double quick, but here was a girl barely ten years old enacting two parts in a play occupying the whole evening. Quick changes of costume were not the only arduous accessories of the impersonation; as the pauper she was trussed up like a turkey bound for a Thanksgiving oven, with the added annoyance of a gag in her mouth. But Elsie survived the ordeal for the season's run of the piece, and was then sent to boarding school.

Naturally, to a child accustomed to the excitement of life behind the scenes, the confinement of school was even more distasteful than to the ordinary young person. By way of consolation, her friend, Joseph Jefferson, as he bade her good by, added: "Well, Elsie, I can tell you one thing: until you are ready to return to the stage and be my *Juliet*, I shall never play *Romeo*." It was to appear with Mr. Jefferson that she finally left her studies, making her adult début as *Lydia* in "The Rivals," some three years ago. She continued as leading woman with the Jefferson company until last spring. She is now *Glory Quayle* in "The Christian" opposite the *John Storm* of E. J. Morgan. It is something of a coincidence

that she should follow Viola Allen in this part, as Miss Allen was the original *Mrs. Errol*, *Cedric's* mother, in the first production of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" at the Boston Museum.

An effort was made to bring Elsie away from her school in the spring of '97, to appear as the innocent young girl in the special presentation of "L'Arlésienne," a pastoral piece from the French of Alphonse Daudet, produced amid much flourish of society trumpets, and with music by Georges Bizet, composer of "Carmen." Fortunately, the principal of the school put her foot down upon the proposition to take the girl away from her studies for any such purpose—fortunately in a double sense, for "The Woman of Arles" fell flat. Even Agnes Booth, who emerged from her retirement to take the leading rôle, could not save it.

Announcement has recently been made of the marriage of Miss Leslie to William Jefferson Winter, a son of William Winter, the veteran dramatic critic. Young Mr. Winter is an actor.

HOW "THE CLIMBERS" WAS FOUND.

The public at large may not know that managers and stars set about procuring a play in the same way that other people buy or rent a house—by going to an agent and finding out what he has on his lists. Amelia Bingham recently related for *MUNSEY'S* the story of her discovery of "The Climbers."

"When I had secured my theater," began Miss Bingham, "I sought out Miss Marbury, the biggest agent in the field, and told her what I wanted. 'I think I have the very thing for you,' she replied. 'Mr. Fitch has just returned from Europe with the scenario of a new piece.' An appointment was made for a reading, but when it was over I wasn't satisfied.

"'I admit the strength of the thing. Mr. Fitch,' I said, 'but I don't care to play a bad woman. I want a heroine who will enlist the sympathies of everybody by her goodness, not simply because of her misfortunes.'

"'Well,' he rejoined, 'I have another play, but the only part you would care to take isn't even as important as I had planned to make it. In fact, it isn't a star piece at all.'

"'Never mind about that,' I told him. 'If the story is all right, I don't care about the star part of it. I'll get the company to fit.'

"Another appointment was made, and Mr. Fitch brought 'The Climbers' to

read. When he had finished the first act, 'That's all right,' I said. 'Go on.' At the end of the second, 'I'll take the play,' I told him, and listening to the next two acts was a mere matter of form. I knew already that it was the piece I wanted.

"And now I ought to tell you that that play was declined by Mr. Charles Frohman," said Mr. Fitch, when he had completed the reading.

"That makes no difference to me," was my reply. 'It is the play I want.'

"But the first night was a nervous time. The piece is full of tricks, things to be managed off stage which would bring disaster if there was the slightest hitch. For example, if the lights didn't go up at just the right instant after the dark scene, the whole episode would be ruined. All these things were on my mind, and I think there was nothing I thought so little of as my own acting."

THE SPECIAL PERFORMANCE.

As a rule, managers do not care to have metropolitan critics journey to near by cities to notice a performance which is being "tried on the dog" before being submitted to the approval of the capital; but now and again this advance view is courted, and in some cases a function is made of the affair. Engraved invitations are sent out to the newspaper men in the name of the manager, and a special train of parlor cars carries the guests to the scene of the trial. This was done in the case of "The Last Appeal," which is the first serious work undertaken by its author, Leo Ditrichstein, unless he chooses to regard "The Song of the Sword," done the season before last by Sothorn, in that light. His adaptation of "Are You a Mason?" is a farce hit, and he himself finds in it one of his most congenial rôles. In "The Last Appeal" he has gone to Austria, his own country, for his background, and has founded his story on the tragic romance of the late Crown Prince Rudolph, who is supposed to have committed suicide for love of a woman who was beneath him in rank, and whom it was therefore impossible for him to marry. A similar theme is treated in the serial, "A Stroke of Kingcraft," which was begun in the October issue of THE JUNIOR MUNSEY.

Ditrichstein comes of a noble Hungarian family, but Leo's father sacrificed his title when he espoused the cause of Kossuth. Young Ditrichstein went on the stage, and it was while he was leading man at the Stadt Theater, in Ham-

burg, that Gustav Amberg engaged him for his German company in New York. That was nine years ago, and since then he has learned not only to act but to write in English. His *Zou Zou* in "Trilby" made him known all over the country. He has become a naturalized citizen, and promises to be one of our popular playwrights.

Robert Drou  t is the leading man in "The Last Appeal," and the leading woman is Kate Hassett, who came to the management and asked to be tried in the part. She was absolutely unknown, but after she had acted a scene she was engaged forthwith.

FAVERSHAM AND "A ROYAL RIVAL."

Faversham seems to be the best liked of the numerous *Don C  sars* with which the new season has been so thickly sprinkled. He impersonates the reckless young nobleman with a sort of reserve power that is in decided contrast to the whirlwind rush with which Lewis Waller charges at the part. Faversham, too, seems a bit nervous over his ante mortem song with the soldiers, but he gets through it very commendably, considering that he has never had any comic opera training. One can easily guess that this song was a matter of considerable discussion between the star and his manager, for in the course of an unusually bright curtain speech on the opening night, Mr. Faversham remarked: "I shall do my utmost by hard work to stay on Broadway; that is, unless Mr. Frohman should decide to put me into opera."

Faversham has need to be at his best in "A Royal Rival." With two exceptions, he is supported by the most badly chosen cast in the history of the syndicate, not even barring the collection of misfits that surrounded Ada Rehan last winter. The two exceptions are Edwin Stevens, as the arch villain, *Don Jose*, and versatile Jessie Busley, as the boy *Pedro*. Last spring Mr. Stevens was *Baron Stein* in the Empire "Diplomacy," and he will be recalled as the swindler with the stiff fingers in "Brother Officers." Miss Busley, although still young, has behind her a long record of hits in striking character parts, such as the rough speaking but good hearted music hall girl in "Hearts Are Trumps," the slavey of "The Brixton Burglary," and one of "The Two Little Vagrants."

Julie Opp was cast for the gipsy girl, *Marita*, who sings ballads and dances in

the streets. Why Charles Frohman should have taken the trouble to bring her across the Atlantic for this rôle is beyond comprehension. Miss Opp is American born, of German parentage, tall, statuesque, and made an impression here some years ago in the leading part of Pinero's "Princess and the Butterfly" at the Lyceum. Women, especially, went wild about her beauty. They sought admission to her dressing room and raved to her face about her exquisite neck and shoulders. She went back to London and rejoined George Alexander's company at the St. James, where she continued to play women of the smart set in his drawingroom dramas. In "The Wilderness," last winter, she was *Edith Thorold*. The principal part, *Mabel Vaughan*, fell to Eva Moore, wife of H. V. Esmond, the play's author, who stipulated that she should have it when he made his contract. But to return to Miss Opp in "A Royal Rival," it was suggested that she would better engage the kinetoscope effect used by a colored duo to give life to her dance in the first act. Throughout the play one feels that she is conscious of being sadly out of place. She tries to reduce her unusual height by going about the stage in a stooping posture, and she shows no more of the gipsy's fire than a Swedish match separated from its scratcher.

But if Mr. Frohman was wandering in his mind when he cast Julie Opp for *Marita*, he must have been the victim of a fearsome hallucination when he picked out Joe Holland for the King of Spain. To be sure, the part represents a cowardly scoundrel, but in England William Mollison managed to make him seem like a man, if rascally. It is in very truth a big jump from the harassed husband of the farcical "Brixton Burglary" to the contemptible king of the melodramatic "Royal Rival," but the marvel is that so clever an actor as Mr. Holland should play any part so badly. It looks very much as if Mr. Frohman had entered upon the new season with the determination to educate his players in versatility, willy nilly.

Going further down in the scale, the officer with whom *Don César* fights has no more animation than a toy woolly dog. In brief, after one recalls the fine support Mr. Frohman gave to Annie Russell, John Drew, and Ethel Barrymore, the Faversham entourage reminds one of the old star and sticks combinations of the early sixties. Still, somebody must be made to pay the piper for the money

lost on "The Girl From Up There," and "Favvy's," happening to be the first production launched after Edna May's sixteen weeks of London frost, may have been pitched on as the scapegoat.

IMPRESSIONS FROM FALL OPENINGS.

There seems to be a disposition on the part of certain actor folk to please themselves in the selection of plays this season, together with a trusting faith that the public will approve their choice. Because there is abundant opportunity for fencing, an art in which he is skilful, Hackett elects to appear in a comedy rôle for which he has no natural aptitude. Sothorn, who delights in melancholy, poses as the unhappy *Lovelace*, and simply revels in the death scene. Bertha Galland, with a personal hankering for the weirdly romantic, chooses "The Forest Lovers." Louis Mann and Clara Lipman, having won success in musical farce, long for legitimate laurels and are presenting a drama of serious import about the Boers. Even Weber & Fields are sacrificing the fun that made their playhouse so successful for spectacular effect.

Certainly John Drew has had many parts more to his liking than the unhappy major of "The Second in Command"; but he recognized the entertaining character of the piece itself, and has reaped his reward in the hit he has made with it. Again, take "The Rogers Brothers in Washington" the biggest money earner of the autumn; note how carefully its makers have modeled the show on the previous pieces in the series, even to carrying forward the characters in the "Reuben" song. David Warfield, who became a star in "The Auctioneer," does not seek for novelty, but makes up exactly as he appeared in his Weberfields part last year; and although the critics chafed, the people packed the theater. The foregoing, with the two musical comedies, "The Messenger Boy" at Daly's and "The Liberty Belles" at the Madison Square, may be set down as the only substantial metropolitan box office winners among the 1901 fall openings.

There is little reason why the veteran J. H. Stoddart should not realize his ambition to make his *Lachlan Campbell* in "The Bonnie Brier Bush" the great work of his life. His portrayal of the character is masterly. Nothing finer has been seen on the stage in years than the figure of the dour old Scot.

An Incident in the Bishop's Career.

HOW THE REV. JEREMIAH CONLON LEARNED A LESSON FROM HIS OLD FATHER.

BY ANNE O'HAGAN.

WITH an expression of ineffable pride, the old man looked upon his son across the table, austere set for tea. He took a deep content in the comfort of the life to which they had come in this town where city and country met, where the smoke from the mills did not utterly obscure the hilltop clouds, and where the cock as well as the factory whistles proclaimed the dawn.

Yet beyond the assured dignity of it, he valued the godliness. His son a priest—his, Michael Conlon's, the day laborer, the man whose hands would always be misshapen from long toil, whose keen, old eyes looked out from a network of wrinkles carved by sun and wind as well as by the years. His son a priest! Not merely "the equal of the best," but better—set above them all, no matter what their lineage, what their holdings, what their virtues, by the mystic seal of the priesthood. Surely here was compensation for labor, and for sorrow—yes, even for the shame with which he had walked for a time. His eyes were almost moist with the rapture and the marvel of it as he beamed upon the young priest.

Father Conlon himself was in a mood of somewhat nervous exaltation. He had just begun to feel at home in his first parish, just grown used to the cleric spotlessness and stillness of the square frame house that seemed so large to him, remembering the cramped quarters of his boyhood. And he had not yet grown habited to meeting with assurance the advances of those whom he had once been accustomed to regard from below. The cordial friendliness of the rector of St. Chrysostom's that afternoon, for instance, had flurried him. He could not forget that young Mr. Cartwright was a chief justice's son, and when he had tried to balance against this the fact that the Episcopalian was a mere heretic, he had felt pompous and foolish.

Had he forgotten Mr. Cartwright's parentage, his father's brief colloquy with his visitor would have recalled it.

Old Michael Conlon had come up on the bare, cool piazza as the caller was leaving. His gnarled face had lighted at

the sight of his son and the guest; he took a child-like pride in the young priest's importance. Father Conlon had introduced the two, and Mr. Cartwright had been all courteous deference to the little old man in the awkward, unaccustomed broadcloth and linen.

"Wud ye be anny relation, sur, to Judge Cartwright of Cincinnati?" Michael had asked. "His son, is it? Well, well, well! I worruked on the house yur father put up there in '68."

The priest, flushing to his temples, had watched the other clergyman sharply. But Mr. Cartwright seemed to attach no ominous significance to Michael's remark. They had talked a few minutes about the house, and then the rector had turned to the priest.

"Then we may count on you for the meeting tonight, Father Conlon?" he had said. "We want to start an undenominational recreation room in the mill district, Mr. Conlon, and I've been persuading Father Conlon to speak at our meeting tonight. I hope you'll come, too."

"Thank ye, sur," said the old man, a shadow on his face. "I'll be in. I always like to be present whin his riverince, Jerry there, speaks. An' ye can't be givin' young people too good a time."

The thought of the active work into which he was to be drawn inspired Father Jerry with nervous enthusiasm. The prospect of addressing a secular audience, which would accord him no more honor than his words and his personality commanded, gave him a mental shudder, not altogether unpleasing. It was like the thrill he used to feel when he stood on the brink of the river at home, hugging his bare arms before he dived into the cool, satisfying waters.

"A lady to see you, father," broke in the grim housekeeper, Hannah, who always seemed divided between the glory of serving the priesthood and rage at ever being forced to let it serve the community.

"To see me? Did she say what she wanted?"

"That she did not, father," snapped Hannah.

"Is she of the parish?"

"I never clapped eyes on her before."

"Ye're through your tea. Why don't ye go in an' see her, Jerry, an' get through before the meetin'?" suggested his father. "I'll drink me second cup alone."

Father Jerry, with a puzzled look on his face, acted on this advice, and old Michael, with a guilty sigh of relief, poured his tea into his saucer. He permitted himself occasional lapses into forbidden usages.

The parlor, sparsely furnished and spotless, was dim in the twilight. Father Jerry paused at the threshold. The fireplace opposite was still closed as in the summer with a plain screen, where stiff annunciation lilies bloomed on gray linen. The black marble mantel shelf was guarded at either end by a great blue vase. A copy of "The Last Supper" hung above.

Father Jerry's eyes never failed to dwell with boyish pride upon that wide expanse in the middle of the room. To-night his look rested there as usual. Then he turned to the shallow recess on the left, where, between the window and the mantel, the Lady sat, a steel Madonna brooding gently above her.

Not even the gathering darkness could hide what manner of lady she was. The feathers on her hat, stirred by the faint, warm October breeze, proclaimed it. The metallic luster of the hair that framed her thin face in a puff proclaimed it; the attenuated toe, the curved heel, of her thin soled shoe, swinging half way to her knee in insolent defiance of the room's severity; the odor of cologne, the grotesque angle of her belt buckle—everything proclaimed it. The young priest stopped abruptly.

"You wish to see me, madam?" he began.

"I thought I'd like to take a look at you, Jerry," replied the Lady.

Father Jerry closed the door behind him suddenly. He heard old Michael's chair scraping the bare floor of the diningroom, heard him addressing Hannah in his thin tones of aged cheerfulness.

"Well, Jerry?" jeered the Lady, whose voice had, despite the jeer, something wistful, something almost winning, in it.

"Do you want to break your father's heart again?"

It was Father Jerry's first speech. It was torn from him in a sort of panic. His forehead was cold and wet as he spoke. The lady's foot came down from its flippant poise.

"That wasn't exactly my intention," she answered. There was another pause. Then she asked abruptly and harshly, "How's father?"

"Well. He is well. He is better than he has ever been," burst forth the priest in a torrent, though his voice was low. "He is at peace. He believes you dead. He is sure of it. Nothing else, he says, would keep you silent these fifteen years. He has comfort—respect. He holds his head up again. And here you—oh, my God, it's too much!"

He sat down in a chair by the door and flung his hands up to his boy's face.

"Look here and don't make a fool of yourself, Jerry," counseled his sister coarsely and sharply. "It's true I've made no sign for fifteen years. What should I write about? That I'd gone on from bad to worse? It would have been nice reading, wouldn't it? I didn't make a sign until I thought I had one that you—he—would like to see. I'm quit of that life—if you're minded to call it life. I have been a year. I've been working for a manicure in Boston, learning the business. And when I read that you were settled here— But what's the use?" and she rose with a sob that she tried to change into a cough.

"Oh, well!" she snapped. "I want nothing of you. I'm out my fare down here and back, and that's all."

A sort of peace descended upon Father Jerry. The vague hopes and dreams that had crumbled to bits at the sight of Nellie's tinted head began to rear themselves again into an orderly structure. Honor and influence and—yes, society; the grave men of the town for his companions; their homes his familiar stopping places; a voice in town councils and in church councils; the love of his parish; the admiration of the outsiders—all these were again possible since Nellie did not intend to make a scandal.

"I'm glad of what you tell me," he said, rising. "I am, indeed." The asseveration was addressed to himself. "Leave me your address. I'll come to see you in Boston. I'll give you money. I'll—"

"Oh, you'll!" cried Nellie in a rage and contempt that were close upon tears. She flounced by him with a waft of cologne, and he heard the hall door slam upon her. And there was in her gesture a reminder of the day, twenty years before, when she had flung through their cabin door to fall upon the big Smith boy, who was overcoming him in fight.

He sat still in the room for a while, half stunned and unaware of all that had happened. He was benumbed, but he had the sense of a peril past. Then, at Hannah's urging, he went out to the meeting—the meeting for supplying the town girls and youths with innocent amusement. And he was still too lost in the sense of stupid relief to feel the mockery.

But, sitting among the dignitaries on the platform, his ear caught once, as the door of the little assembly hall swung open, the sound of a drunken oath and of young laughter at it. And, with a shudder, he realized what he had done—whom he had turned away. The hideousness of the streets to which he had banished her!

His turn for speaking came, and what he said he never knew. Only, beneath every hat in the room where the town's most eminent and patronizing respectability was gathered, Neelie's face looked up at him—the hollow cheeks, the hollow eyes. And all the faces wore the expression she had last turned on him—the look where slaughtered hope had not yet had time to get itself decently buried, where beaten yearning still glimmered.

He made his way home to the time of self scourings. The things that had loomed so large a while ago had ceased to exist for him. Honor, influence, acquaintance—and against them, the poor wreck of a woman who had been his "big sister" when he was a hungry, patched little fellow! Tomorrow—tomorrow he would go to Boston—tonight even—there might be time to catch a train. He could not rest until he began his reparation.

As soon as his footfall, tired and heavy, rang on the porch, old Michael came tip-toeing through the hall.

"Whist, boy, whist! Ye'll never guess who I've got in the house," he whispered, shrill with excitement.

The young priest stared at him.

"No one but Neelie herself!" triumphed the old man. "The past is over an' done wid, Jerry, over an' done wid. I met her whin I was havin' a walk an' a bit of a smoke. You won't know her, Jerry, till she speaks. I didn't. She's sad changed. But she spoke, Hiven be praised! She cudn't pass her old father an' not speak. Some story she told of lookin' for us an' not findin', an' goin' back to the train. It was little attention I gave all that. I brought her home—lookin' for us an' not findin', an' goin' tomorry—but it'll be the tomorry that never comes, eh, Jerry? Ah, boy, wid what a heart ye'd have spoke tonight if ye'd have known this!"

He paused breathlessly. His old face was drawn with emotion, but lighted by an inner radiance that was the very glorification of his simple trust and tenderness.

The priest's lips twitched nervously. He put his hands on the little man's shoulders, looking down at him.

"You're a good man, father," he said. "I—I wish you'd give me your blessing."

Old Michael wriggled. "Sh, sh!" he said. "It's not fittin' talk from you to me. Go on wid ye now, an' tell Neelie this is her home."

"I will that," cried Father Jerry, and sprang up the stairway two steps at a time.

SUMAC.

It burns in the cedar wood
And flames in the pasture lot,
Its smoldering embers glow
On the shore of the brook, red hot.
Not till the winter blows
Do its lingering sparks expire,
And the ashes white of the snows
Smother the sumac's fire.

Autumn's a smoky crone,
A gipsy woman old,
Wrapped in a scarlet cloak
Brodered with tarnished gold;
When the frosty nights are cold,
And gone is the cricket choir,
She warms herself at the coals
Of the sumac's dying fire.

Minna Irving.

OUR NATIONAL BLUFFS.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

INFERIOR TO THE EUROPEAN IN TRICKERY, IN THE GENTLE ART OF BLUFFING THE AMERICAN IS UNRIVALED—OUR NOBLE ARMY OF BLUFFERS FROM EAST AND WEST, AND THE VARIOUS BLUFFS THAT FLOURISH MOST IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF OUR BROAD LAND.

THAT we are a nation of bluffers is a fact that many foreigners who have tried to do business with us are not disposed to gainsay; and it is worth noting that none of these foreigners are more bitter in their denunciations of us than those who have seen their best planned and most subtle schemes of trickery and fraud suddenly collapse before some ingenious but completely hollow American bluff.

OUR INFERIORITY AS TRICKSTERS.

In the arts of trickery we are mere infants in comparison with Europeans, despite the hue and cry that is raised about Yankee smartness every time a Teuton or Latin is induced to buy a choice building lot situated on the bottom of the Mississippi River. Indeed, one has but to spend a fortnight in Paris to realize how innocent and childlike the most adroit American crook is in comparison with the Frenchman who sells chocolates on the Boulevards or offers to guide English speaking travelers to points of interest in Paris.

Certainly no European can justly call us a nation of tricksters, so far as our foreign relations are concerned, though it must be admitted that some sharp practice is employed in our dealings with one another. The green goods business, for example—one of the most ingenious swindles that was ever invented—is carried on exclusively in this country, as is the gold brick industry, both of which owe their prosperity entirely to our national credulity. I doubt if it would be possible to swindle a German or Frenchman of medium intelligence out of his money by means of a slug of brass and an Indian who had been fitted out at an east side costumer's shop. It is only an American who will do business with an aborigine of this sort whom he finds bivouacking in the woods near Jersey City and uttering war whoops as he flies at the approach of the paleface.

No, we are not a nation of tricksters, but in the kindred art of bluffing we have no peers. Our national bluffs are so many and various that a complete classification of them is impossible. They may, however, be arranged in groups and treated from a geographical standpoint—a plan that enables us to gain a slight insight into some of the noteworthy characteristics of the people in different sections of the country. The Western bluff, for example, is totally unlike the Southern bluff, while the "down East" or Yankee bluff resembles neither, except inasmuch as its ultimate purpose is precisely the same, that of getting hold of somebody else's money.

Now, I wish it to be distinctly understood that in treating of the various sectional bluffs of this great and powerful country, it is not my intention to cast odium on either the West, the North, or the South. Each section has its population of upright, fair dealing citizens who are above the necessity of making pretense of any kind; but each can furnish also its quota of bluffers, and it is of these interesting American types that I propose to write now.

THE EXPANSIVE WESTERN BLUFFER.

The Western bluff is usually a breezy, broad hatted, hearty one that carries with it its atmosphere of millions easily made, of mountain fastnesses in which lie hidden the golden nuggets that await the touch of the stockholder. It is invariably one of high figures, involving, as it does, oil paintings of marvelous size, or hotels containing countless numbers of rooms and a diningroom so large that the waiters are mounted on horseback. The Western bluffer, when on his travels, always stops at the largest, the newest, or the most gaudy hotel that he can find, and not infrequently fancies that he can impress a town like London or New York with a sense of his vast wealth and importance by wearing big diamonds, living expen-

sively, and driving about in an open carriage. After a fortnight or more of this extravagant sort of life he will return to his native canyon or prairie, and say confidentially to his intimates:

"Why, I just owned the whole town. They didn't know who I was at first, but when they saw the way I was buying wine they just got right down off the perch." Then the admiring intimates congratulate one another upon the circumstance that their section of the country has been properly represented in metropolitan circles by a gentleman with so much "sporting blood in his veins."

The strangest part of the whole affair is that the Western bluffer does succeed in impressing gullible persons with whom he comes in contact during his fortnight's stay in the big hotel, and it is not unlikely that before his return he will have unloaded upon them a large quantity of stock in some worthless mine in which he is interested.

THE CHARMING OLD BLUFFER FROM THE SOUTH.

Very different indeed is the Southern bluff, which deals rather with past grandeur and high social station than with options on future wealth. This bluff is encountered more frequently in the corridors of certain old fashioned Washington hotels than anywhere else on this continent. When it makes its appearance in New York, it is usually in some cheap hotel or boarding house rather than the gorgeous hostleries in which the Western bluff displays itself in all its luxuriance.

There is a certain charm about the Southern bluffer that has always endeared him to me, and made him an object rather of pity than of contempt or repugnance. He does not bluff on his wealth, but rather on the strength of what he was in that golden period before the Civil War. I do not know precisely what the slave population south of Mason and Dixon's line was in the late fifties, but I do know that the number of human chattels held by Southern bluffers on whose stories I have kept tab reaches far into the millions, with many thousands of bluffers still to hear from.

The Southern bluffer always has what is called a "chivalrous" manner; by which is meant his habit of taking off his hat and bowing very low whenever he meets a woman, and of talking in courageous accents about the high respect in which the gentler sex is held in his part of the country. He is always a man of exalted social connections, and in his veins flows

the bluest blood in his native State. His relationship to General Lee, and his former intimacy with that distinguished soldier, furnish him with a theme for an endless flood of reminiscence. During his youth his father kept up the old family manor house by the banks of some noted Southern stream with a degree of magnificence that made his hospitality the talk of a region in which hospitality had always ranked as the very first of the cardinal virtues. Thousands of happy, well fed Africans tilled the broad acres of the plantation, or ministered to the wants of the guests who filled the house at all seasons of the year, and who were besought to regard it and everything pertaining unto it as their own. Scores of thoroughbred horses stood in the stables, the waters of the river teemed with fish, and the forests on the estate were alive with game.

In this magnificent home the Southern bluffer's youth was passed. He was watched over in infancy by a faithful old "mammy," whose later years, according to his own story, were made happy through his bounty. "Pomp," his favorite body servant—for he had his choice of a score or more—is another character who figures prominently in the Southern bluffer's reveries of bygone days. Pomp, who was exactly of his own age, and was given to him when he was five, continued to serve him faithfully until the breaking out of the war put an end to the most delightful scheme of existence that was ever permitted to mortals.

In those old days great games of poker were played within the walls of this splendid Southern mansion. I may add, in this connection, that the national game has its place in the repertoire of almost every American bluffer. The Southern bluffer, however, has played for larger stakes and won greater amounts of money on "ace high" than any other manipulator of the cards, unless it be the Californian of the early gold hunting period. The Southern game was played far into the night, to an accompaniment of ice clinking in the glasses of mint julep, which the faithful Pomp prepared and served to the guests at brief intervals. The Western bluffer, on the contrary, played his game in a saloon or faro bank in some mining town, and usually gathered in his winnings at the point of the pistol, or narrowly escaped death at the hands of an enraged adversary.

There is a strong family resemblance between the bluffer of the South and his counterpart from beyond the Rocky

Mountains, but, on the whole, I prefer the former, because of the picturesque halo with which he invests his bluff, the fine courtesy of his manners, and that soft, pleasant drawl which makes his speech a perennial delight to the ear, if not to the intellect.

THE BLUFFER FROM NEW ENGLAND.

The Eastern bluff is to be found in infinite variety and countless numbers. For example, there is the Boston bluffer, who delights in telling us about the distinguished people whom he knows. This man's conversation runs somewhat as follows:

"While I was coming down Beacon Street this morning, with Tom Aldrich, I heard my name shouted, and there was Paderewski running after us like mad. We both of us stopped to see what he wanted; and just as we were shaking hands with him somebody laid his hand on my shoulder, and there was Howells. Well, we four walked along across the public garden and sat down on the very bench where I've sat many a time with dear old Larry Barrett, and for half an hour we had the most delightful chat imaginable. Aldrich was in rare good form. When 'Paddy' told us about a shipwreck experience he once had in the Black Sea, and how, when the food was nearly exhausted, the cook found a couple of eggs in the pantry, Tom remarked with that awfully grave face of his, but with a twinkle in his eye that told us to look out for fun, 'I suppose the ship lay to and the cook got them both?' Great, wasn't it?"

The real New England bluff, however, literally reeks of its native soil, and is something far superior to this degenerate Boston variety. It is what may be called the bluff of ingenuous innocence, and in proper hands it is likely to be far more effective and destructive than anything that either the South or the West can produce. The accomplished Yankee bluffer will listen with a countenance of open mouthed wonder to any story that may be told; he will not dispute any statement, no matter how absurd it may seem on its very face; and, while apparently believing implicitly in the value of the other bluffer's hand, he will not give the slightest indication of the real strength of his own. Many a Western mining sharp has learned to his cost that the simple and guileless looking gentleman who seemed to swallow everything that was told him was a much harder proposition to deal with than the

most suspicious foreigner that ever walked up Broadway with one hand on his watch fob and the other on his pocket-book. In short, the Yankee bluffer is the one man in the country who cannot only look as if he held but a small pair himself, but can also convey the impression that he holds the cards of his adversary in reverential awe.

SOME NEW YORK BLUFFERS.

The city of New York offers infinite opportunities to the philosopher who desires to study bluffing in all its branches. For example, there is the Wall Street bluffer, a gentleman of jaunty attire who is supposed to be "operating on the Street," which means that he clings with prehensile feet to the curb, waiting for a chance, which occurs at least two or three times every twenty four hours, to make a sixteenth of an eighth of a fourth of one per cent on eight dollars, by a mysterious transaction which involves running like an antelope to the door of the Consolidated Exchange and back again, and falling down a flight of steps into a basement bucket shop. This is the same bluffer who may be seen in the evening in a hotel lobby telling about how he has been "carrying five thousand shares of Manhattan all the week."

The bluffer who prefers to live in London because he finds the society so good there is another strictly metropolitan product. This one "runs over" every spring, but always manages to come back in the fall. Half his year is devoted to the enjoyment of those pleasures that only the most exclusive English society can afford. He does not spend the entire twelvemonth in England, because that would deprive him of the pleasure of letting his American friends hear of his social triumphs in Great Britain.

For some reason, which I cannot understand, this "favorite in the very best society in London" bluff seldom fails in its effect. Even those who ought to know better can be made to believe that the cheeky and offensive cad who has failed socially in New York has succeeded in making himself beloved among a people who are hard headed, exclusive, and seldom anxious to add new names to their visiting lists.

I have spoken in brief of various sectional bluffers, but there is one distinctively American bluffer who is indigenous to the soil of almost any part of this country, and who is in evidence wherever a political candidate has his abiding place. I refer to the worthy who con-

trives to lift himself from his natural obscurity into a little fleeting publicity by clinging to the coat tails of any statesman prominently in the public eye. This bluffer always manages to be "in close conference with the candidate" whenever there is an Associated Press despatch to be sent out, and we not infrequently learn that he was "closeted with him until a late hour." He always comes out of the closet, however, before the local newspapers go to press, in order to assure the reporters, whom he graciously permits to use his name in full, that the candidate will "stand by every plank in the platform," or "act for the best interests of his party," or "refuse to take the nomina-

tion unless it is actually forced upon him," or do something else that will entitle him to the good will of an intelligent community.

This man, I think, is entitled to the palm as the very finest specimen of his class that a nation of bluffers can boast of. It is not the greatness of his achievement that entitles him to this distinction, because at best he only secures temporary renown, but the fact that his bluff has absolutely no foundation of solid merit or achievement to rest upon. He is a good type of the man who takes a very large stake on a very small hand by virtue of his skill in making his adversary believe that he has a good one.

THE WISDOM OF LOVE.

My life she takes between her hands ;
My spirit at her feet
Is taught the lore inscrutable,
The wisdom bitter sweet.

The world becomes a little thing ;
Art, travel, music, men,
And all that these can ever give
Are in her brow's white ken.

I look into her eyes and learn
The mystery of tears ;
The pang of doubt ; the doom that haunts
The fleeing of the years ;

And pale foreknowledge, hid from all
But those who fear to know ;
And memory's treason, that betrays
Joy to the nameless woe ;

Compassion, like the rain of spring ;
And truth without a flaw ;
And one great gladness, hushed and still
With love's initiate awe.

In her deep hair I hide my heart ;
And in that scented shade
I sail sleep's immemorial sea,
Expectant, unafraid ;

And take the enigmatic word
Of dream upon my breath,
And learn the secrecy of joy,
The long content of death.

Her sad mouth, scarlet, passionate,
Shows me the world's desire,
The mirth that is the mask of pain,
And that immortal fire

Drawn by the touch of kiss on kiss
From life's eternal core,
Frail, flickering, mordant, keen, unquenched
When time shall be no more.

Then worship, love's last wisdom, learned,
I bow my spirit there,
And let my soul in silence plead
The passion which is prayer.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

THE AMERICA OF TODAY.

AN ENGLISH OBSERVER POINTS OUT THE COMMANDING POSITION THAT THE UNITED STATES HAS REACHED IN THE COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL SYSTEM OF THE WORLD—AMERICA'S MARVELOUS PROGRESS IN RECENT YEARS, AND HER BOUNDLESS PROSPECTS FOR THE FUTURE.

[The article that follows was published in the *London Daily Telegraph* on September 9 last. Doubly interesting because it is written by a foreign critic, it shows such a thorough knowledge of the subject, and gives so intelligent, so sympathetic, and so true an estimate of the United States' present position among the great commercial nations, that it is heartily commended to the attention of every American reader.]

IT is at moments of dramatic accident and coincidence that national processes are apt to work suddenly to sight, as a blow in the dark might strike an electric button and switch on the full dazzle of the bulb. Whatever the issue to the life of the victim, whether happy or sinister, the attempted assassination of Mr. McKinley has taken place at an instant and under circumstances which must leave a deep mark upon the destinies of America by influencing the temperament of the most impressionable and imaginative people in the world.

We must not allow the crime to obscure what had happened immediately before. Upon the previous day the President, who is a most sonorous and powerful speaker when warmed to a serious glow by the rising earnestness of his argument, had made what was recognized at once as the most remarkable speech of his life. In the United States it was the most admired. For the remainder of the world it was incomparably the most significant. Had the outrage not occurred within twenty-four hours of its delivery, the press of every country would have been full of it.

"THE PERIOD OF EXCLUSIVENESS IS PASSED."

The occasion was the Pan American Exhibition at Buffalo, in itself a moral assertion of the political and economic supremacy of "republican imperialism" over the double continent. The scene was an open stand, from which a vast audience was addressed by their chief citizen, with no ribbon, jewel, or epaulets to indicate that he was one of the four greatest among the rulers of the earth. But what were the accents? Mr. McKinley announced that the "period of exclusiveness was passed"; that the prohibitive system, having served its purpose, must be laid aside; and that a policy of lower tariffs must be adopted to increase the competitive power of America.

It has long been the conviction of every far-sighted economist that the real force of transatlantic rivalry in trade would never be known until the United States had begun to remove the obstacles placed by high protection in the way of

exchange. Such a change will mean an increase in the volume of her commerce both ways, and the completion of her gigantic business apparatus by the revival of her shipping. Reciprocity is advocated, as exclusiveness was maintained, not upon grounds of principle, but upon those of expediency. It is a different method, admirably designed, to promote still more effectually the former purposes, and it means the real beginning of the struggle for that industrial, commercial, and financial primacy of the world which America seems marked out to attain.

The logic of protection involves the rejection of foreign trade to preserve an internal monopoly. When supremacy in international commerce has become an object, the maintenance of exclusive tariffs becomes injurious and absurd. It is like nothing so much as the process by which case armor in the middle ages was increased in weight until it disqualified the combatant, so that churls and peasants came up with unknightly weapons when splendid signiors were once unhorsed and hewed them to pieces like logs as they lay prone under their harness.

In the Buffalo speech, Mr. McKinley practically declared what has been previously known as McKinleyism to be as obsolete as plate armor. Unfettered and fully equipped America, under a lower tariff system, will be a more formidable antagonist than before, when she has shaken herself free of some defensive incumbrances and committed herself to the strategical offensive which for decisive purposes is no less indispensable in commerce than in war.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S POLITICAL LEGACY.

The President had long been known to entertain the views to which he committed himself at the Pan American Exhibition with unexpected emphasis and finality. These opinions would, in any case, have commanded the support of the overwhelming majority of the American people. It is obvious that the crime, which has since occurred, can only add enormously to the influence of the orator at Buffalo, and must insure the historical effect of that utterance. If Mr. McKinley had been mortally wounded his words would have been regarded as a national legacy, and Mr. Roosevelt would have become their resolute executor. If the President should, happily, survive, his power to carry out his own views will be irresistible. He was already, in the opinion of many shrewd and unbiased judges, the most popular chief magistrate, without exception, who has ever occupied the White House. He has absolutely disclaimed all thought of a third term of office. He can act as the chief of the nation without regard to party caucuses or sectional interests.

His recovery from the outrage of which he has been the victim would invest him for the remainder of his term of office with a moral force against which no opposition in America could stand.

Whichever way we look at it, it is clear that Mr. McKinley's Buffalo program has been formulated under circumstances that make its fulfilment inevitable within the easily measurable future. The United States, in a word, have fairly entered upon the new phase. They have passed through their experimental period and attained their majority. Their gristle has become bone.

There can no longer be a tacit separation of hemispheres in our conceptions of politics and commerce. The terms "New World" and "Old World" have lost their traditional meaning. With the awakening of Japan, the transformation of Germany, and the less obvious, but not less real, revolution that is going on in this country under democratic influences, the Old World has become rejuvenated as the New World has become mature. The former fact is as important for America as is the other for ourselves. America, Britain, France, Germany, Russia—all the greater powers are henceforth world powers, and their interests are woven together in the mesh that envelops the globe. All great conceptions in trade and politics henceforth must regard the round earth and the fullness thereof as a whole. This must become more and more the dominating twentieth century conception, never more distinctly formulated in effect, if not in intention, than by the speech in which Mr. McKinley declared upon the eve of his attempted assassination that "the period of exclusiveness is passed."

WHAT AMERICA IS GOING TO MEAN.

What we have to realize is that we have received the answer to a historic question. From the Declaration of Independence up to yesterday, the imagination of the Old World was accustomed to ask itself what America might mean without arriving at any assurance of a definite reply. Opinions might be pessimistic or sanguine, but were always prophetic and problematical. The New World was regarded as a region apart, and the return of its influence with overwhelming force upon the destinies of the Old World, though the most momentous of all the contingencies, was practically never considered.

We know at last, as a matter of actual experience, not of vague speculation, what America is going to mean, and it is apparent that the real meaning is widely different from anything that was generally expected upon this side of the Atlantic. All Europe is now beginning to regard the United States with something like the same feeling of uneasy apprehension and vague disquiet which has been created in this country by the commercial pressure of Germany.

This is a light in which the subject was not regarded beforehand. The rulers of the continent looked upon the republic as if it were something in a permanent state of political quarantine, fortunately prevented by isolation from disseminating democratic germs. Their peoples regarded America as a promised land in which men might escape forever from all association with the life of Europe. In this country average opinion thought of the United States as the farmyard of the world, supplying an industrial island with foodstuffs and raw material, but as providentially distinguished

from a manufacturing society like our own as is the country from the town.

It was agreed that the latent resources of the United States were inexhaustible in variety and extent. The immense increase in the American population was the continual theme of interest and speculation. Every one assumed that some destiny of a more or less vague, remote, and purely transatlantic character must lie before the republic. Sooner or later it was to mean either the unparalleled triumph or the colossal failure of democracy. The pessimists pointed to Tammany, polyglot slums, the chaos of racial elements, and mortgaged farms. The advocates of America looked from the White House to the wheat harvests, and from the Supreme Court to the spirit of national greatness that, in spite of all its unbridled vigor and vitality, had maintained a democratic society upon a basis of fundamental law, and had saved the Union in the bloodiest struggle ever waged to vindicate the integrity of a state. But, whatever view was taken, the American experiment in civilization was regarded as if it could have no more direct influence upon the political and commercial fortunes of the Old World than the tests going on in a chemical laboratory can have upon the interests of the passers by outside the windows.

There has been as complete a transformation of that philosophic attitude as would occur in the curious minds of the visitors to the Zoological Gardens if the animals suddenly showed signs of breaking loose from their cages. The alarmed perturbation excited by the Billion Dollar Trust has superseded the abstract speculations suggested by the pages of De Tocqueville. We are no longer engaged in wondering what America may mean for the Americans. We are sufficiently preoccupied with fears of what it may mean for ourselves.

THE MARVELOUS PROSPERITY OF THE UNITED STATES.

In the prospects of the people of the United States, indeed, there appears at the present moment to be wonderfully little cause for immediate anxiety. They are citizens of a country which has attained the highest level of average prosperity that the world has ever seen. Their commercial strength is more invulnerable at home and more irresistible abroad than that of any other nation. They have greater opportunities and fewer burdens, head for head, than have Englishmen or Germans. No external enemy can ever break the mainsprings of their power or their trade. They have indefinite room to multiply within their own frontiers, and increase of total population may go hand in hand for many years with enhancement of individual comfort.

The heterogeneous medley of races does not appear in the governing elements of the nation. All the men at the top, no matter what may be their origin, strike the observer as being real Americans of the characteristic stamp; and when a mixed society has developed the power that this fact implies of absorbing all leading and directing personalities into an organic and controlling system, there need be no fear for the ultimate solidity of American civilization.

For internal purposes, the outlook before the United States is brighter than the prospects in front of any other people. The average human lot upon the other side of the Atlantic is not radically different from the same thing on this side, as the philosophers once thought it was bound to be in one shape or another. It is not so much different as

better. Where the United States is developing the difference is precisely in its return effect upon Europe as a whole, and for the purposes of the world in general the question of the nineteenth century, "What will America mean?" is answered at the commencement of the twentieth by all that is represented by the Billion Dollar Trust, the Republican imperialism associated with the career of Mr. McKinley, and the conviction reflected in his Buffalo speech that the mission of America is to achieve the trade supremacy of the world. It is in her tremendous equipment for this enterprise that America appears as a wholly unprecedented phenomenon in the history of commerce.

POWERS THAT HAVE RULED THE SEAS.

England carried industrial and mercantile organization to an incomparably higher stage of efficiency than any of her predecessors in commercial preëminence. Before the rise of British sea power, colonization, and manufacture, all mercantile power had been essentially a distributing rather than a producing agency. The Phœnicians, the Venetians, the Hanseatic League, the Dutch, were middlemen; the Spaniards, in their day of universal empire, were splendid parasites. The sea traffic of the latter was the long transport of a dazzling plunder. All the others were more or less brokers and carriers, playing a legitimate part in controlling the great trade routes and managing the business of exchange, which could not have been carried on by any other process.

Our Mediterranean, Hanseatic, and Dutch predecessors kept the warehouses of the world before us. England gave the first example of commercial supremacy dependent not merely upon distributing agency, but upon an immense internal producing power, and became both the great warehouse and the great workshop of the world. Our coal and iron, our insular security and ideal facilities for both manufacture and shipment, gave us the same overwhelming advantage by comparison with the rest of the world that America now possesses over all rivals, including ourselves.

But America has all the resources required for enabling her to excel our own example, previously unique, of the establishment of commercial predominance upon producing power rather than upon distributive functions. Our monopoly depended not upon any really essential and permanent singularity in our intrinsic advantages, but upon the fact that we had brought our production to a high pitch of development long before others were enabled to make use of resources not dissimilar in kind from our own, though, for the most part, inferior in degree.

Our whole position was determined from the first, as it still is, by the external attribute of sea power. Without that, we should have lacked, from the outset, the raw material for our textile trades, and modern Lancashire would never have come into existence. To lose it now would mean the stopping of our mills and the starving of our people. But America depends upon no external attribute, not even upon the magnificent assistance of sea power. For the first time, the bid for commercial supremacy is made by a semi continent which is more completely self contained in an economic sense than any society ever before seen.

At our present stage we are compelled to import our food, our ore, our raw cotton. To be cut off from our sources of supply in these respects would

mean ruin. But while America can become far richer and more powerful with a great foreign trade than without it, and, therefore, concentrates her whole ambition upon obtaining it, foreign trade is not, and never can be, the matter of life and death to her that it is to us. She can dispense with the world in case of absolute need. She is the greatest producer of food and raw material, as well as the possessor of the most efficient manufacturing apparatus, the most consummate organizing ability, the most numerous and energetic population, among all commercial states. Her political security is even more complete than ours ever was. There is not a single factor of economic activity in which she may not reasonably expect to excel any rival.

Russian or Chinese emulation is a possibility, but of the twenty first century, not of the twentieth. In the mean time this little island, for all the intensity of life within it, is, after all, by comparison, but a territorial speck upon the wide face of the earth. Germany has a poor soil, one of the poorest seaboard in the world, a dangerous strategical position, an immature political development. Her intrinsic material resources, taken all in all, are less than ours, and she neither has now, nor ever can have, the control of the sea, which has made us secure of all the external supplies we required. This is the point at which we realize the portentous character of the American position.

THE COMMANDING POSITION OF THE UNITED STATES.

The United States is the only nation which has ever comprised within the frontiers of one compact, uninterrupted territory all the material and moral elements of commercial supremacy. America became, in the first place, the principal agricultural country—the granary of the globe. In this respect no single state could hope to compete with her. With the next step, she obtained the lead in iron and a vast superiority in the make of steel. These are the key industries of all modern productions, and with respect to them America is as completely beyond rivalry by any one competitor as in the growth of wheat.

What will be the next step? That is not hard to forecast. The United States will manufacture more and more of its own raw cotton, and at the present rate at which mills are being established, especially in the cotton growing South itself, the lead must be taken by the republic in textiles as certainly as in corn and metals.

The sphere of ship building will remain as the final world to conquer. "We have an inadequate steamship service," declared President McKinley at Buffalo. "There should be direct lines from the eastern coast of the United States to South America. One of the needs of the time is direct commercial lines to fields of consumption we have barely touched. We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships under the American flag, built, manned and owned by Americans."

This energetic pronouncement points to the enterprise upon which America means to concentrate her effort. There is no intrinsic reason why the secret of success should fail her at this point. The United States can of course build ships, apart from the element of cost, as well as we can. At no very distant date it will build them as cheaply. The Subsidies Bill, which is the main item in the Buffalo program, next to reciprocity treaties, will do the

rest. England will probably retain her ascendancy in ship building and ocean transport even longer than in textiles, though tolerably certain to offer a more tenacious and efficient resistance even in the latter respect than the sanguine majority in America expects. But when the challenge to our mercantile supremacy takes a really serious form, it will come from America, and cannot come from any other quarter.

The industrial power of the United States, let us repeat it, depends upon a capacity for universal and unlimited production within a self contained area. This is the unexampled prodigy in the records of the world's commerce, and this rather than anything anticipated by the philosophers of politics and the speculators upon the internal prospects of republican democracy is the distinctive and formidable meaning which modern America has revealed.

THE EXTENT OF AMERICAN RESOURCES.

Upon a closer analysis of primary impressions it is more than questionable whether the average Briton has even yet any sure and vivid conception of the overwhelming character of America's natural resources as compared with any European scale. The republic is thirty times as large as our own island. Every factor in her industrial greatness is on the giant measure either of performance or potentiality. She has two long fronts upon the two main oceans. Her navigable waterways are more wonderful than those of Siberia or Brazil, for they do not flow towards ice, like the one, or through the dense tropics, like the other. Nor is there anything in the Czar's Asiatic dominion to compare with the St. Lawrence and the great lakes leading ocean traffic for two thousand miles into the heart of a continent.

Her harvests are a sea of golden grain, stretching over many times the entire area of the British Islands. The American farmer has marketed at nearly forty cents a bushel in recent seasons corn which it cost him fifteen cents to produce. The United States raises nearly two thirds of the raw cotton of the world. Sugar is raised from the cane in the South, from the beet in the far West, from sorghum in the center, from the maple in New England. California is opulent with orchards. The immense mineral deposits of America are still won in great part near the surface, not by deep shafts, long drifts, and the expensive workings of older mining countries like our own. The coal area of the United States is far wider than that of all Europe put together, and is only equaled by the vast seams of China.

"If a man have better iron than you," said the sage, "he shall have all your gold." But America is now first both in gold and iron, and produces all the metals but tin. Her huge petroleum output hardly comes behind that of Russia. Her herds of horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, are such as the pastoral imagination of the more primitive world might have seen in dreams. Her waters swarm with fish. And while there are already seventy six million inhabitants in America, there is still sixteen times as much space to every soul as in this crowded island, and twelve times as much as in Germany.

But limited as are by comparison our means for the maintenance of our commercial supremacy, we are notoriously more wasteful of them than either of our chief rivals. The significance of the American industrial method lies precisely in the scrupu-

lous economy with which she exploits her unparalleled abundance of material. Brains, capital, and labor have been described by Mr. Carnegie as the coequal supports of the industrial three legged stool. The small investor and the isolated employer are as typical of English economic organization as are the multimillionaire and mammoth trusts of American.

THE EFFICIENCY OF AMERICAN METHODS.

As regards ability and driving power, no one is afraid of youth across the Atlantic, and every one is open to ideas. Mr. Carnegie himself set the example of that vigilant search for brains, without which the trust system could not be carried on. Boldness and fertility of mind are valued as the vital gifts, and the merely safe qualities of the British business ideal are of small account. Nothing astonishes English observers visiting America for the first time at a late period of life more than to observe the youth of the men who are found on every side in positions of grave responsibility, at an age when, according to insular traditions, they should just be shedding their commercial long clothes. Energy, energy, energy, more strenuous and sustained than anything to which the old world is accustomed—that is the mark of each factor in Mr. Carnegie's triple alliance—of brains, capital, and labor alike. There is something in American air which imparts the unmistakable quickening quality to the British emigrant when he becomes domiciled across the Atlantic. The change of climate and the mixture of blood have combined to make laborers in the United States more active in body and mind than the workers of any other nation.

It will be enough to quote two remarkable instances of the methods by which a vigorous circulation of intelligence is maintained as the very life current of American industry. Several years ago M. Paul Bourget noticed in his admirable book the frequency with which men who were still among the rank and file of labor in large American establishments had been pointed out to him as the originators of ingenious appliances in the works to which they belonged. In this connection it is surprising that attention is rarely, if ever, drawn on this side of the Atlantic to the system of workmen's prizes adopted by many great transatlantic companies. Prizes are regularly offered for all proposals made by the employees for the improvement or simplification of processes. A special letter box is put up to act as the lion's mouth of the factory. Into it may be dropped any expression of opinion, sketch of a mechanical device, or what not. The communications are unsigned by the authors, but are distinguished by a private mark. At regular intervals the contents of this receptacle are cleared out and thoroughly examined by a committee representing all the departments. When the selection of useful suggestions is made and the rewards allotted, the names of the successful competitors are published and brought to the knowledge of their comrades throughout the establishment. It seems to be conceded that this method has brought many practical ideas into use, and it would be hard to quote a more characteristic instance of the American spirit.

Every private in the industrial army of the United States may be said to carry his marshal's bâton in his knapsack. "I think," says Mr. Schwab, "that there never was a greater opportunity for any man, working man or manager, who has to use

his brains, than today. Never has there been such a scarcity of the special men that great manufacturing concerns and capitalists desire."

The process of searching out ability and sifting out ideas goes on from top to bottom. The well known "lunch conferences" play the part among the works managers and departmental heads of some great firms in the Steel Trust that the lion's mouth does among the workmen elsewhere. The "lunch conferences" were started by the Carnegie company, and have been found worthy of imitation. The assembly takes place on a fixed date every month under the chairmanship of the president of the company, and the lunch is of a character to draw out all that is best in human nature. While the famous dinner with which Lord Rosebery settled the coal strike was a masterly episode, the lunch conferences are a regular institution, upon the same invaluable principle. The debate is opened over the coffee and liqueurs, when every point of interest arising in connection with the previous month's business is canvassed in the genial and merciless system of mutual cross examination. Directing vigor, restless inventiveness, are the qualities to which, next to the wealth of her natural resources, America owes her industrial progress.

THE POWER OF MECHANICAL INVENTION.

The Hon. Carroll Wright, the United States Commissioner of Labor, points out that, just as America makes the most economical use of the largest resources, she multiplies the productive power of her population by the employment of machine industry in a higher ratio than countries like England and Germany, already handicapped by their inferiority in the number of their manual workers. Where a thousand paper bags could be made by hand in six hours and a half, they are now made by the machine in forty minutes. It took forty eight hundred hours to rule on both sides ten reams of paper; with the tool one man can do it all in two and a half hours. Another invention shells corn a hundred times as fast as by hand. The mechanical mower gets through seven times as much grass in the same time as the man with the scythe.

"An ordinary farm hand in the United States," pursues Mr. Wright, "raises as much grain as three in England, four in France, five in Germany, or six in Austria, which shows what an enormous waste of labor occurs in Europe, largely because the farmers are not possessed of the mechanical appliances used in the United States."

This subject is, perhaps, so familiar that it is unnecessary to pile fact upon fact with regard to it. If we pick up the report from our consul at Philadelphia, published the other day, we find notice of such novel devices as a new refrigerator for enabling every householder to make his own ice on his own premises; of the telephone call meter, which keeps an automatic register of all calls made, so that both subscriber and company always know how they stand, and can rely upon the accuracy of the record; while another device in the list of novelties enables wafer biscuits to be turned out at one third greater speed than before; and we are also told that the automatic stoker is rapidly superseding the fireman.

"Wherever machinery can be made to do man's work," said a recent transatlantic expert, "the instinct of the American is to devise some means to bring the substitution about." It is equally the instinct of the American to replace a machine, no matter how expensive, how efficient, or how new,

by a better as soon as a better is produced. The best of yesterday goes to the scrap heap if it is the second rate of today.

It is obvious that the trust system, with its minute specialization, massed output, and continuous running, is the natural and necessary result of such conditions as these. Trusts are superseding isolated establishments as inevitably as the modern factory displaced cottage handicraft. If economy of production were not the fundamental effect of the great combinations they could not survive.

THE POWER OF INDUSTRIAL COALITION.

A vast quantity of angry rhetoric expended upon the subject of trusts recalls Cardinal Newman's phrase about "reckless assertion based on groundless assumption." Those who accuse trusts of oppressing labor and inflating prices can never have compared their ideas with the facts. The wages paid by the consolidations are on the whole upon the highest scale of remuneration current in America. The trusts may have held up prices which would otherwise have fallen, but that they have absolutely increased prices in consequence of their formation, and apart from the course of the market, is untrue. Whatever evil may result from the trust system in the sense of swelling the profits of billionaires at the cost of the community, is the fault, not of the capitalists, but of the people, and is the result of the prohibitive tariffs which protect the internal combinations from external competition.

A better illustration of the fact that the law of economy is the main factor in the development of the trusts has perhaps never been given than that which may be quoted in the words of Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the President of the United States Steel Corporation itself. "The Metropolitan Street Railway Company of New York City acquired eighteen distinct lines, each supporting a full complement of officers. The lines were consolidated, the officers wiped out. Mr. H. H. Vreeland was made president of the combined system. He performs all the duties that formerly fell to the eighteen separate presidents, and, being a high grade specialist, performs them very much better. The improved street car service of the metropolis bears eloquent testimony to this. Eighteen vice presidents and secretaries and treasurers have given place to one official of the same rank under the combination, and so the process has been carried out all along the line."

The significance of the Billion Dollar Trust lies in the fact that it is a combination of combinations, and carries the system of industrial coalition almost to the extreme point short of an absolutely continental monopoly of the fundamental industries of modern manufacture. The results of the formidable methods that some endeavor has been made to analyze have been a topic for the exultation of America and the despondency of Europe during the last twelve months, and in one sense are too familiar for elaborate recapitulation. We know that America has taken the place held by ourselves for a century and a half, and has become the greatest exporting nation. From 1879 to 1895 the outward trade of the United States showed practically no expansive force. In the latter year it commenced one of the most astonishing movements in the records of commerce. American exports increased in the period 1895-1900 from \$793,000,000 to \$1,370,000,000. This means an increase of almost eighty per cent, and represents a balance of exports

over imports as unparalleled as our surplus of imports over exports.

STEPS TOWARDS FINANCIAL SUPREMACY.

Many transatlantic enthusiasts, embracing the crudest of economic fallacies, have jumped from these facts to the conclusion that America has been rapidly approaching financial, while achieving productive, supremacy. Here, of course, we are in a world of inference and theory where no adequate data exist for a certain judgment. But everything suggests that America has been accumulating capital far more rapidly than any other country. For the first time in the history of the United States the loans of foreign governments have been taken up upon the New York market. England, Germany, Russia, have borrowed American money within the last couple of years. A large amount of European capital has been withdrawn from the United States. The latter have bought back their own securities.

Upon these points, unfortunately, our information has none of the sweet simplicity of Board of Trade returns. But in a period of universal prosperity in trade America has shared to a larger degree than ever before in the general good fortune, and there can be no doubt that she has struck the path towards financial supremacy, whatever distance may be shown to separate her at present from that goal. The McKinley tariff and the free silver craze seem already to belong to another age.

America, in a word, has passed through her growing time. She is entering upon her strength. We cannot peer into the book of the future, and the prospects of the republic are not wholly divested from doubt. That trade unionism of a powerful and determined type will be an inevitable development across the Atlantic most observers are convinced, and if labor is repeatedly worsted by the giant trusts, as will probably be the case, the result would be to transfer the battle to the ballot box, and to make socialism the supreme issue in American life. The greatest danger of trusts upon the continental scale is that they are only a step removed from state monopoly.

But these are long views, and in Anglo Saxon countries nothing is ever pushed to its logical conclusion. For purposes of the practicable future, the troubles of America, whether in industry or politics, are unlikely to be worse than those with

which her competitors in the Old World are afflicted, while her enormous natural advantages will remain her own.

THE COMMERCIAL STRATEGY OF THE FUTURE.

The main points, then, in Mr. McKinley's Buffalo program are reciprocal tariffs, the inter ocean canal, and the revival of the American mercantile marine at a cost in subsidies estimated to be at least \$9,000,000 annually. That all three proposals will be executed is as certain as anything need be. The "Morganeering" of the Leyland line was an unmistakable index fact. The American business mind thinks in terms of continents, and is capable not only of tactics but of strategy.

It is the period of commercial strategy, as Germany has been quick to realize, that is about to begin. The fight of the future will be for the control of complete lines of traffic round the globe. America's internal distributing system is already incomparably the most efficient in existence. For purposes of foreign trade she does not possess a distributing system of her own. This is a want that only the revival of her merchant navy can supply, and when her steamship lines are added to her railways the greatest productive force the world has ever seen will tend to supplement itself by the most extensive distributing agency. This will form, sooner or later, a commercial problem compared with which every other that may confront us will sink into insignificance. There will be time to face it as it develops. Meanwhile the certainty that European convulsions would transfer European trade to the United States promises to be the greatest of all guarantees of international peace.

So far as we are concerned, on the other hand, the marvelous progress of America in her growing time has not involved the faintest injury to British trade or prevented us from enjoying the fullest measure of prosperity we have experienced. Our exports to the universal producer have shown a more marked recovery than those of Germany, and under the reciprocal system we should be the first to benefit. If the laws of nature forbid us to hope that we can retard that extension of productive preëminence which America has already won, she will continue to supply us with the food and raw material which will enable us to sustain the economic struggle with the remainder of the world as long as there is need to count.

A CALIFORNIA RIVER.

THIS is the Yuba River, filled with tales
Of camp and cabin, Argonauts and gold,
With dear romance of fir set mountain trails.

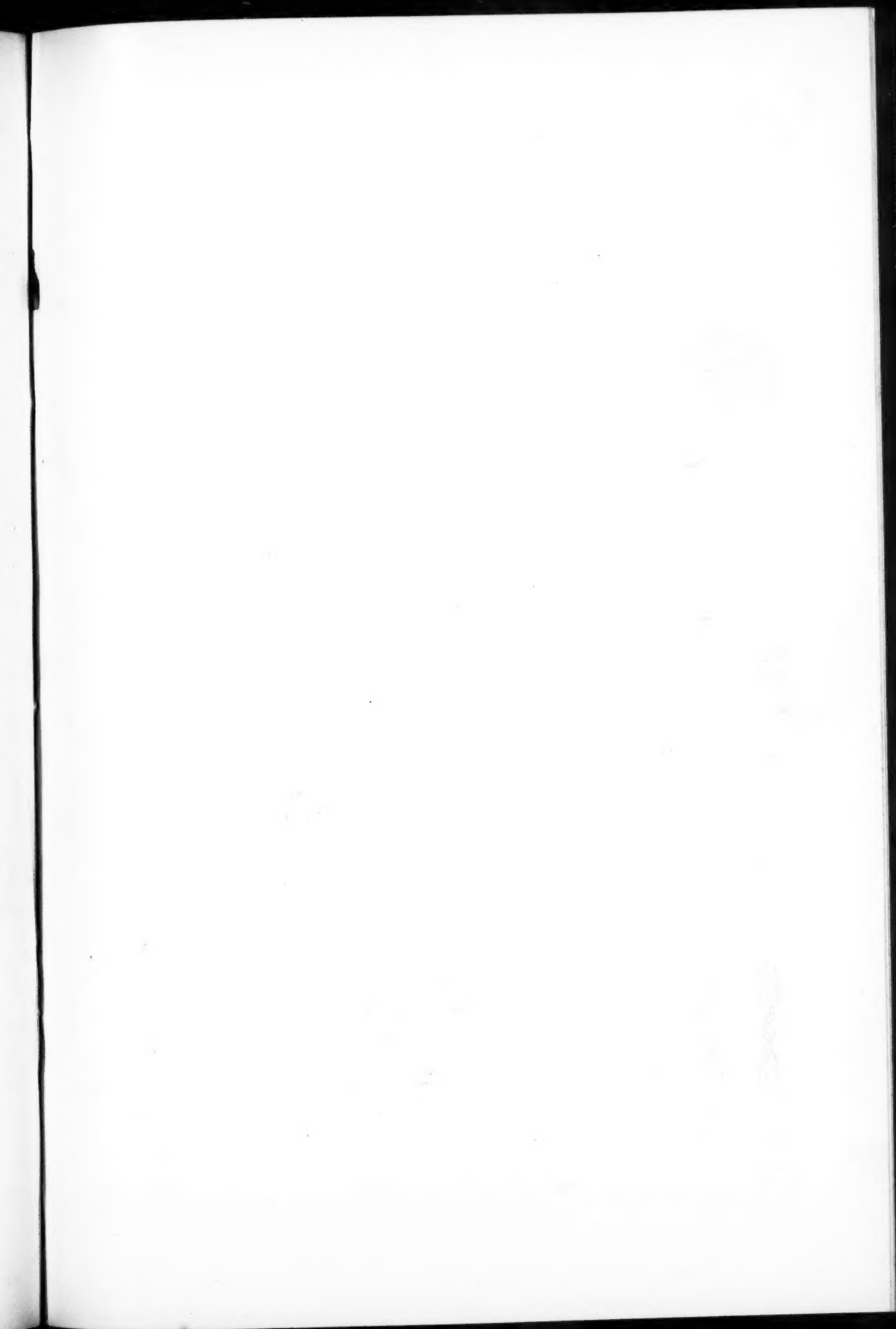
What wondrous legends might thy lips unfold,
If but our eager ears were rightly tuned
To nature's rhapsody by thee outrolled!

And yet thy liquid lyric, rhymed and runed
Among the rocks that guard thy yellow bed,
By echo in my heart is softly crooned,

And seaward on thy bosom, fancy led,
Through canyons calm and cool I downward float
To vales with poppy gardens richly spread,

Still on and on in slumber's dream set boat,
O'er seas of bygone years, and ever in mine ears
The mellow music of thy golden throat!

Clarence Urmy.





At Christmas Time.

A moment since, as bell to answering bell
 In twelve clear notes spelt slowly Christmas Day,
 I was alone. Then, whence I cannot tell,
 She came, calm eyed and gowned in ashen gray.
 I watched her slender hand swing wide the door,
 And saw her thread the intervening gloom ;
 The air she stirred upon its bosom bore
 A breath of indefinable perfume !
 Then, standing there beneath the mistletoe,
 She beckoned me, and, rising at the sign,
 I went, as lovers to their ladies go,
 And touched the lips of Memory with mine !

A shadow kiss it was, but in its train
 Thronged all subservient shadows of the years.
 She whispered, and the past was mine again,
 In motley mantled of its smiles and tears :
 Some magic phial she opened, and there rose
 Faint airy arabesques of other times,
 And age's story through its solemn prose
 Rang with youth's gaily interripping rhymes !
 While at the sluggish pulse of age there thrilled
 A glow, as of some unimagined wine.
 The fire with half forgotten faces filled :—
 I touched the lips of Memory with mine !

Beneath another mistletoe than this,
 A little lad—with what pure lips, ah me !
 Pledged boyish troth, and in that eager kiss
 Life's fingers first touched love's most minor key !
 I had forgotten how he used to stand,
 Slender and straight, his little mates among,
 Till Memory touched with her magician hand
 These blinded eyes of age, and made them young !
 But Spring, that knew no sorrow, with the flame
 Of faith's white taper blazing on its shrine,
 Vanished among the embers as it came :—
 I touched the lips of Memory with mine !

And then a man, with steadfast eyes, aglow
 With purpose and perception, newly born,
 Plighted man's faith beneath the mistletoe,
 Such faith as falters not when it is sworn.
 I knew him for the one that I had been
 And that no spell can make me evermore,
 Half way the rooms of love and life between,
 With eager hand upon the yielding door.
 So Summer on the fabric of my dream
 An instant in the embers seemed to shine,
 Then faded in the fullness of its gleam :—
 I touched the lips of Memory with mine !

The vision changed. The mistletoe, at last,
 Hung o'er the zenith of my phantom life ;
 Midst little crowding faces from the past,
 Stood one who smiled, and one who whispered " Wife ! "
 For thus I was and thus, alas, were they
 Whose eyes an instant laughed into my own ;
 But, as I leaned anear to bid them stay,
 Grew dim, and so once more was I alone !
 With childish voices echoant again,
 Ripe Autumn sped, like bubbles on her wine,
 And, as the embers grayed and gloomed, in vain
 I sought the lips of Memory with mine !

A moment turned she, and, with clouded eyes,
 Sought mine across the ever deepening gloom,
 And then, as smoke against the darkness dies,
 I saw her pass in silence from the room.
 Ah, fire of life, how swiftly then you downed
 To ashes of what was, and is no more :
 As if that she, calm eyed and ashen gowned,
 Had been but shifting moonlight on the floor !
 Old—old—and Winter, withered, wan, and white,
 Has come to close the seasons' laughing line :—
 Yet, ere the embers died to dark, tonight
 I touched the lips of Memory with mine !

Guy Wetmore Carryl.





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"THE FLIGHT TO EGYPT."

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